

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

WILL a general Peace Conference of the United Nations merely harden existing differences in Europe among the Big Four? Or will it tend to reduce these barriers? An immediate Conference appeals to the imagination of impatient Americans, who are irked by the slow progress of peacemaking.

Voices of caution are heard, meantime, and not from quarters notable for sympathy with the diplomacy of Moscow. The *Times* of London warns that any Peace Conference which gathers prior to achievement of joint agreements with Russia on major issues will be confronted with a problem of jurisdiction well-nigh insoluble. How, for instance, can a lasting peace be made for the Russian-occupied Balkans, or for a Germany four-ways divided, unless Russia shares in eventual compromises?

At the Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic wars, a task similar in nature — the pacification of the whole of Europe — confronted the peacemakers. There, also, the chief spokesmen for the leading powers submitted their decisions to the Conference itself, which was extremely large. These decisions were not subject to change by majority vote or any other device. Those who agreed signed; those who did not agree could refuse to sign.

One of the first discoveries made by the peacemakers at Versailles, after World War I, was that no progress could be made in a general meeting of all interested states. The Paris Peace Conference in 1919 held but six plenary sessions — to ratify the decisions already made in private by Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and later Orlando. The principal powers found it impossible to hammer out agreements any other way.

In the Potsdam Agreement — which has been neglected in many respects by Mr. Byrnes — the out-

line of arrangements for peacemaking follows these precedents fairly well, even to the point of emphasizing that the general Peace Conference shall not have power to alter agreements submitted to it. The Conference can only discuss them and offer suggestions, which the Big Four may or may not accept.

It is possible that useful compromises might be suggested in a general Peace Conference on some matters which have hitherto divided the Big Four. No mistake could be more unfortunate, however, than to imagine that a Peace Conference will find itself competent to adjust basic disputes among the major Allies by a show of hands. The primary responsibility for major decisions continues to rest with the Council of Foreign Ministers. Attempts to blur that fact can only lead to a divided world.

Gardens to the rescue

Summer harvests are easing the pressure of famine in some parts of Europe and mitigating the pangs of hunger in others. This is especially true in Western Europe. The Dutch have transformed their countryside into a vast vegetable garden. They suffer still, however, from an acute shortage of fats and oils. No remedy for this shortage will be in sight for months. Though the rebuilding of the cattle herds goes on steadily, there is a preponderance of young stock, which must be preserved until war losses are recouped.

Belgium, likewise well on the road to agricultural recovery, is afflicted with the same shortages as the Netherlands. France is making rapid progress in the recapture of war-ruined fields for agriculture.

In Greece and Southern Europe, famine is far from defeated. The people of northern Greece, harried continuously by the developing civil war, eke out

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their lives with stewed weeds and roots. A poor-to-fair harvest in parts of the Ukraine may bode ill for millions in Eastern Europe; though the tremendous program for food raising which is being fostered all over the Soviet Union this summer promises to offset in part the results of deficient rainfall.

Austria finds little respite from hunger except through the efforts of UNRRA. What will happen to her when that organization closes its books this autumn is painful to contemplate. The prospects are grim.

Hunger still stalks Poland, and is one of the contributing factors in the ominous increase of armed strife in that country. The Czechs, on the other hand, have made substantial progress in augmenting their food supply. While the Russian-occupied portion of Germany is not suffering from food shortages, the situation in the neighboring British zone is growing steadily worse.

General McNarney's headquarters, while announcing that the problem of food has been solved for the time being in the American zone, issues well-justified warnings that there may be a recurrence of difficulties this coming winter. In few countries on the Continent are means available for accumulating substantial reserves.

The lifeline of Central Europe

The economic recovery of the nations of Southern Europe, as well as their progress toward political peace, depends to a great extent upon speedy agreement among the Big Four on the issue of the Danube. With the exception of Trieste, no tougher problem confronts the peacemakers.

Selfish control of the navigable waterways of this 1740-mile-long trade artery has been one of the most persistent causes of war in Europe during more than two centuries. From 1718 onwards, attempts have been made to establish international agreements to settle the question of the Danube. Under the Treaty of Versailles and a convention signed June 23, 1921, the principle of free navigation was agreed upon for all countries from Ulm to the Black Sea.

At that time, however, the post-war picture of politics and power in the Balkan region was very different from what it is today. The defeat of Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire broke the power of those two great nations in the Danube valley. It left Britain, France, Russia, and, in a few years, Italy as interested parties. Investments from these countries and from the United States were soon plentifully distributed all the way from Austria to Rumania.

After 1921, the maritime Danube, from Brăila to the Black Sea, was governed by a European com-

mission. The remainder of the river, from Brăila up to Ulm, was under the direction of an international commission. The question now before the Allies is: Shall the peace settlement re-establish something like these old controls, on an international basis, with the United States as a party to them, or shall Russia's demand for a different system be adopted?

Russia's program accepts the principle of free navigation of the greatest of Europe's rivers. Mr. Molotov has acknowledged that principle. But whereas the Americans, British, and French insist that the application of the principle be vested in an international commission on which Britain, France, and the United States shall hold places, the Russians declare that the Danube traffic control must be restricted to nations along the river.

No navigation control commission can function until normal relations are re-established between the Danubian states and the victorious Allies. No traffic is allowed to pass from the American zone into the Russian-controlled reaches of the river, but some 1500 river craft are operating busily from the westernmost limits of the Russian zone all the way down to the Black Sea.

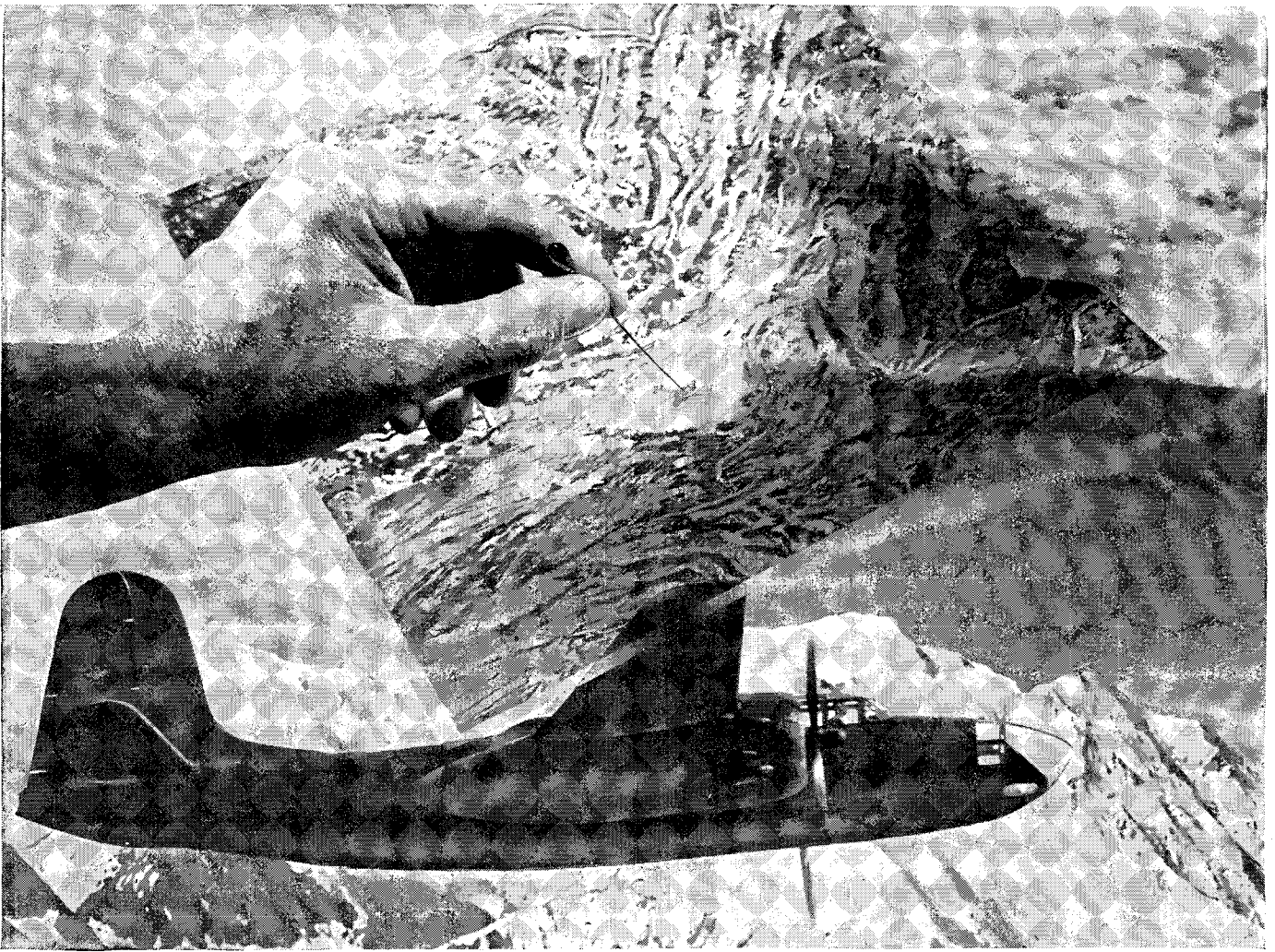
Politics on the Danube

Matters have not been helped by the action of the Department of State, in following up the American Army's raid on Danube shipping in May with the announcement that our seizure of 372 river craft would be used to force Russian acceptance of Washington's ideas about regulating Danube traffic. Most of the boats taken in that military raid (which was made for the purpose of seizing arms and military fugitives) belong to Austria and Germany.

To imagine that seizure of these boats would prevent the Russians and the states lower down the river from continuing river traffic is absurd. The Czechoslovakian Danube Navigation Company, for instance, operates 119 barges and tankers on the river, together with 10 cargo boats and 12 tugs. Of these 141 ships, with a tonnage of approximately 85,000 tons, some 37, with a tonnage of 21,000 tons, have been impounded by the action of the American Army. The remainder are in operation.

This same company, now active under a joint system with the Russians, maintains facilities for handling 800,000 tons of freight at Komárno alone. At Bratislava its factories and docking facilities have a capacity of a million tons a year. Rumanian and Bulgarian fleets are plying the river under similar arrangements with Russia.

The answer to the Danubian question will be found eventually through compromise. There is a sound



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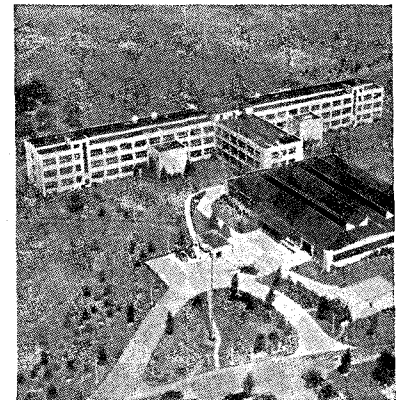
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argument behind the Russian approach to this problem. There is plenty of historical precedent behind the position taken by the United States and Great Britain. The issue should not be confused with idiotic maneuverings for prestige. The real problem is one of free navigation under fair rules, for the welfare of the nations lining the banks of this important river.

Every one of the nations between Ulm and the delta depends upon the Danube for its economic health. Most of the exports and imports of these countries travel by this water route. The undeveloped or meagerly developed water-power resources of the river constitute one of the greatest potential sources of wealth in the whole region. It is estimated that development would mean 300,000 horsepower for Hungary, 2,200,000 for Bulgaria, and 6,000,000 for Rumania.

For this region of Europe, which is notoriously afflicted with poverty despite vast potential wealth, the fullest and freest development of Danubian resources and navigation is imperative. It is to be hoped that the peacemakers will keep this goal clearly in mind.

It is of far greater importance to Europe than the question of who shall sit on a commission to assume charge of the river's traffic problem. If the functions, duties, and authority of such a commission are properly defined in advance, the issue of personnel can certainly be managed without difficulty.

Russia's web of peace

While progress in economic recovery is slow and uneven, the game of making alliances proceeds at dizzying speed everywhere in Europe. France, in recent weeks, has reknit her old pre-war ties with the Polish government in a mutual assistance and friendship pact aimed at their ancient mutual foe, Germany. Russia, with whom General de Gaulle established a mutual alliance for France soon after his return to Paris last year, has further fortified her ties with Poland through financial and military agreements. Yugoslavia has strengthened her relations with the Czechs and Poles.

The Russians, thus far, appear to hold the lead in the game of alliance making. Their pacts of mutual aid now form a system which includes Finland, Poland, France, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. This arrangement, it is worth noting, closely resembles the picture of Eastern European alliances prior to the fateful days of Munich.

Whether the succession governments of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary will eventually find their way firmly into this mutual defense structure is a question which must await the peace settlement

for the Danubian states. There is no doubt that tentative pacts closely approaching the old alliance system have been concluded between Moscow and Bucharest, Sofia, and Budapest. These transitional agreements, however, lack at present the strength of the Russian-Polish, Russian-Czech, and Russian-French accords.

Britain mends her fences

Britain is not far behind Russia in speeding up the hunt for alliances. So far, because of the dispute about the Ruhr and the Rhineland, the resumption of her alliance with France has been delayed; but the London government today is far more sympathetic to the suggestion for a mutual compromise on that point than it was last winter.

Meantime, Mr. Bevin is assiduously working out new alliance designs in the Middle East. In Egypt, Britain's aim is to transform an uneasy and outmoded protectorate arrangement, no longer acceptable to the Egyptian government, into a somewhat different form of protectorate, which has the semblance of a pact between equals.

The treaty negotiations pivot on Britain's determination to withdraw her armed forces from the Nile country while retaining full power to use Egypt in any future Imperial emergency. Accordingly, London demands that whenever an emergency arises, Egypt shall accept return of British forces and turn over all resources of the nation to Britain, and meantime keep up all essential military installations with British technicians.

Egypt's rejoinder is partial agreement and partial defiance. She insists on the right to remain neutral in any war, unless she is herself actually threatened. She rejects the British proposal concerning emergencies. Cairo feels that this would subject Egypt to British occupation on any of a number of flimsy pretexts. She also insists upon retaining full control over her own resources. King Farouk's government has not forgotten that the British Army brought up tanks and troops to the royal palace in 1942 to compel the monarch to name a premier of London's choosing.

Elsewhere in the Middle East, the British are making better progress. The King of Trans-Jordan has tied his domains into the British defense system as partial payment for his crown, and promises to extend his rule, if possible, farther north.

Russia's quiet dicker with Afghanistan last month, adjusting an old border dispute, has alerted British diplomacy. The connection between this maneuver at India's northern gateway and the success in *Realpolitik* scored by Moscow in Iran is tenuous. But it indicates that Russian prestige in the Middle East is not diminishing.

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Paris

GENERAL DE GAULLE expects to be back in power by Christmas. His reappearance on the political scene and his already celebrated Bayeux speech of June 16 do not mean that he will hit the trail of an immediate comeback, but he considers these acts part of an educational process designed to make him the first President of the Fourth French Republic under the kind of constitution he prescribes.

This being his real desire, it may turn out that he emerged from retirement too soon. His activity has been marked by some of the political ineptitude that was typical of his career in office. His reappearance was accompanied by the first internal disorders since the liberation of France, and aroused the open, organized opposition of the Left.

How this bad start will affect de Gaulle's chances of ultimate victory it is still too early to say. A constant factor in post-war French politics has been the Gaullist triumphs — in the October 21 election, which created a Constituent Assembly with limited powers, in the May 5 referendum, which rejected the Socialist-Communist constitution proposed by the first Assembly, and in the June 2 election, which made the Popular Republican Movement the largest party in the new Assembly.

Many well-informed observers and political experts agree with de Gaulle that he will be back before the end of the year. But it will not be without a struggle, and he cannot hope to return as the chief of a unified nation.

Regrettable as it may be, the effervescence caused by de Gaulle's action, coupled with the presence of the Council of Foreign Ministers, is giving Paris a memorable summer. Gone is the inferior feeling of being a neglected capital of a second-rate power, left out of the councils of the great. Instead Paris

is playing host to the peacemakers of the world. Gone is the lethargic atmosphere of an apathetic people, hopeless and helpless to direct their own destinies. Instead, Paris is stirring with vigorous currents of political activity.

The year 1946 may not compare with the heroic days of the Commune and the Bastille, or with the momentous negotiations of Versailles, but the coincidence of the meeting of the Foreign Ministers and the French governmental crisis has provided a sequence of stimulating current events that will take their place in history. While ministers haggled in semi-privacy at the Luxembourg Palace over minor matters, the French internal situation provided various spectacular fireworks.

De Gaulle's comeback began with a false start on May 12, when he ignored invitations to the celebration of the first anniversary of V-E Day by the government of political parties that he scorns, and went to La Vendée to speak at the tomb of the World War I Premier, Clemenceau. Nonpolitical though the speech turned out to be, it revived the country's consciousness of the man who resigned the presidency in January.

The June upset

The real impulse for de Gaulle's comeback developed from the June 2 election of the current Assembly. How surprising the election results were, even to persons most intimately concerned, can be deduced from the following true story.

Six men were seated around a dinner table in London just before the election. They were the French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, former Premier Léon Blum, French Ambassador to Britain René Massigli, Prime Minister Clement Attlee, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, and British Ambassador to



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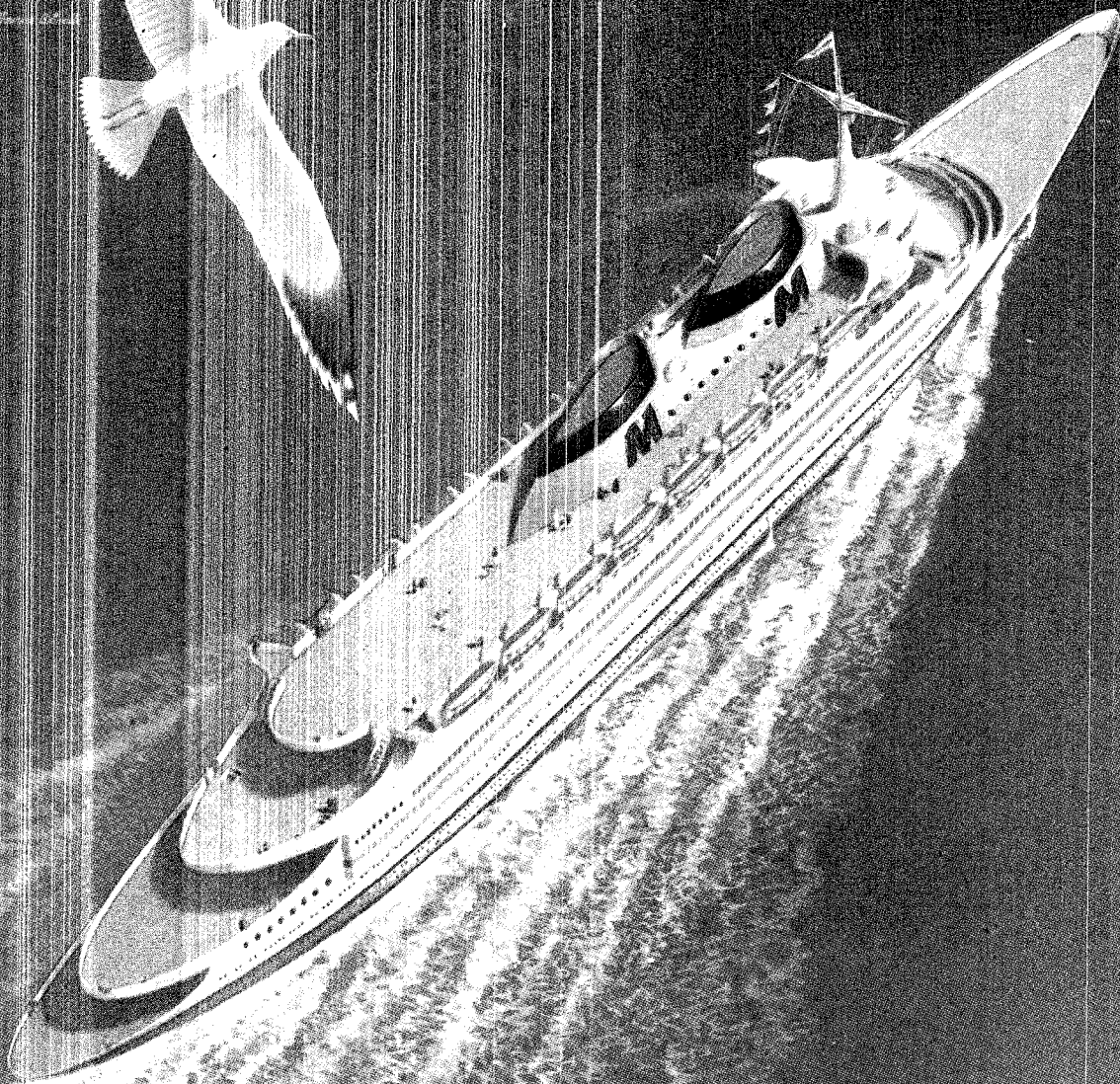
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France Alfred Duff-Cooper. Bidault, as the leader of the *Mouvement Républicain Populaire*, was asked for his election prediction.

Writing on the back of the menu, Bidault predicted a distribution of Assembly seats among the three major parties: MRP, 75; Socialist, 150; Communist, 125. The actual results were: MRP, 166; Communist, 150; Socialist, 125.

Bidault was not alone in his surprise. Leaders of his own and of other parties made the same mistake, not realizing that the election would bring a confirmation of the conservative will expressed by the May 5 referendum. Much to its own amazement, the MRP, the Christian democratic party born of wartime resistance, found itself the number one party of France.

The reasonable explanation of this development, expressed privately by one of France's influential editors, was this: France is really a country of conservatives who refuse to admit it. People of this country want to vote Right but they are ashamed to let down their liberal traditions, so they turned to the MRP, a conservative party which claims a place on the Left.

The election results brought to power Georges Bidault, the leader of the National Council of Resistance during the war, Foreign Minister after the liberation, and professor and publicist turned politician. He was elected President of the Provisional Government on June 19 by the National Assembly, with the Communists alone abstaining from approval. Five days later he constituted a government along conventional, three-party, coalition lines.

But Bidault was not the man of the future, any more than was Socialist President Félix Gouin, who preceded him. Bidault himself, during his personal stumping of his Loire valley electoral district, emphasized his connections with the de Gaulle regime and his subsequent support of Gaullist policies. The man of the future was evidently de Gaulle, unless it was to be someone from the extreme Left.

"We" de Gaulle

Encouraged by the election results, de Gaulle then began to launch a comeback. On the second anniversary of his return to France, he went to Bayeux, the Norman town where he had made his triumphal entry after the invasion. And this time he talked politics.

He attributed the revival of France primarily to the "elite" composed of his followers. He explained that he was using the monarchical word "we" and that he withdrew from politics to save the symbol of Gaullism from the taint of parties. He prescribed

a constitution providing for separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the government; a two-chamber legislature; and a chief of state with authority to act as referee among the parties. His constitutional formula flatly contradicted the Socialist-Communist thesis of a one-chamber legislature and a president without power even to choose his own prime minister.

The contents of his speech at Bayeux exposed de Gaulle to argument and even to ridicule. Of the "elite" who surrounded him on that occasion, three — René Pleven, Jacques Soustelle, and René Capitant — had been defeated in the election of the new Assembly. His use of the word "we" in reference to himself opened him to sarcastic accusations of dictatorial ambitions.

For his followers, however, de Gaulle's Bayeux speech constituted a landmark in history. With their leader's penchant for historical comparison, they compared his resignation from the presidency in January to his departure from falling France in 1940, and his speech at Bayeux to his broadcast from London launching the Free French movement. They tried to publish five million copies of the speech but ran into the paper shortage. Finally, André Malraux, an author who served briefly as Minister of Information, and Philippe Barrès of the *Paris-Presse* succeeded in circulating two million copies for sale at one franc each.

De Gaulle carries the torch

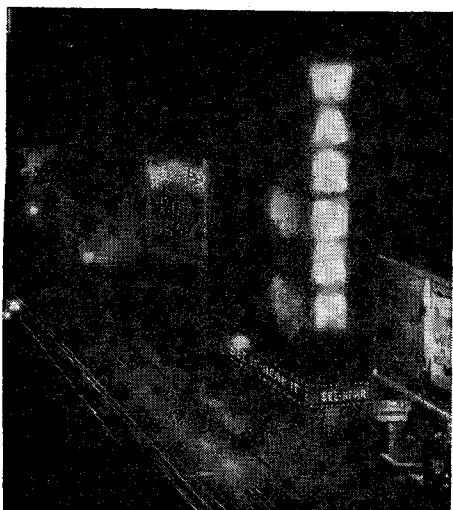
Two days after his Bayeux appearance, which eliminated any doubt of his desire to return to power, de Gaulle went to Fort Mont-Valérien on the outskirts of Paris to observe the sixth anniversary of the first Free French broadcast from London.

In a truly moving ceremony de Gaulle lighted, with a torch brought from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe, the new eternal flame before the tomb of fifteen French patriots who died under the German occupation. Selected companions of the Order of Liberation surrounded him in damp-eyed admiration.

The government which he still shunned held its own observance of the anniversary, including torchlight parades through Paris that night, led by blue-caped policemen. It was then that de Gaulle lost the first if indecisive round of his fight for power.

A group of disorderly youths shouting, "De Gaulle to power!" raided the headquarters of the Communist Party, smashed the windows of the Party bookshop, and burned a stack of pamphlets. A cry of indignation immediately arose from the Left, and two days later, at the behest of the Council of Trade Unions in the Paris region, more than

A N N I V E R S A R Y



Just 20 years ago

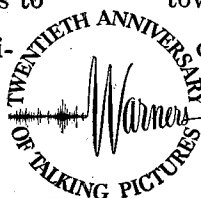
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100,000 workers carrying lunch boxes, pushing bicycles, and brandishing loaves of bread marched in protest through the center of Paris.

The labor demonstration was more orderly in manner, more impressive in numbers, than the Gaullist exhibition. It was a well-handled manifestation of a well-disciplined minority. These were the people who would oppose de Gaulle. But the banners they carried and the cries they raised were principally for the 25 per cent increase in wages newly demanded by the General Federation of Labor, rather than for political goals. And it was precisely there that de Gaulle saw hope for an eventual victory.

De Gaulle felt that the party system in France, whereby each minister must refer to his executive committee or political bureau before making a fundamental decision, was an outmoded bureaucracy incapable of dealing with economic facts. The demand for increased wages was the sort of fact which would require an impartial arbiter to bring about a decision.

Soon after the writing of the new constitution this autumn, de Gaulle expects to be called in as President, or as an arbiter of economic problems at the appeal of the political parties. He has shown no intention of attempting a *coup d'état* or of trying to govern against the working class, which, rightly or wrongly, has entrusted itself to the Communist Party. He still hopes that he will be chosen by them, as well as by the rest of France, as the father of his country.

Unfinished business

While French politics were lively, the Council of Foreign Ministers was heavy with tedious details. There was only one real issue — whether the Western powers and the Soviet Union could coöperate in peace. But, reluctant to attack that problem directly, and hesitant to determine the conditions on which they would coöperate, the ministers of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and France argued interminably over minor issues.

In the beautiful Victor Hugo Salon of the Luxembourg Palace overlooking the inviting gardens and the fountains of Marie de Médicis, the ministers talked about tiny territories, ships, and money problems so technical that they had no interest in them and no qualifications for dealing with them. They worked themselves into ridiculous situations.

There was the case of the missing document. When it came time to decide whether the border regions of Tenda and Briga should go to France or remain Italian, Molotov raised the point that sufficient consideration had not been given to what he called

the Italian memorandum of May 6. The other delegates were unable to find such a document in their files.

The memorandum turned out to be a routine hand-out sent by the Italian Embassy to a Paris mailing list, but had never been submitted formally to the Council. It was out of date and full of inaccuracies. It was printed in French, and untranslated into the other official languages of the Conference. But at Molotov's insistence it served as a pretext for a delay in the decision on this question.

There was the case of the unsponsored motion. Great Britain and France had proposed that citizens of the United Nations should be compensated for wartime injuries suffered in Italy. The Soviet Union suggested an amendment under which compensation would also apply to Italian-occupied territory. Rather than get into such an extensive bookkeeping operation, the British withdrew their motion. The French did not insist.

As a result, the Council was left without a motion, but with the Soviet amendment to the motion. Molotov then introduced the British motion as his own and coupled it with his amendment. But the question was dropped into the Council's big basket of unfinished business and finally was dismissed.

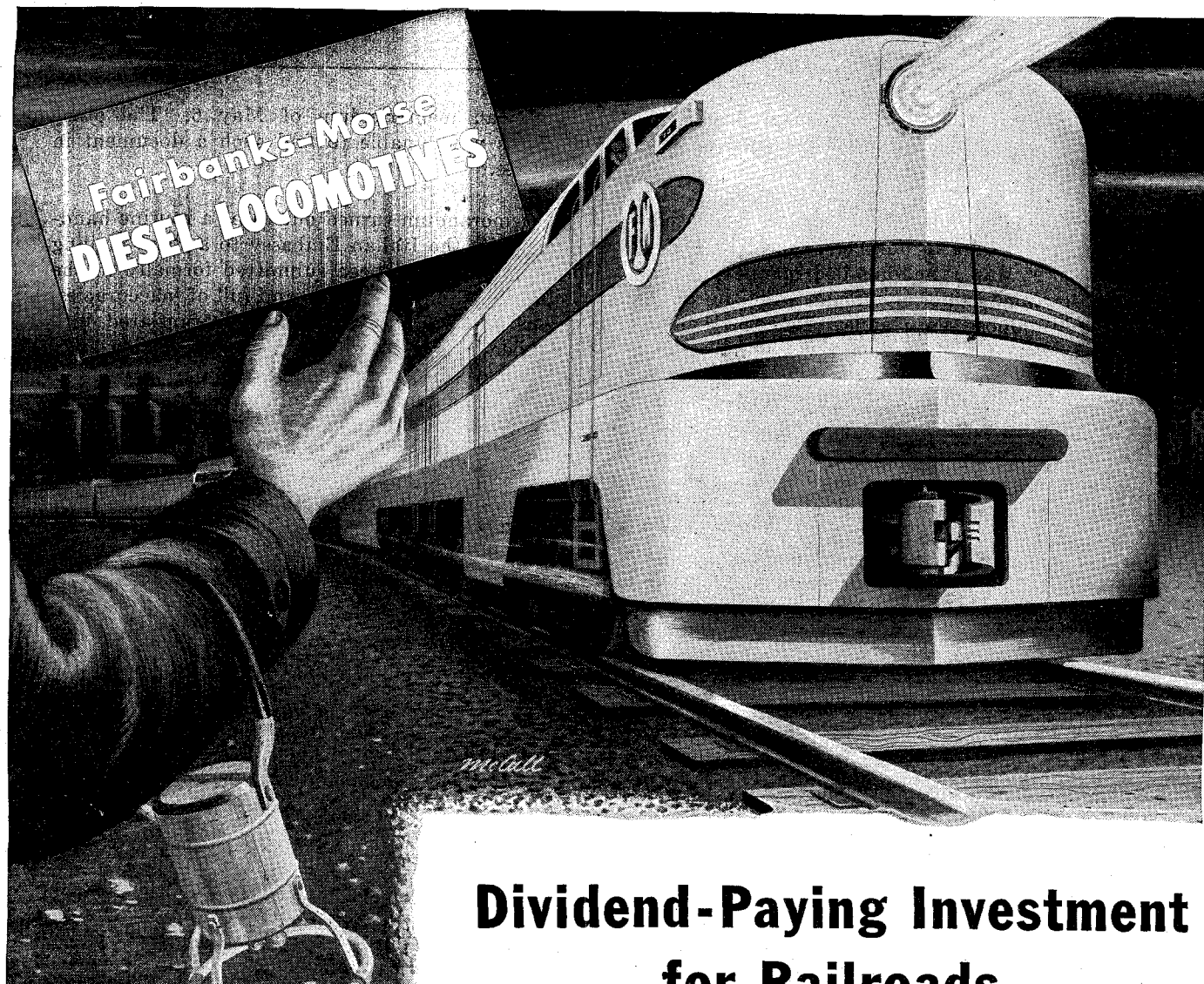
Talking beside the point

Personalities continued to clash at the Paris Conference. Molotov remained stubborn, defiant, jealous of his country's position. Bevin held forth in his blunt, sometimes truculent, manner. Bidault intervened in his soft, conciliatory way. Byrnes kept pressing his sometimes garrulous but always explicit demands for decisions.

There were occasional sharp encounters between Molotov and Bevin, reminiscent of the wartime Stalin-Churchill clashes. On one occasion when Bevin was hotly challenged by Molotov, he plaintively expressed the hope that he could make suggestions without being subjected to attack.

But more than a conflict of personalities was involved. The issues just below the surface were tremendous. Reluctant at first to deal with the major questions, the conferees sparred over trifles. At one point the deliberations even descended to the absurdity of half-hour discussions about the subjects to be discussed.

When the conferees eventually got down to business, they accomplished more than they had at any previous conference. Compromises on territorial settlements and Italian reparations, although they did not completely satisfy anyone, paved the way for the full-dress peace conference.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

A YEAR is not long in the history of policy or of peoples, but the year that follows the ending of a catastrophic war may well be one of the decisive years in the history of both. Japan's defeat removed the threat of aggression by Japan towards other countries in Asia, destroyed the Co-prosperity Sphere, laid low the one Asiatic power which had in the past successfully challenged and defeated a major power.

At the same time the defeat of Japan brought up the whole subject of aggression and of rule over other peoples, and in particular deprived the imperial powers, including America, of the excuse that their presence was necessary to provide military protection against Japan. And now we must help to promote an alternative method of organizing the economic and political life of Far Eastern peoples.

Many of the basic difficulties of the Far East remain the same. There are still the big, broad questions of political freedom, of low standards of living, of illiteracy, disease, and political disorganization. But even these problems re-emerge in a different setting and require different handling. The setting differs from pre-war days in two important respects: both the balance of power and the nature of power have undergone radical changes.

The Far East is no longer an extension of the European political system. The peoples of Asia see themselves and their problems in relation to the major poles of world power: the Soviet Union and the United States.

From this point of view the whole matter of political freedom for colonial Asia has changed in significance. Before the war, we could assume that freedom for colonial Asia would be freedom within the Western democratic political and economic

world. It would mean, in effect, from the American point of view, a diminution in the power and wealth of the European empires, an increase in the number of markets open to United States trade, and the addition of more countries to the "family of nations" — as the phrase is understood outside the Soviet Union.

But today we have to look at these problems in the light of the two major alternatives of world development: the development of one world or of two. We still welcome freedom, but the question has now to be asked: Freedom for what and from whom? To say that we can be indifferent to the political coloration of the aspirants for freedom is to indulge in political romanticism.

Limited independence for the Philippines

Whatever the future may have in store for the Philippines, it is clear that for the next two or three decades the Islands would find it difficult to depart from the American orbit, even if they so wished. American money is going into the rehabilitation of the Philippine economy, and Americans have a privileged trading position both with and within the Islands.

The Philippine Trade Act, as President Truman pointed out, provides for the establishment, through an executive agreement, of an "unprecedented plan of preferential trade relations with the Philippines, to last for twenty-eight years. We have never entered into similar agreements with any foreign government. Preferential trade relations are alien to the policy of this administration."

The President also explained that in substance this is really a rehabilitation measure — and there the matter, in spite of considerable criticism at home and abroad, may well be allowed to rest.



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It is true that American economic interests are well taken care of and the Philippines are not to be launched immediately into free-trade relations with other countries. It is also true that other legislation provides for agreements on American military bases in the Philippines, which is yet another infringement upon the spirit of political independence. There is no denying that our State Department is training foreign service officers for the new republic and may well represent Philippine interests abroad while the Philippine foreign service grows in numbers and experience.

The question is not whether the Philippines have received as much as they wanted, but what they do with what they have. The limitations which we have imposed will receive wide advertisement in other parts of colonial Asia, and Americans now living in those countries report an intense interest there in our policy towards the Philippines.

So far, the shortcomings of our Philippine policy do not outweigh its strength. Much will depend upon our handling of crises in the future, and on the attitude we take towards possible internal disturbances in the Islands. For the time being, we have demonstrated that the United States has not used internal economic difficulties in the Philippines as an excuse to default on promises made during the war.

Who is being encircled?

The change in the nature of power, the other contrast with pre-war days, is expressed in the much greater degree of United States activity in foreign relations and in economic and cultural matters. The American government has never before undertaken such broad and continuing commitments to other peoples. We are involved particularly in China and Japan. What are we up to? Is this a new American imperialism or is it the fulfillment of a responsibility not only to the countries concerned but to the United Nations?

Somewhere between the two lies the answer. The foreigner cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that two of our most important generals, Marshall and MacArthur, are each trying to influence, in different ways, the destinies of China and Japan. To the American who assumes that generals are firmly under civilian control, and who watches Congress decrease the size of the Army, this is not so significant as it may seem to others.

The bills before Congress for extending military assistance to China, South America, and the Philippines, in the form of equipment and military missions, have not aroused so much attention here as they have abroad. The possibility that this assistance would mean the standardization of mili-

tary equipment and training in all these countries on the American model has vast significance to other countries.

To the Russians it appears that we are doing exactly what they are doing in their immediate border areas. They charge us with attempting to encircle the Soviet Union. What are the facts?

When requesting the legislation in Congress to provide United States military advice and assistance to China to aid in modernizing its armed forces, the Secretary of State said that the purpose was "the fulfillment of obligations which may devolve upon that country under the United Nations Charter." Mr. Byrnes stated also that the legislation was prepared in collaboration with the War and Navy Departments and had the full approval of General Marshall.

Mr. Byrnes's hopes

Mr. Byrnes, who by now has made his personal impression upon our foreign relations, seems to be preparing for the worst while working for the best. There is no reason to doubt that the War, State, and Navy Departments are planning for a possible war.

That theory would explain legislation to export our military training and equipment, the arrangements for bases in the Atlantic and the Pacific, the interest in Iceland and Spitzbergen, the enormous sums for atomic research, and the drafting of generals as diplomats. While there is no reason to doubt the Secretary when he says that "we have pinned our hopes to the banner of the United Nations," it is important to note that he said hopes and not policies.

Mr. Byrnes's reluctance to deal with the Russians on a bilateral basis before the Peace Conference convenes appears to us as an honest desire to rely on democratic consultation. But we should not be surprised if the Russians view it as the natural inclination of a powerful country with control of the majority of votes in the Security Council.

Seen in this light, Mr. Byrnes has done a masterly job of putting the Russians in the wrong with world opinion without having to face up to the doubtful question of whether our own Senate would approve of the abolition of the veto power.

Against this new and bewildering background of extended commitments and changed power relations the old and new problems of the East must be studied. We have to measure our achievements against this double standard of two policies: one, to build up potential allies without overextending ourselves; the other, to build up the United Na-

tions to our own advantage, which we consider to be the advantage of all right-thinking men and nations.

The most remarkable fact about the new Asia one year after the end of the war is the contrast between defeated Japan and victorious China. Japan today is moving peacefully into democracy, while China, to put it mildly, is taking her time. Some think that Japan is moving along too quickly and that what we have is the form rather than the substance.

But it is important to remember that Japan in its curious way is a moderately well-organized industrial state. There is something to build on. The women's movement, the labor movement, the farmers' movement, all started before the war under adverse conditions.

China stands still

General Marshall is under instructions to bring an end to civil war in China at a time when we have made it very clear that we disapprove of Communism in Japan and the Philippines as much as in America. All reports indicate that Nanking, often the victim of wishful thinking in international relations, anticipates an early war between Russia and the United States.

Reluctance to come to terms with the Communists — assuming that the Communists wish to come to terms — is increased by the current anti-Russian press in the United States as well as by our political attitudes in Asia itself. The Chinese National Government naturally tends to exaggerate the strength and depth of our anti-Russian policy.

Such reflections would be more important if the prospects of peace in China were more favorable. Unfortunately, there is no magic touch that can solve the problems of that ancient land without struggle and long-continued turmoil.

When members of respectable organizations demonstrate, as they did in late June, in favor of internal peace and against American military forces in China, they are broken up and beaten by Nationalist thugs. The demonstrators were obviously Communist-inspired. Mao Tse-tung came out two days later with his denunciation of American troops in China.

This sort of behavior is possible because China does not have an enlightened middle class based on private enterprise. There are plenty of intellectuals with American training and ideas, but they do not exercise real power. They are servants of the militarists and the party, either directly or indirectly. Kuomintang China and Communist China

are both based on the most backward part of the economy, the agrarian, and neither side has any strong vested interest in democracy. Herein lies our dilemma.

Can armies bring democracy to China?

Strange as it may seem, the policy of the American Army, that of training and equipping the Chinese forces, both Nationalist and Communist, if the latter will agree, is about the only way in which China can be industrialized. For a modern army requires modern technology, general education, good administration, heavy and light industry, and a great deal of money.

The strongest justification for our policy in China is that China cannot wait. To catch up with Japan, to meet in any reasonable time the responsibilities that her size and population indicate, Chinese development must be a forced growth. America is the one country which has an interest in the development of the Industrial Revolution in China and is also ready and willing to pour into China the accumulation of capital and experience that other countries have had to collect over the years.

In China, where power rests with armies, the only way to sound political reform may be through the training of a small professional army. Such a policy suits well the views of those Americans who see this as a useful instrument for future wars, but to describe this as the chief American aim is misleading. China needs that sort of army as the beginning of internal renaissance. There is nothing else that can pull the country together. A decade ago we missed the alternative, that of supporting a then powerful middle class and stopping the Japanese career of conquest.

Contradictions in policy are bound to appear when we deal with a situation as complex and difficult as that in the Far East today. But the main concern is not with contradictions as they might appear abroad so much as with the inner coordination of American policy. In this connection the most urgent problem of foreign policy is the organization of government at home.

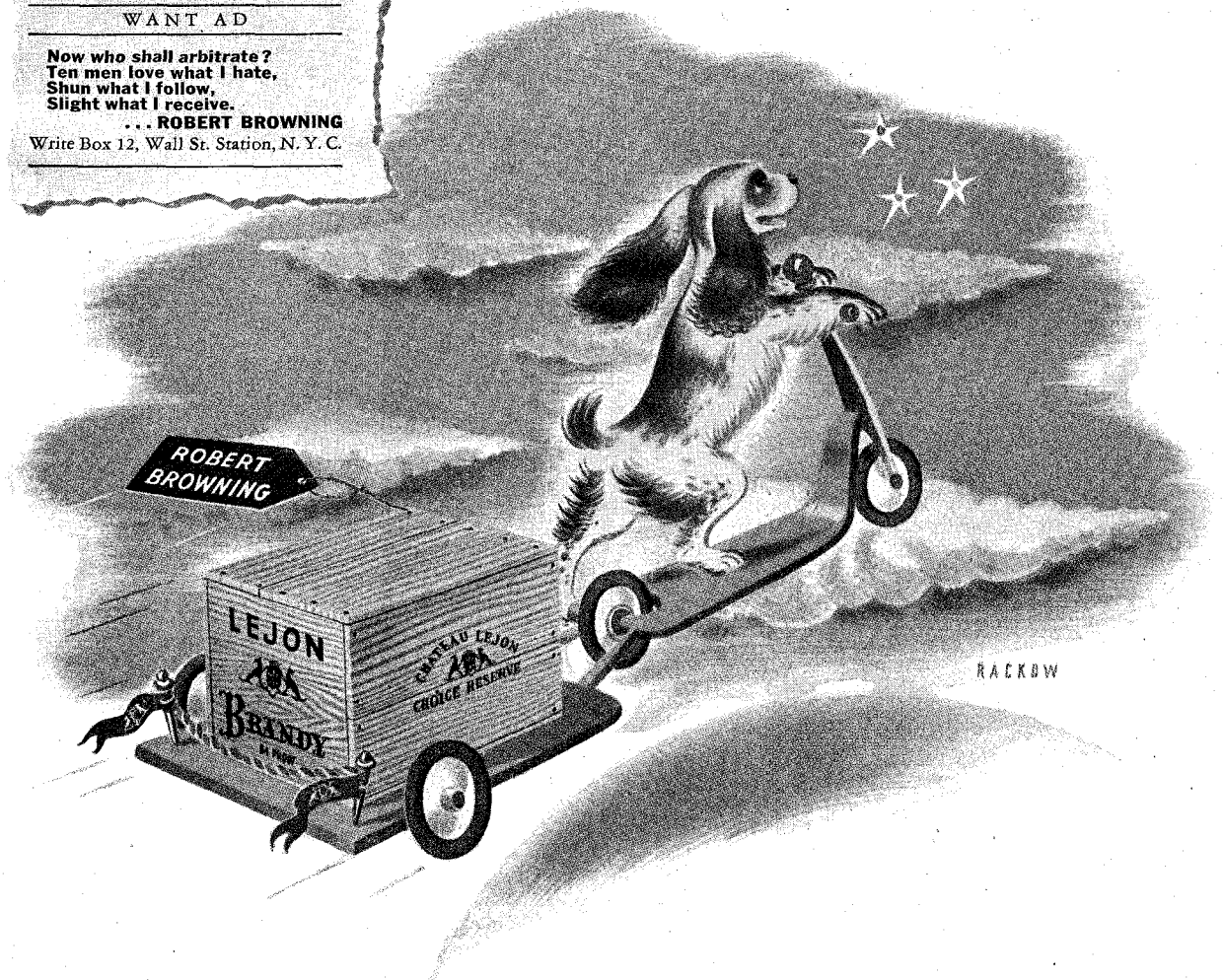
To quote Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson: "Our machinery was devised for a government which was thought of as soldier, policeman, umpire. It is actually engaged in the functions of management, and has to be. . . . We have any number of departmental and agency policies, but how to get, within measurable time, a government policy, even an executive government policy, has so far eluded us." It is sobering to remember that the functions of management happen to include the management of Japan and a large share in the affairs of the rest of Asia.

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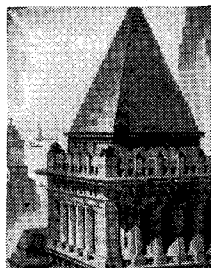
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

THE event of the summer in inter-American affairs has been an Argentine invasion of Washington. The invader was General Carlos von der Becke, who approached Washington in early June with two basic objectives: to obtain American arms for the Argentine Army and Navy, through the influence of high military authorities; and to by-pass, and if possible humiliate, Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, in charge of inter-American affairs, who has stoutly opposed selling arms to a government friendly to the Nazis during the war.

Almost within hours of von der Becke's arrival, the Perón Foreign Office released the news that Argentina was exchanging diplomatic recognition with Soviet Russia. The Buenos Aires news cables were full of reports that the deal with Moscow included agreements that the Soviets would furnish Argentina modern military equipment if the United States would not.

General von der Becke knew what everyone else knows in Washington: that a coterie of generals and admirals for months has been pressing the State Department to forgive the Perón government its World War II peccadilloes, and to sell it arms again as a means of building up an all-Hemisphere military front for a future struggle with Russia. Now, with the idea flamboyantly circulated that Soviet Russia herself might be on the point of infiltrating Argentina, — so Argentine logic ran, — the admirals and generals would redouble their pressure.

After a dinner given him in Miami by Lieutenant General George H. Brett of the Air Forces, General von der Becke moved on to Washington. He came to town just as hearings were to begin on a Hemisphere defense measure, indorsed by President Truman, which called for the sale of American arms to Latin American republics. If some direct commitment

could be inserted to make Argentina one of the bill's beneficiaries, von der Becke would rate as a successful lobbyist.

Persona non grata — retired

There was one minor difficulty. Some time in advance it had quietly been made clear to the Buenos Aires government that a full-dress visit from an Argentine Chief of Staff would not be welcome. The General, consequently, went through the formalities of "retiring" from the Army.

The arrangement had its advantages. The private visitor could omit a courtesy call on the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of inter-American affairs, as a visiting top general could not. The General was encouraged to believe that Mr. Braden was "on the way out," that our State Department's Argentine policy was due for a speedy overhauling, and that Congress could be made to "see sense" on legislation for an over-all distribution of arms in Hemisphere defense.

But in order to get these assurances confirmed, von der Becke had to see the United States Chief of Staff, General Dwight D. Eisenhower. And General Eisenhower politely but firmly told his visitor that nothing had changed and the matter of selling arms to Argentina was still strictly in the hands of the State Department.

There was only one thing left to do. The "invader" must make a frontal attack on the State Department itself. Then came the final check. Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson consented to receive the distinguished visitor, but only in the presence of Assistant Secretary Braden.

Sitting comfortably on the side lines, Mr. Braden heard Acting Secretary Acheson inform General



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

von der Becke that the Perón government could have no American arms until it carried out its pledges to the other American republics, under the Act of Chapultepec, to suppress Axis economic activities in Argentina and to turn over certain notorious Axis agents wanted by the United Nations. It was exactly what Assistant Secretary Braden had been telling the Argentine government ever since he took office last October.

General von der Becke retired in good order, but the repercussions were considerable. The military pressure groups were given due notice that the State Department still proposed to be "boss" in a negotiation vital to Hemisphere security. Mr. Braden's office, for the first time in his term of service, specifically denied that he would resign his post within a month.

Washington was undecided as to whether the Assistant Secretary had won a major battle or merely a skirmish in the war to force the Argentine government to live up to its inter-American obligations. But there was no question that Perónism's strongest enemy in Washington was stronger for the time being than he has been for several months.

The Russo-Argentine flirtation

Except to World War III's military evangelists, the dangers of the Argentine-Russian rapprochement, too, looked less alarming in the clearer air after the defeat of von der Becke. The situation could be put this way: diplomatic recognition between the two governments was no more than an obvious convenience. The visit of a Russian trade commission and a series of trade agreements merely reflected the legitimate need of both countries for larger economic outlets.

Beyond this a controlling political factor stood out in plain view. No two powers in the world have a greater interest than Soviet Russia and Argentina in obtaining drastic concessions from the United States for their economic objectives and their highly divergent political viewpoints. The stage, in other words, was set for a joint needling process. The gossip concerning a Russian program of supplying Argentina with arms was the implement.

Certainly, no overwhelming reason developed in the ballyhoo for "appeasing" Argentina or Russia because of their newly discovered community of interests. It remained to be seen whether Russia seriously intended to, or could, furnish formidable modern equipment to a South American power; whether military missions and a military alliance aimed at the United States would follow the armaments.

It remained to be seen, also, whether such an alliance would be accepted by the rest of Latin America and by the strong anti-Communist elements in Presi-

dent Perón's following, even if Moscow should ever propose it. The thesis that a showdown between the United States and Russia might begin over the question of who furnished arms to Perón looked a little foolish in fact, after General von der Becke's fiasco.

Diplomacy of suspicion

Assistant Secretary Braden's temporary and tactical victory, however, did not clear up growing confusions on the inter-American front connected with Russian influences, real and fancied. While in the von der Becke affair the generals and admirals lost the decision on points regarding the immediate rearmament of Argentina, they did not in any sense lose their insistent convictions that a Perónist Argentina sooner or later can and must join the line-up against Russia.

A change in administrations in Washington or in the delicate State Department balances by which Mr. Braden holds on to his job might give them the top hand in the next decision. In this case, the Perón government would be welcomed back into the inter-American power bloc as a full participating member, fascist or not — on the principle advanced in a Washington wisecrack that "the only thing the military still hold against Hitler is that he was prematurely pro-fascist."

There is no question that Russian needling of the United States position in Latin America is strengthening the hand of the military, regardless of temporary checks. Moscow's cordiality toward Buenos Aires, for instance, undoubtedly has had the effect, if not the design, of stiffening the Perón regime's resistance to carrying out Argentina's Chapultepec obligations.

And up and down the Hemisphere, wherever the Communists have press or radio freedom of expression in any of the republics, the propaganda is going full blast that the United States has returned to "dollar diplomacy" — that even its requests for food from Latin America to relieve the world famine are rooted in a desire to starve the neighbor peoples so that they cannot resist "imperialism." What the Russians hear of the military efforts in the United States to unite the American republics in a bloc against them naturally fires them with new energies for these stratagems.

Latin America's dollar balance

The financial resources of the Western Hemisphere for beginning an over-all economic renovation have never before even faintly approached what they are today. In the Latin republics more than three billion "blocked" dollars are left over from war sales and profits, awaiting expenditure or investment — not to mention the equivalent of hundreds of millions of dollars piled up in the local currencies.



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LATIN AMERICA (continued)

Even in the numerous republics that require 51 per cent or more domestic ownership of new business enterprises, sufficient Latin American capital is available, probably for the first time in history, to provide majority investment in as much new industry as national economies can absorb.

Furthermore, neither United States nor Latin American capital needs to go into new industrial ventures blindfold. For twenty-five years the United States Commerce Department's Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has been making exhaustive studies of the economic activities and needs of the Latin American republics. Since 1940, the war-born Inter-American Development Commission has been surveying the possibilities of practical economic progress in every republic. United States business experts participated in the investigations of the Commission, and made special reference to industrial opportunities.

We know, for instance, with considerable statistical proof, how much a few processing plants for wood, leather, and vegetable oil would benefit Paraguay's backward economy. We can draw a concrete picture of what metalworking industries may be fostered by the development of Brazilian "big steel," and can foresee advantages which domestic steel rails and girders may confer on railroads and construction.

Mexico has a current rating as a good place to set up an electrical appliance industry. And in Mexico City one plant is being started which will raise some 5000 Mexicans into the skilled and semi-skilled wage brackets.

Trained men

Again, for broadening the base of Hemisphere economy, the joint trained manpower resources of the republics were never greater. In spite of the chronic shortage of technicians, no economic group is growing faster in Latin America than that of the young men who are being equipped by university training for technical expertness in industry.

Through the "trade scholarships" instituted by the Office of Inter-American Affairs during the war years, hundreds of young Latin Americans have been given technical education through the opportunity to work side by side with skilled workmen in United States factories.

We shall need to approach the industrialization of South America with plenty of rational skepticism. Not every country can develop all the "little Pittsburghs" and "little General Electrics" its national pride dreams of — or exploit all the mineral resources and agricultural frontiers it is convinced are present in its hinterland. But we can do without one final skepticism: the assumption that by investing in the future of 130,000,000 people so closely linked to us geographically, we are "boondoggling away" our economic substance or any portion of our national security.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE resignation of Harold D. Smith as Director of the Bureau of the Budget has focused attention on the steady flow of resignations from the Federal service because of the lure of higher salaries. These resignations are now being viewed with alarm. More and more responsibilities are being put upon the government, even to the extent of ensuring full employment; on the other hand, the government is being deprived of its ablest public servants in meeting those responsibilities. That is the way to get second-rate government.

Daniel W. Bell, who was Under Secretary of the Treasury, preceded Smith into private employment on January 1. He had refused offers from private business until his personal situation gave him no option but to quit. Smith was in the same boat. Both of them — and they are two of the ablest men to resign since V-J Day — were wedded to the public service, but they could not see any hope of meeting the rising cost of living on their government pay. Both were \$10,000 a year men.

The loss of Harold Smith will be felt throughout the executive branch. As Director of the Bureau of the Budget, he was both business manager and secretary to the administrative arm of the government. In other words, he was its mainspring.

Every department has to clear its budget with the Director's office before it goes to Congress for the appropriation. The Director makes his own survey of requirements, studies all new projects, and, when advisable, changes the recommendations. His is the supervisor's job for the President. All the departments think of the Director of the Bureau of the Budget as a tyrant.

Yet Harold Smith was respected throughout the government for his acumen and his knowledge of

government practice. The trouble was that he could not be in a dozen places at once. President Roosevelt found him so valuable that he threatened to station half a dozen Marines around his person if he ever tried to resign.

As business manager Mr. Smith put a new meaning into budgeting. Formerly it was restricted to the narrow confines of government intake and outlay. Under Mr. Smith the national budget has been related to the utilization of our national resources. The transition is not yet complete, but progress has been made.

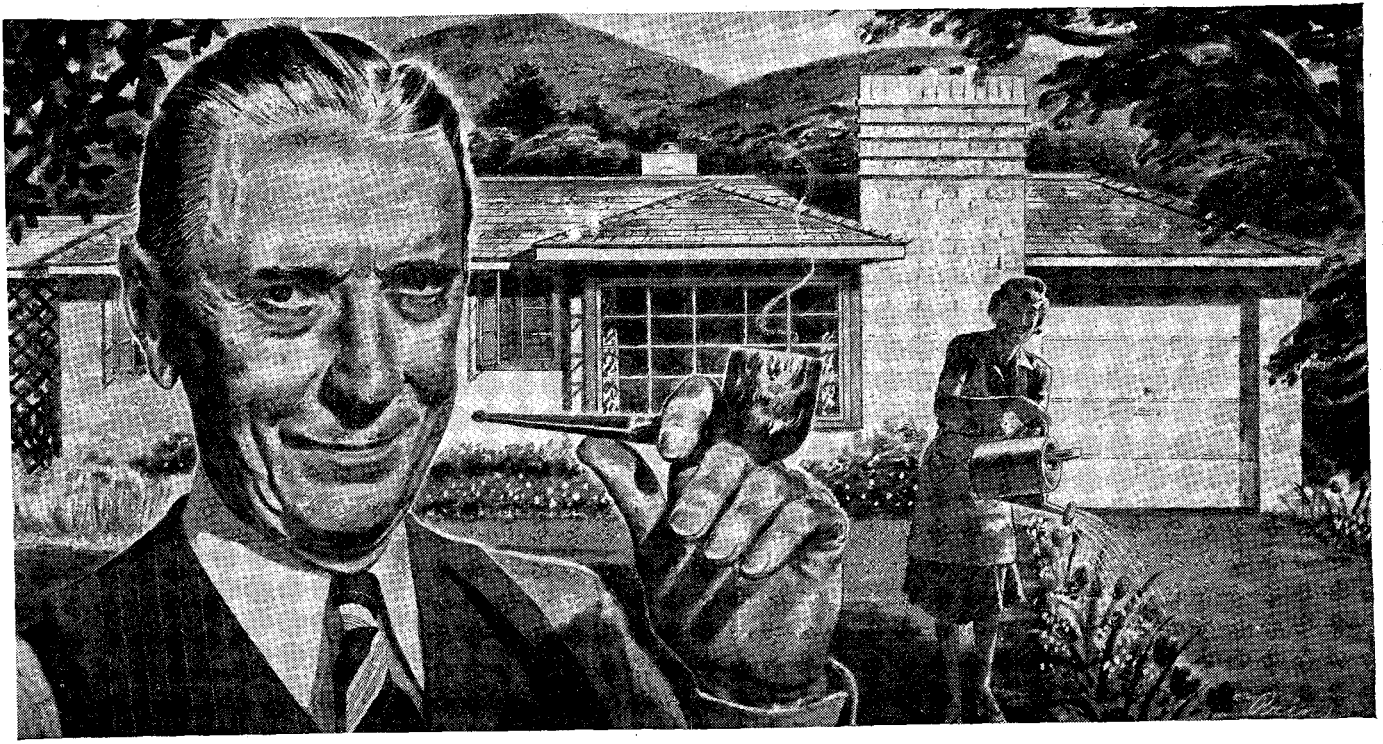
Executive efficiency

The other duty that Mr. Smith undertook — namely, the coordination of executive activities — is likewise in process of transition. Mr. Smith, of course, had not time enough to be a coordinator, but he laid the groundwork for the Cabinet Secretariat.

The coordination of executive functions is the pet reform of Secretary Forrester. He preaches the idea to all his visitors. The British model, especially in the classic regime of Sir Maurice Hankey, is his illustration. To make government activity consistent, continuous, and efficient is the aim.

But that problem is for the future. The immediate problem is how to keep our top-flight personnel in Federal service. A member of Congress once said, "I'll not be concerned over the salaries of government officials until people of the type of Smith of the Budget Bureau resign." Well, Harold Smith has now resigned, and Congress will never vote enough money to get good men till the salaries of its own members have been increased.

This the La Follette-Monroney bill would do. Congressional salaries would be lifted to \$15,000, which



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

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is at least the salary that the Bells and the Smiths should get. Congressmen deserve it. They have had no increase in twenty years except through minor additions to expense funds. A pay hike all around appears to be in the offing as a result not only of Smith's going but also of the surprising progress the La Follette-Monroney bill has made. The bill, of course, would streamline Congress as well as ensure a pay raise.

Where is inflationary pressure coming from?

Those who think of inflation as hinging upon the swollen amount of savings in the hands of the public will be comforted by a survey of liquid assets put out by the Federal Reserve Board. The survey, based on careful sampling, indicates that 10 per cent of all "spending units" hold 60 per cent of the liquid assets. By "spending unit" the Board means all persons living in the same dwelling, and belonging to the same family, who pool their income to meet major expenses. By contrast, 50 per cent of all spending units hold only 3 per cent of liquid assets. These figures show a high degree of concentration of individual savings.

It follows that the mass of people cannot generate inflation out of savings, as had been thought. But is inflation, after all, a financial phenomenon? An impressive school of thought puts the emphasis on the psychological factor — that inflation is produced by lack of faith in the government rather than lack of faith in the dollar.

The survey is valuable as an indication of buying prospects. It seems to show two things: first, that the demand for capital consumer goods like refrigerators has been exaggerated; second, that a recession when we have returned to normal buying may be nearer than had been anticipated. All this is important in a particular sense for the government, because of the formal responsibility it has undertaken for "compensatory spending" whenever a slump is threatened.

Buzz-bomb from Nuremberg

Faith in the government has had a jolt in the revelation of the Jackson-Black feud in the Supreme Court. That friction existed among members of the Court had been common gossip. The difference is partly personal, partly ideological. But the blast from Nuremberg presented the country with a spectacle that caused even old-timers to blench. The trouble boils down to the personal ambitions of individual Justices.

To the new Chief Justice will fall the onerous task of developing some degree of harmony on the nation's highest bench. Is Vinson capable of the job? It is the consensus in Washington that for this particular purpose the President could not have

made a better choice. Vinson is a real judge, though not a great one. He is not learned in the law, but he is wise in human relations.

There is a native quality of administrative leadership in Vinson. This quality is fortified by his lack of any "line" of philosophy. Judging from his acts and speeches, he is a pragmatist, though his tendency may be "middle of the road" according to the Black school of thought. Most observers are confident that in his new post he will make himself a balance wheel.

This is an art in which Vinson has become adept as a result of his long record in government posts of great responsibility. Incidentally, President Truman's sacrifice of Fred Vinson, by far his most sagacious adviser, to the Court is evidence of his understanding of the crucial need for repairing the prestige of the Court.

Congress reaches for the controls

There is no relaxation from the pressure of the special groups competing to get Congress to write legislation their way. What was done to the OPA is in that category. For students of government there was an innovation in one of the amendments voted by Congress, which would have made all decisions of the OPA subject to revision by Congress.

The prospect of having Congress become a sort of appellate court on administrative decisions is not pleasant to contemplate. Surely the function of a legislature is to lay down broad principles of government and to leave the details to the administrative arm. But the fact is that Congress seems determined to take over the reins of government. This is perhaps natural after a war during which, of necessity, there had to be strong executive government.

Even in foreign affairs the trend of Congressional government is pronounced. It is all very well to have an executive-legislative liaison in the conduct of our foreign affairs. But in present-day practice Senator Vandenberg appears almost in the role of co-Secretary of State.

Splitting the United Nations

The atomic committee of the United Nations made a mistake in raising the issue of the veto power over atomic energy. The first need is to write a charter setting up an Atomic Development Authority and giving it control of fissionable materials and the right of inspection.

Compliance or noncompliance with the charter would be obvious. Defiance of the ADA by any government — for example, by refusing to admit investigators — would be a prompt signal of atomic



Winner of the \$1000 Prize

One day last winter a visitor called at the *Atlantic*. He had come to secure a set of the rules governing the contest which the *Atlantic* was running in conjunction with the General Federation of Women's Clubs for the best paper on **THE MODERN WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME**.

It was a friendly visit. We have met many club women, but it was particularly pleasant to meet the other half of the equation. The name of our visitor did not come up in the conversation, but this did not deter us from discussing many subjects, ranging from attendance at church to the other problems of the day. As we escorted our visitor to the elevator, the thought occurred, "How interesting if we were sending the rules to the prize winner!"

We were.

Since sending the good word to our prize winner, we have found that it was Dr. Earl Cranston who paid us that pleasant visit.

Now it is difficult to say to just what this all adds up. Other contestants may reflect, "If my husband had been as interested, perhaps I would have been the winner!" In any event, it does suggest that the *Atlantic* has much to offer men and women who are eager to discuss the fields of literature, science, politics, and the arts.

There is no lack of zestful conversation at the family table when the new *Atlantic* arrives.

Mrs. Earl Cranston

Woman's Club
Hanover, New Hampshire

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Dr. Helen W. Cole
Winter Park Woman's Club, Winter Park, Florida

Miss Mabel Gillespie
Woman's Club of Glenolden, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Earle Hunter
Newton Culture Club, Newton, Mississippi

Mrs. T. H. Ljunggren
Altrurian Club, Springfield, Vermont

Mrs. L. A. Miller
Portia Club, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Mrs. Harold Pike
Whiting Woman's Club, Whiting, Iowa

Miss Mabel Zimmerman
Literary Forum, Bryan, Ohio

For details of the ATLANTIC-G.F.W.C. 1946-1947 CONTEST send a postal to
Teresa S. Fitzpatrick, THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

trouble. The nations would immediately take steps against the offender, veto or no veto. What Mr. Baruch was trying to do in raising the veto issue was to undermine the veto power on punishment which exists in the Security Council. But there again the point is academic, for a threat of war involving a great power would mean the wrecking of the United Nations.

The issues in the primaries

A fear that the Middle West is reverting to isolationism seized the Capital after the Nebraska election. Mr. Stassen had made the Nebraska primary a test of internationalism. Certainly the winner, Hugh Butler, has had one of the most isolationist records in the Senate.

But second thoughts, based on better knowledge of local conditions, indicate that local issues were decisive. It seems that Butler's rival, Governor Griswold, had failed to push a lot of local measures in which Nebraskans are interested.

As a Lincoln newspaper said, Governor Griswold "was backing his own record as governor and some very tangible factors indigenous to Nebraska and invisible from Washington or New York." Moreover, the tradition in Nebraska is against a Governor's becoming a Senator. Some observers found significance in the parallel between Stassen's test in Nebraska and Wendell Willkie's experiment in Wisconsin. But the decisive defeat of Senator Shipstead by Governor Thye in the Minnesota primaries is an indication that the Middle West is not committed to isolationism.

Unification compromise

Unification of the armed services is gradually coming to a decision by the route of compromise. Many concessions have been made to the Navy's point of view, which is that real unification is a problem in administration. The main concession is the withdrawal of the proposal to have one rotating Chief of Staff.

Under an interservice arrangement suggested by President Truman, the Joint Chiefs of Staff device will be retained. This is command by consent, not by order. As such it has been denounced by General Marshall, the only man who made it work. "My experience in securing directives from the Joint Chiefs of Staff," he said in his original advocacy of unification, "leads me to believe that it will be far better to have a single Commander of Armed Forces who has all the authority and responsibility for issuing a directive."

The main reform in the new compromise is a single department. The other reforms, of course, are significant, but the real merger will come from the

habit of working together. Mr. Truman was wise in withdrawing his effort to impose his original plan of merger. No system is better than the men who operate it.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is restive over the November elections. Observers think they detect trends, but there is no unanimity in popular thinking on anything except the anti-labor feeling that Mr. Truman has generated. This was shown in the success of Earl Warren in the primaries in California against combined liberal and labor groups.

Matching the aggressiveness on the part of organized labor is the aggressiveness on the part of non-labor groups. A right-left bitterness is growing apace. It is a pity that it is shared in the White House, where the President, in his anger with labor leaders, is refusing to promote more constructive efforts to create understanding. All that Congressmen can do is to take stock periodically of how the struggle will affect their chances in the coming appeal to the ballot box.

The President certainly has reason to feel let down by the difficulties that organized labor leaders have made for him. Labor leaders gave an informal no-strike pledge after V-J Day. It is difficult to understand why they gave it. Prices were going up, restlessness was in the air, tiredness was the rule, union treasuries were full to bursting — all these factors made for strikes. How the President could have expected a smooth reconversion is another mystery. As a result of his disillusionment, he has become antagonistic toward the labor leaders.

Moreover, he is hurt by the way some of his appointees have been manhandled by the Senate. Again the wonder is that he expected anything different, especially in connection with his submission of Edwin Pauley's name as Under Secretary of the Navy. Senator Tobey released the text of a Presidential letter of admonishment for the part he played in squelching Pauley's chances. The time may come, however, when Truman will thank Tobey, for the Senator undoubtedly spared the President a good deal of embarrassment.

Pauley, though doubtless an able man, would have been a political incubus. He would always have been suspected for the part he played in connection with the tideland oil issue. The sensitiveness of the President, however, has given him myopia and more than a little touchiness. Those who know him well are not unduly concerned, saying that it does not mean he is wearing a hair shirt, and that it is a temporary situation that will wear off.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Thomas Heggen's Stories

Sir:

Allow me to tell you how very much I have enjoyed the three splendid selections from Thomas Heggen's *Mister Roberts* (April-June *Atlantic*), and in the same breath, to congratulate you for your excellent taste. It is really a pleasure in these days, when almost all sense of values is so horribly distorted in the arts as well as in politics, to find such a fine collection of articles and stories under one cover.

It was through the episodes from Thomas Heggen's new book that I made my acquaintance with the *Atlantic Monthly*. The occasion of my introduction to it was one of the sessions of our class in Freshman Composition at New York University, when the first of the three installments was read by our professor as an example of good literary style. I was so interested in hearing the rest of the story that I immediately purchased a copy of the *Atlantic*, cementing our friendship forever. The *Atlantic* is without doubt the very best magazine I have ever read.

Before I close, let me also express my gratitude for your courage in printing Edgar L. Jones's article, "One War Is Enough," in your February issue. I nominate both you and him for "the Red Badge of Courage." Keep up the good work!

RICHARD A. BARROWS
Rutherford, N.J.

Sir:

For many years I loved the *Atlantic* dearly and never missed a copy. Then came an interval of some twenty years when I never saw it. Last January I renewed my friendship with great pleasure, with one exception — your short stories! Too many of them are ridiculous attempts to be high-brow. They are not bits of real life — just something the author has written in an attempt to show how clever (he thinks) he is.

I am not going quite as far as a librarian I met recently, who said that she refused to read the *Atlantic* because of its stories. I had no defense I

could offer. Take the March issue. Could there be anything worse than "My Hotels" and "The Unspoiled Reaction"? And "Man from the Sea" in the April number? Yet in the April issue you show in your selection of "Night Watch," by Thomas Heggen, that you know a fine story.

MARY STONE
Tacoma, Wash.

Sir:

As a long-time subscriber and reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I wish to express my chagrin and disappointment that you should have seen fit to insert in your magazine such a filthy story as "The Captain's Palms," by Thomas Heggen, in the May *Atlantic*.

There is no doubt that there is a very decided lowering of standards of righteousness and decency in our land, and when such a magazine as the *Atlantic Monthly* stoops to disseminate gutter profanity, to whom or what shall we look?

Aside from its flagrant violation of the Third Commandment — which is still held in high esteem by many of us — the article is in poor taste and insipid. But the profanity in it is unworthy of consideration for publication by any periodical.

The *Atlantic* has a great reputation to uphold, but when it stoops to publishing such filth, it has slipped a long way.

J. L. McLAUGHLIN
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

May I congratulate you on publishing Thomas Heggen's stories. His writing is excellent.

A. McKEEVER
River Forest, Ill.

Sir:

Commenting on the presence of vulgar speech in "Night Watch" by Thomas Heggen, how are we to explain the entrenched position in which we find

habits of speech and sex delinquency that were once held vulgar?

During the war, particularly, one came to suspect that newspapers and magazines would soon embrace openly the seemingly universal vernacular in vulgarity. The infiltration apparently has begun. Where will it end? Following the prevailing trends, we may soon be led to accept the vernacular in vulgar speech as an acceptable idiom, and "shacking up" with women as a perfectly natural prerogative.

HANS K. HOERLEIN
Napa, Cal.

● There are literally thousands of youngsters now coming out of uniform with the impulse to write. As the Editor of the *Atlantic*, it is my responsibility to publish the best of such stories and articles and poems as they submit. These youngsters have, one and all, an abhorrence for war, an abhorrence which they wish to make sure is passed on to the younger generation. I should be doing less than my duty were I to ask them to water down their experiences or to sugar-coat the violence and brutality which they have survived.

At this time when there is so much reckless talk about the Third World War, I believe the *Atlantic* is performing a very real service in giving these Veterans the hearing they deserve. I realize that they sometimes resort to details and language which are shocking. How else can they bring home to conscientious Americans a realization of what they went through and of what their sons must not experience in turn?

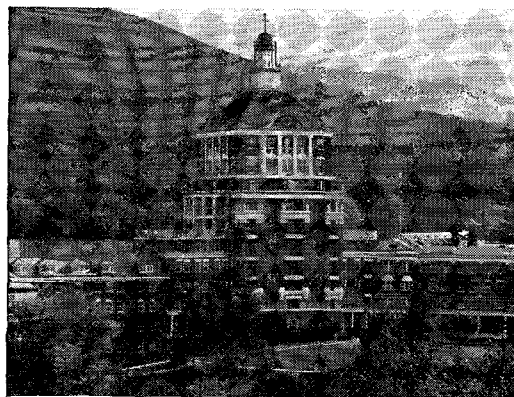
It is relevant to add that out of the four *Atlantic* stories that have just been selected for the new O. Henry Memorial collection, three were *Atlantic* "Firsts," one of them being "Night Watch" by Thomas Heggen. — THE EDITOR

● Even a Navy Veteran like Thomas Heggen will encounter unsuspected booby traps in the technical requirements of salt-water fiction. We are glad to reprint for *Atlantic* readers the following analysis which was published in the June issue of *Yachting*. Its author is the able critic whose department "Under the Lee of the Long Boat" is signed "Spun Yarn." — THE EDITOR

The class will now convene to study a problem in nautical astronomy accidentally contained in a story entitled "Night Watch," by Thomas Heggen, in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. On the off-chance that you haven't the magazine handy, I'll mention the successive revelations which point to our solution. Or don't they? It's all very perplexing, as you will see.

It says in the story that Lieutenant Roberts, USNR, is a deck officer aboard the U.S.S. *Reluctant*, a cargo ship operating in the rear areas of the Pacific most of the time "on its regular run: from Tedium to Boredom and back; about five days each way." Lieutenant Roberts is such a sensitive, perceptive fellow, so aware of the heat of his stateroom when he is called for the midwatch, and of the sounds of fan and blower, that

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8 Arlington Street

Boston 16, Massachusetts

Atlantic Repartee

we are put on our mettle to find out in what latitude he may be on the run between Tedium and Boredom.

He goes topside to relieve the watch and is struck by the stillness of the night and the brilliance of the moon. The officer of the deck whom he relieves gives the base course as 258° , with no zig-zagging, and Roberts, leaning against the windshield of the port wing of the bridge, notes the moon's glistening path on the port quarter. Here we have a clue to the ship's whereabouts. Inasmuch as the moon's greatest south declination is less than 26° , the vessel must be in a latitude north of that, and we assume from the heat and the blower and the fan that she is in the equatorial zone, although we don't know whether she is north or south of the equator.

But hold everything! A little wind comes up and with it a little swell, so that the ship, still on her course of 258° , rolls ever so gently. And Roberts, still standing on the port wing of the bridge, watches the foremast wheel "in a stately arc against the stars of the Southern Cross, a pointer tracing on the blackboard of the sky." It's a nice sentence, and we have no doubt that the author will go far in a literary way. But he has put our class in nautical astronomy into a Title X tailspin. The Southern Cross is situated in the starry firmament south of declination 56° S. Roberts, standing on the port wing of a large vessel's bridge and sighting past the foremast, would, on a course of 258° , have been looking north of west. And to bring the Southern Cross on this bearing the U.S.S. *Reluctant* must have shied away from Tedium and Boredom to the vicinity of latitude 60° S.

Mr. Roberts, there's a time for introspection, but this is not it. Kindly present my compliments to the captain of the ship and tell him something terrible is about to happen.

The Atlantic Reports

Sir:

I wish to congratulate you on the June Atlantic Report on the Philippines. The picture is not a pleasant one; and however belated, the *Atlantic's* indictment of U.S. policy in the Islands is a most heartening sign.

Five months ago I returned from service with a Navy patrol bombing squadron based in the restless province of Pampanga, Luzon. Our position in the Islands had already become an unsavory one before I left, and I discussed it as frankly as my Navy status would permit in articles carried by the *Christian Science Monitor* of December 10 and the *New York Herald Tribune* of April 21. But aside from our domestic leftist press, which reaches an audience of initiates — and usually provokes an equal and opposite reaction — almost no recognition has been paid our latest moves to create another "Banana Republic" in the Philippines.

While on one level we have applauded the heroic resistance efforts of Filipino peasant guerrillas, on higher, policy-making levels we have consistently supported the old reactionary elements, no matter

how collaborationist their records — all in the interest of "stability." It has been the same old story of politically pointed Anglo-American "help" as in Greece, Yugoslavia, China, and Korea — the same approach which, after the recent Italian election, led rioting Monarchist groups to cheer the American Embassy in Naples.

It is hard for Americans who have enjoyed a righteous indignation over Russian moves in Iran, Dutch troubles in Indonesia, and British embarrassment in the Middle East to accept the fact that our own colonial hands are unclean. The Tydings and Bell Acts brazenly establish extraterritoriality in the Islands, and the ties which bind McNutt to MacArthur to Roxas to Soriano to Franco are obvious to all who wish to see them. Filipinos see them; so do other Asiatics, and so do the Russians. It is about time we did.

RICHARD OTIS ULIN
Teaching Fellow, Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

"They Knew Not Joseph"

Sir:

Professor Howard Mumford Jones's nostalgia for Mr. Dooley and Krazy Kat, in "They Knew Not Joseph" in the April *Atlantic*, is beguiling. It poses a subtle argument against the hickory-stick type of schoolmaster. But somewhere between Professor Jones's longing for the pursuit of American culture to be fun and the long-faced Young's lack of humor is my own reaction to things American.

At Mills College in 1938 I was pretty passionate about Thoreau's pond and Melville's whale and Bryant's adolescent genius. The teacher, Dr. Lucy Adams, wielded no rod to make us hustle. If we were intense, the reason was indeed that we were Young and on a voyage for pure gold, not incidental riches. If we were long-faced and humorless on the trip, was it not, Professor, because the first glimpse of Beauty is bound to wipe the smile off Youth's face?

Heaven preserve the American college classroom from an invasion of transient Kats and cockroaches and Gibson girls and Foxy Grandpas *until* the Young have had time to come to grips with greatness! There is plenty of time *after* their salad days to discover Dooley, and to learn that Dreiser is "obvious," Wharton is witty, and Cather is cosmic.

The entrance of Falstaff into Professor Jones's last paragraph — into the pip-squeak company of Fred Allen and Kay Kyser — is more hilarious than anything else I have seen in print since I was green in judgment! If such could be staged, it would at least show the precise difference between high and low comedy, the distinction between a bellow and a giggle. And prithee, Professor, how comes it that specialists in *American* culture filch the time to be "so damn learned" about Falstaff anyway? Isn't Mr. Dooley small beer after all?

MRS. DORR NEWTON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. Dooley

Sir:

I do not know by what effort of will power Mr. John V. Kelleher was able to bring to a close his fascinating article, "Mr. Dooley and the Same Old World," in the June *Atlantic*; but I know he set at least one reader happily remembering other gems from the same source.

Mr. Dooley on the Philippines: "What shud I do with the Philippeens? Oh, what shud I do with them? They's a popylation iv wan hundherd millyun nakid savages and me bedroom's crowded with me an' the bed."

On politics: "Politics ain't beanbag. 'T is a man's game and women, childher an' pro-hyibitionists'd do well to keep out of it."

On the Irish: "A simple people, says you. Simple like the air or the deep sea. Not complicated like a watch that stops whin the shoot ye got it with wears out."

But mere remembering is not enough. Isn't there a book? There is. There's *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*, a book forty-eight years old that fair springs from the shelf to meet an outstretched hand. A timely book. Is it news today that changes in Army and Navy dress have been decreed? 'T was even so in 1898:—

"Yis, we'll put the tastiest ar-rmy in the field that iver came out of a millinery shop. 'Rhight dhress!' will be an order that'll mean somethin'. An' if our brave boys don't gore and pleat the inimy 't will be because the inimy'll be rude enough to shoot in anny kind iv clothes they find on the chair when they wake up." And so on and so on.

Thank you, Mr. Kelleher. And thanks, too, to the *Atlantic*.

MABEL WYETH
Riverdale, N. Y.

Sir:

As a confirmed Dooley rooter, I hope something comes of Mr. John V. Kelleher's suggested Dooley album of records. It has great possibilities, and I can imagine countless thousands who would be charmed by the timeless gem, "The Making of Wills and Other Pastimes."

Just after the Jackson-Black explosion in the Supreme Court, while I was walking on Lexington Street, here in Baltimore, my attention was attracted to the flag atop the Federal Reserve Bank building. The national emblem was not only far from the top of the staff, but it was upside down. What Mr. Dooley could have done with that situation!

ARTHUR K. TAYLOR
Baltimore, Md.

I Personally —

Sir:

I have just finished "The Open Heart" in the Bookshelf section of the March *Atlantic*. If messages like it could be spread across this country, they would help to make a better world. For months we were considerate of others; now we are fast crawling back into our shells. I work in a railway terminal and am amazed at the lack of courtesy and con-

1945

1946

Atlantic Prizes

to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1945-1946 (closing date April 10) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1945-1946 college year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Annie, by Elizabeth Johnston, University of Pittsburgh; *Edwin L. Peterson*, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

We Were the Land's, by Joan Biechler, Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa; *Sister Mary Adorita*, B.V.M., Instructor.

Country Children, by Vira de Sherbinin, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; *Mary Eleanor Prentiss*, Instructor.

On Fireflies, by Patricia Dunkel, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; *Roberta M. Grahame*, Instructor.

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Thy People, My People, by Carolyn G. Heilbrun, Wellesley College, Massachusetts; *Mary Eleanor Prentiss*, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Neighbors, by Helen R. Houtz, University of Denver; *Blanche Y. McNeal*, Instructor.

Clem and the Cornstalk, by Marie A. Ibisch, Grinnell College, Iowa; *Grace Hunter*, Instructor.

Tropical Disturbance, by Phyllis M. Wendt, Iowa State College; *Pearl Hogrefe*, Instructor.

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Letter to Paul and Anna Aschenback, by Robert Beloof, Friends University, Wichita, Kansas; *Juliet Reeve*, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION

Shadowing Walls, by Lemma Kerr, Ohio State University; *Geneva Stephenson*, Instructor.

Winter Run, by Joan Simpson, University of Connecticut; *James A. S. McPeck*, Instructor.

Windy Afternoon, by Geraldine C. Thorpe, Mundelein College, Chicago; *Sister M. Anne Leone*, B.V.M., Instructor.

Answer for a Logical Friend, by Iris Litt, Ohio State University; *Geneva Stephenson*, Instructor.

Filareae, by Marjorie M. Jenkins, University of Alberta, Canada; *F. M. Saller*, Instructor.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, Bread Loaf, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1946 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one scholarship to Robert Beloof, Friends University, Wichita, Kansas (for his poem, *Letter to Paul and Anna Aschenback*), and one scholarship to Juliet Reeve, Instructor of Robert Beloof.

Atlantic Repartee

sideration people give each other. I am the mother of six boys and three girls, and I'd like to drill into them, till they are responsible, law-abiding citizens, to be dependable and courteous, and to take pride in their work. What a different world it would be if we'd all apply the Golden Rule, not just on Sundays but every day.

We had a soldiers' canteen in our depot, and the pages I saw in the lives of those that met or parted here, I'll never, never forget. Especially the sailor who, when he met his teen-age brother, started to shake hands man fashion, broke down, put his arms around his younger brother, and cried like a baby. The months in the Navy fell away, and he was just a homesick kid again, wanting to get home in a hurry.

You preach in your corner of the world, and I'll try to better mine.

MRS. LESTER POCOCK
Monroeville, Ohio

Sir:

This is to tell you how much I liked "My Boyhood in a Parsonage," by Thomas W. Lamont, in the May *Atlantic*. The perfectly delightful spirit of approach, the style, colorful and resilient and yet so natural in its detailed narrative, make it one of the most charming autobiographical sketches that I have ever read.

OWEN D. YOUNG
New York City

Sir:

Not only enthusiastic but rapturous, triumphant congratulations for the movement to purify radio programs, to make something worth listening to of the unholy mess which makes all the big noise now — or almost all of it. What I have read in *Accent on Living* is a good, firm beginning. Keep it up!

Why not brand the soapy listeners? Ridicule is a powerful weapon. It might be that the absent-minded millions of listeners to the soapades are afflicted with a sob-groggy condition, akin to a crying jag. Sob-jaggies, suds-groggies. It's fun to fumble in the bubbles for names.

MRS. F. M. SWIFT
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Sir:

Private Kevin Corrigan's two letters in the June *Atlantic* lead one to hope that we shall hear more from him. He is a young man with power of observation, sound analysis, and clear and forceful expression — gifts too seldom found in conjunction.

But he again makes me wish that writers on military matters (and editors who pass on their works) might have a fuller knowledge of military terminology. To speak of a cadet's being "dismissed"

from West Point for deficiency in studies is as far from the facts as to speak of an officer's being "honorably dismissed" from active service. (I believe the *Atlantic* is as yet innocent of the latter offense.) A cadet or an officer can be "dismissed" only by sentence of a general court-martial; and short of imprisonment in addition, dismissal is the crowning disgrace of a military career. It is the equivalent of the dishonorable discharge of an enlisted man, and its loose use in the broader sense of civilian usage may reflect heavily on the subject. It is, of course, evident that Mr. Corrigan meant nothing derogatory to Lieutenant Wilson.

I know you will understand that my criticism of his misuse of one word does not detract from my enjoyment of two very unusual and superior letters.

LT. COL. JOHN ALDEN DEGEN, USA (Retired)
Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

In the June issue, John Buxton has written an able piece on the poet's place, not only in war, but in the modern world. He expresses in lucid prose a balance between the lyric and realistic forms of living and thinking that speaks for more people than poets and artists.

"Below the Tide of War" is the type of essay that should be reprinted in the literary quarterlies for sterile aesthetes to contemplate. The natural and unassuming manner in which Mr. Buxton reinstates the role of the poet in the world of letters is very stimulating.

JOHN A. WRIGHT
Culver City, Cal.

Sir:

The most hilarious section of the April issue was Mr. Ralph McGill's tongue-in-cheek report to the Russians about American editors in his "Free News and Russia." Oh, heavens, no! Our advertisers are not interested in a paper's politics. But did Mr. McGill tell the Russians that maybe our editors are 85 per cent reactionary because it pays? Does the milk-wagon horse have to be reined at each stop by the milkman?

R. K., JR.
New York City

Sir:

I wish that sometime Dr. Paul A. Zahl, the author of "New Aids for the Blind" in the May *Atlantic*, would write another article on the blind — an article not on devices to help them, but on the way society treats the blind. We, here in Albany, think we are a group of intelligent blind. Mostly we are self-supporting and self-sufficient. One of the men put it plainly one night when we were discussing the advantages and disadvantages of being blind. He said, "Being blind isn't bad at all. It is the hell that other people make your life that is so hard to take."

What he said is so very true. I was unusually fortunate. I was able to go to a regular public school

and high school. However, only my closest friends would go out with me. The boys positively refused because I couldn't see. Later, when I came to Albany, I lived at the Y.W.C.A. The girls there were friendly inside the building, but outside they didn't know me. Blind people are capable of taking part in the activities of all kinds of clubs, committees, and church organizations. However, they are seldom allowed to do so, and if they do, they get so much publicity that they feel ridiculous. A friend of mine gave a pint of blood to the blood bank during the war. Thousands of people had given blood before and thousands after. Because she was blind, her picture was in the paper, with a long story about her. She did not like the publicity at all, and the only reason she consented to it was that others might give their blood because of her story.

I feel very strongly on this subject and wish someone would bring it to the attention of the public so that they would be sympathetic to the blind but not pity them, and would realize that the blind are adults who are capable of thinking for themselves, doing for themselves, and managing their own affairs.

MRS. P. L. K.
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

I am curious about a passing reference made in the article called "Meet the Modern Ego," by Jacques Barzun, in the April *Atlantic*. In this article Mr. Barzun lauds the writings of Cyril Connolly, whom he would have us in America know better. He says of Mr. Connolly: "He is a great reader and he seeks to shape his life by ideas, so that we have in him not a mere fad-fancier like Aldous Huxley but a rediscoverer of action."

I protest — with, I think, good reason — at hearing Huxley referred to as a "fad-fancier," and I should like a few words with Mr. Barzun on the subject.

Frankly, the only words of Mr. Connolly's I've ever read are the ones Mr. Barzun quotes (a situation which I intend to remedy as soon as I can get my hands on one of his books), so there he has me. But I have read in the past few months two books by Huxley which are so concerned with the eternal verities of man's existence that they surely preclude any mention of their author as a "fancier" of anything. Moreover, the author of these books — *The Perennial Philosophy* and *Science, Liberty and Peace*, — has exhibited that literary rarity, an intellect that has grown with the years, developed, and, in the former book, I may say, flowered. Can the same be said for Mr. Connolly? I am eager to know the work of anyone as intelligently thoughtful as he sounds, but I do not think there can be in English letters another case where spirit and intellect have so fused as to produce anything approaching *The Perennial Philosophy*. I am very certain that there is no one in English letters who less needs my — or anyone else's — defense.

Professor Barzun does himself scant credit when he bandies epithets so carelessly. Let him beware lest other touchy female *Atlantic* readers take offense and turn to their wobbly typewriters.

MRS. THOMAS M. SHELTON
Charlotte, N.C.

1945

1946

Atlantic Prizes

to

High School and Private School Students

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Paradox in the Nucleus, by Ernst Jochen Meyer, Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia; *H. A. Dominovich, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

An Army Brat Looks at War, by Elizabeth Chadwick, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Florence E. Wolfe, Instructor.*

This Country, by Susan R. Eddy, Rutland High School, Rutland, Vermont; *Mabel Morrill, Instructor.*

Portrait of a Little Girl, by Jean Brown, Central High School, Minneapolis; *Lulu B. Ulley, Instructor.*

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Birthday, by Mary Hartigan, West High School, Minneapolis; *Wanda Orton, Instructor.*

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The Frankenstein of the Atoms, by Louis Konoff, New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut; *Marion C. Sheridan, Instructor.*

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Silent Night, by Else Schilling, Katherine Delmar Burke School, San Francisco; *Lelah C. Brown, Instructor.*

Home-Coming, by Carole J. Foster, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Lillian MacDonald, Instructor.*

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BRITAIN'S LABOR PAINS

by GRAHAM HUTTON

WASHINGTON IRVING likened the British people to a ship that rides out the worst storm but rolls its masts overboard in the calm that follows. Last year, as war was ending, an all-party British Government was rolled overboard. Labor, representing half the voters, got its first clear majority in Parliament, and British Socialism won five years of absolute single-party power. British politics, however, are always stormier, not calmer, after a war. The ship of state has rolled its old masts overboard, but the storm goes on, and everything aboard is being jury-rigged. Captain, officers, crew, and passengers are sure their ship will make port. It has never yet failed to do so. But none of them feels sure it will be the port for which they were bound a year ago.

At that time many Americans thought of that storm as a European whirlwind bearing Communist or Socialist-Communist governments into power on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Since then, because of the Russians' international strategy and the tactics of the various national Communist parties, that curtain has become a clear division between Eastern and Western European governmental systems. In France, Italy, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and Britain the Communists and fellow travelers did not tread delicately on unfamiliar ground. It has shifted beneath them. Their plans have gone awry — not because of secret bullets,

but because of secret ballots. Western Europe is not a bloc, but it is still a cultural entity; and in its domestic politics it has put Communism on the defensive.

This development is most important in and for Britain. Though there is no "Western bloc," the new governments and their peoples on this side of the curtain look to British Labor for encouraging leadership. That Britain should save herself by her exertions "and will, I trust, save Europe by her example" is still as much an article of faith in Western Europe as in these islands. That was made plain at Labor's annual conference, at Bournemouth, in June, the first since its victory last year. It is very important to Americans and American policy. Yet there seems much bewilderment in America over the nature and trends of the national and international forces now operative in Britain and Western Europe.

Britishers expected post-war spasms. But the united effort of the people, as epitomized in the Coalition Government, masked the real costs of war. Workers swelled trade-unions and made great financial gains, even if they had to plow them back as taxes or savings. Labor leaders daringly prophesied a materially fuller life for them after the war, and because of it. This led to the widespread and typically British hope that somehow the spasms would be avoided altogether. That hope has withered in the blast of events beyond British control: for example, a worse food shortage than in wartime, an enduring lack of consumers' goods owing to the export drive, and a drastic weakening of Britain's position in the world. During Labor's first year of government, most Britishers have come to realize

A British writer, trained in the London School of Economics, GRAHAM HUTTON contributed to the London *Economist* before the first of his several visits to the United States. He is the author of *Survey after Munich*, and more recently of a well-informed study of our Middle West. He returns to the *Atlantic's* columns after an absence occasioned by his war work.

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that they are being forced to undergo three simultaneous revolutions.

First there is the domestic social, economic, and political revolution, now in accelerating process of execution by the Labor Government. The second is the inescapable revolution in British foreign, imperial, and strategic policy owing to the sudden, radical change for the worse in Britain's resources and in her relative position in the post-war world. The third revolution is less obvious, probably more significant, and likely to last longer. It is the revolution inside the British Labor movement as a whole, caused by the impact of the first two revolutions upon its constituent elements. This ferment in Labor comes partly from the Labor Government's handling of the first two revolutions in domestic and foreign policy; partly from the new social composition of Labor since 1939, expressed in last year's election; and partly from the unimagined change in the resources and circumstances of the country. Thus the Socialist blueprints, drafted mainly between 1917 and 1939, have to be carried out by the Labor Party of 1945 in the Britain of the post-war era. Hence the spasms.

Pessimists say that Britain's social, political, and economic convulsions are paralytic strokes brought on in an enfeebled but sound body by the folly of sudden and insupportable overindulgence. Optimists declare they are mere growing pains in a youthful and overvigorous Socialist organism. But careful observers note that they are getting more frequent and severe. They look uncommonly like labor pains. And because, during a change of life, such things as false pregnancies are known to occur, careful observers wait for the climax.

Britain is probably in as dramatic a revolutionary situation as any that ever marked a nation's history. The British are not used to such things. They find them emotionally upsetting. It is a long time since they had to cope with one revolutionary situation, let alone three at once. Their agelong and hard-won genius for understatement about themselves has deadened their sense of the dramatic in their own affairs; so they think genuine drama is vulgar melodrama; and they put the glass to their blind eye and "really do not see the signal." Because their revolutionary situation (to use Marxian terms) is British and bloodless, they prefer not to think of it as comparable to the French and Russian revolutions, or to those of 1688 and 1832 in their own history. Yet their situation today is in many respects more revolutionary than those earlier in their history, and in world affairs it may be as epoch-making as the great convulsions of history.

Other British revolutions, including the Reformation, were or could be insulated as domestic affairs. Whatever their causes and consequences abroad, at home they could be worked out in comparative insulation. In 1946 not one of Britain's three revolutions can be insulated from foreign affairs. They have been caused by, and in turn they affect, the

revolutions of our time in British, European, and world power. And because they are being worked out in a land long conditioned to bloodless revolution, the eyes of careful observers in Russia, America, and Western Europe are, with varying motives, fixedly trained upon them.

This article cannot compass the first two revolutions in British domestic and foreign policy, except in so far as they clarify the third revolution: that inside British Labor. They must wait for another occasion. The ferment in Labor is for the time being the most important. For if our present labor pains prove false, if they do not bring forth a new and vital Britain, the revolutionary situation will not result in true, positive, managed, and controlled revolution at all — neither in domestic nor in foreign policy. It will end in chaos. Not the "chaos of preordination" but the chaos of no order. And that would be disastrous to Britain, to Western Europe, and to America. The Western Roman Empire ended that way because it could neither make nor carry out a revolution.

2

TODAY Labor rules a Britain that has been forcibly reintegrated with the Continent; and no conservative party on the Continent has been able to withstand the pre-war social trends which the war boosted. So the setbacks to Communism on the western part of the Continent and in Britain were delivered under the rule of Socialist or left-wing coalition governments, though Communism, the international secular and materialist religion of our age, is stronger, better organized internationally, and more powerful in the national politics of these countries than ever before. If Britain had had the only conservative government in Western Europe, there would probably have been two curtains in Europe: the iron one, and another at the English Channel. Who would dare say in that case that Communism both in Britain and Western Europe would have had any setback?

Yet even with Labor in power, and even with Britain reintegrated with the Continent, a paradox has emerged. Labor has come to power with hardly a trace of that Marxism which fashioned Continental Socialist parties, because British political practice was insulated for centuries from Continental models. But by being reintegrated with the Continent, Britain and British Labor are having pains.

The British Labor movement differed from Continental Socialist parties in many important ways. Unlike them, it has always been a federal structure embodying many social movements among the people: trade-unions, consumers' coöperatives, intellectual organisms like the Fabian Society or the Independent Labor Party, and a political party in Parliament (the Parliamentary Labor Party) and in the constituencies wherein all elements were repre-

sented. It originated and was inspired by Christian Socialism among the early trade-unions, by the non-conformist churches, and by the severely practical ethics of Victorian England. This Christian origin led to heavier emphasis on liberty and fraternity than on equality. The only elements which did not share the Christian inspiration were the intellectuals; though even there exceptions are to be noted in our own day — particularly the Prime Minister and Sir Stafford Cripps. No charter, no secular materialist dogma, no dialectic, underlay British Labor; and not much logical consistency, either. It had no “theory of the working class.”

Marxist theory, dialectics, and dogma divided Continental Socialist parties — except, significantly, those of Scandinavia — from other classes and parties, and therefore from the entirety of their national life. Their class-conscious separatism and dogma had a logical consequence in the imposition, by their doctrinal leaders, of almost totalitarian methods and discipline on Continental Socialist parties. The party in Britain was typically British in that its organization and direction, its programs and blueprints, were worked out from the bottom up, as in every democratic federation, instead of being imposed from the priestly top downwards. Accordingly its leaders came up from the ranks of its various cohorts, or were assimilated from all other political parties and social classes. Unlike its Continental counterparts, it took less than a generation from 1901 to become the Opposition (the second party), and less than fifty years to become the nation in miniature governing itself. Continental Socialism did not achieve that.

Because it had no exclusive, separatist dogma, British Labor depended much more on personalities, personal loyalties, and the whole climate of national opinion. It could afford to be as illogical, paradoxical, contradictory in program and philosophy, and severely practical as the British people. It could reverse itself as circumstances demanded, and with the natural support of a people famed (or as Continentals would say, notorious) for their unreasonable love of “muddling through” — which, as the war showed, is only an unkind way of saying that the British excel at extemporization. It is another paradox that in British Labor the personal role of the leaders, and the loyalty of the rank and file to them, were stronger than in Continental Socialist parties.

3

AGAIN, ever since 1901 a slow but sure change has been coming over British Labor. It has taken Labor farther away from Continental Socialism, and after two world wars it has come to a head in the current revolution within Labor itself. British Labor was never “proletarian” in the Marxist sense. The material conditions of British workers have continuously risen; the two wars have made

them more bourgeois, men of small property; and social security has enhanced this trend. What was once in Britain — seemingly ages ago — called “the working class” has been thrust by taxation and social legislation into the lower-middle class of suburbanites, villa owners, and residents in new housing estates: they are all as compact, conservative, and conventional in their Laborism as any Victorian bourgeois in Bayswater was in his Toryism or Whiggery.

Thus the real explanation of the Conservative and Liberal debacle in 1945 is not the war, which was only the accelerator of it. It is the invasion and occupation of the famous British middle class by Labor; particularly the growth of the new lower-middle class. This is a vast class of workers, wage-earning or salaried, dependent on the equally swollen commercial undertakings, public utilities and services, central and local government offices, and industrial or financial institutions like the banks, insurance companies, and what are termed “soulless corporations.” As dependents on these, divorced from the skills or crafts of the older trade-union workers and from any personal identification with the day's work or output, the “new masses” of the British lower-middle class have proved excellent recruits to the intelligentsia of the Left in the last twenty years. They are ardent, zealous, and scrupulously faithful followers of Professor Laski, Sir Stafford Cripps, and the *New Statesman and Nation*. They have compensated for their humdrum dependence, and have gained social significance, in Labor. When Britishers explain Labor's victory last year by the statement that “the middle class went Left” that is what they really mean.

Labor's victory reflected this change in many ways: the lowest representation of trade-union M.P.'s in the Commons; the overwhelming representation of the *novi homines* from the new middle class; the striking comeback by the generation between twenty-five and forty, excluded from most Parliaments since 1919; and even a substantial swing over to Labor by many in the upper-middle class. This means a wider, not a narrower and more exclusive, representation of the nation in the Labor Party. It makes the aims of left-wing one-class-conscious dogmatists, whether inspired by Moscow or not, harder to achieve. Labor rules the nation; but it now embodies almost all elements in that nation. So for the first time the “class struggle” itself and all tensions or conflicts between the loyalties in the nation are duplicated with doubled intensity inside Labor. As the trade-unions now make extreme and self-seeking demands on a nation of consumers, they make them on Labor itself, of which they are only a part. Thus the real struggle in Britain is no longer between capitalism and socialism, Conservatives and Labor. It is between the constituent elements intent on controlling this changed and changing Labor Party. It is more intense because Labor is in power.

The party's instrument of political rule in Parliament, the Parliamentary Labor Party made up of the caucus and the rank and file of Labor M.P.'s, dominates the other sections of the national Labor Party: trade-unions, coöperatives, and other federated organisms. The Cabinet has the secrets and must keep them. It must make the hourly decisions. Policy in opposition can be made by all Labor's elements. Policy in power can't. That is why earlier pledges, programs, and the observations of the year-to-year chairmen of the entire national Party are scarcely influential when Labor is in power. And that is why, even in a revolutionary situation and with exiguous resources, British Labor in power enjoys moral and methodological advantages denied to its Continental neighbors.

This first crucial year of Labor rule was therefore bound to bring convulsions in Labor. Two thirds of Labor's M.P.'s are new, representing almost as many new as old Labor voters. The trade-union M.P.'s have dwindled to less than a quarter of the Parliamentary Labor Party. The Cabinet, made up mainly of the old-line leaders imbued with a Socialism devised for pre-war Britain, has become the political spearhead of the broadest cross-section of the nation. It is a one-party Government; yet it must command almost as much national support in the revolutionary situation of today as an all-party coalition. But the whole people's aims and ideas, and their movements to realize those aims and ideas, are more numerous, more contentious, and more activated by strange ferments than ever before.

The premium at present is on the older and more experienced leaders: on the Attlees, Bevin, Daltons, Crippses, Alexanders, Morrisons. But with such a weighty mass of new, young, and able backbenchers behind them, in mute and serried ranks, the premium in the slightly longer run is on new men: men now biding their time, learning the ways of Parliament and government, and slowly making up their minds how best to represent—and reconcile—the desires of their old and new Labor constituents.

4

THE first real climax in Britain's Labor pains came at the annual conference in Bournemouth in June. Mark one fact: owing to the swing over to Labor in 1945, the Bournemouth conference in 1946, with its 1169 delegates representing 3,289,000 members of the Labor Party proper, left unrepresented twice that number of Labor voters. Yet these other millions are mainly those for whose support in future elections the Party Executive had to angle, while it soothed the urgent and vocal minority demanding a more rapid socialization of Britain and closer relations with Communism and Russia. On the issue of more rapid and thoroughgoing socialization, Mr. Herbert Morrison, who is the nearest ap-

proach in British politics to an American party boss, was able to accomplish the soothing.

But the liveliest and most important issues were those which were causing the biggest tugs-of-war within Labor, and which were in turn caused by the revolutionary situation in British domestic and foreign affairs. And naturally into both issues entered the question of Labor solidarity with Russia and Continental, international Communism. On these issues Labor, in unchallengeable power in 1946, faced the old questions of the 1918-1928 period, but they were posed to many of the same Labor leaders in a new and urgent intensity. Was Labor, in power, now to deny its nature and development since 1901, at the behest of a minority of British doctrinaires imbued with Continental Marxism? Was it to become a rigid, dogmatic, totalitarian, one-class-conscious party just when it had become the nation in miniature? This was the struggle going on within Labor at Bournemouth, as it was at Birmingham in 1928; and the answer given was the same as then; but it has not put an end to the pains in Labor's body.

The motions criticizing Mr. Bevin's conduct of foreign policy fizzled out at Bournemouth like damp squibs, just as they have always done in the Commons and in the secret conclaves of the Parliamentary Labor Party or its External Affairs Group. Indeed, the debate on June 12 without Mr. Molotov was rather like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; for despite Mr. Churchill's tribute to Mr. Bevin in the Commons debate on foreign affairs on June 5, for his share in Labor's refusal of Communist penetration, to Mr. Molotov more than to anyone else belongs most credit for that decision and for Mr. Bevin's triumph at Bournemouth. It is Mr. Molotov who has made all the "headway backwards," to use Mr. Churchill's words, of British Communism and its fellow travelers, whom Mr. Churchill called "the cryptos, the Communists without the pluck to call themselves by their proper names." Even the resolution calling for closer relations with Russia was crushingly outvoted at Bournemouth, and this despite the appeal of the retiring Party Chairman, Professor Laski, on June 10 to the Party and to Russia to make their socialisms "generously international," and also his appeal to Russia that, "having experimented with distrust," she now "experiment in friendship."

In view of this preliminary bout at Bournemouth, was the Party's smashing defeat of the motion to affiliate the Communists surprising? Compared with the evidence a few months earlier it certainly was. Most American correspondents in London prophesied Communist affiliation early in 1946. Professor Laski himself had been publicly for it in 1945 when he became Party Chairman. Two big trade-unions, in whose inner councils the fellow travelers were known to be strong, the National Union of Mineworkers and the Amalgamated

Engineering Union, together with many smaller unions, stood pledged to Communist affiliation until a few weeks before Bournemouth. Then, by clever tactics in committee and over the opposition of several fellow travelers, the miners' regional federations took referenda. These, contrary to the confident views of the fellow travelers, showed smashing votes to reverse the earlier pledges, even in the reddest miners' districts of South Wales and Scotland. And a few weeks before Bournemouth, Professor Laski publicly invoked the faithful under his chairmanship to reject affiliation.

The Party Executive carried the war into the enemy's camp by boldly presenting an Executive motion to the conference for a new paragraph in the Party constitution. It deserves quotation in full, for it is as excommunicatory an anathema as was ever pronounced by any sect on any other sect:—

Political organisations not affiliated to or associated under a national agreement with the party on January 1, 1946, having their own programme, principles, and policy for distinctive and separate propaganda or possessing branches in the constituencies or engaged in the promotion of Parliamentary or local government candidatures or owing allegiance to any political organisation situated abroad, shall be ineligible for affiliation to the party.

In opening the debate on Communist affiliation on June 12 by presenting an official statement of the Party Executive, Mr. Morrison charged Communists with forming cells inside trade-unions' local branches and other elements of Labor, said they were "acting under instructions," mentioned the "mystery" of the Communists' "very considerable sums of money," and declared, doubtless from his own wartime experience as Home Secretary, that in many cases of espionage Communists had figured. He warned Labor against undoing its democratic constitutional leadership by the admission of what amounted to conspirators, and emphasized the grave national risks inherent in giving Communists the right to places in the Cabinet. He was careful to point out that Labor, too, would run risks of losing elections, as it did in 1924 by reason of the Communist scare that swept the country after publication of the "Zinoviev letter."

Mr. Jack Tanner, president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, widely reputed to be a Communist sympathizer, was so frequently interrupted, when moving his motion for the affiliation, that Professor Laski had to appeal to the conference to give him a hearing. Significantly his speech demanded "unity of the working class," declared that "a large proportion of shop stewards are Communists," and suggested that Labor might need to operate "some form of dictatorship over recalcitrant capitalists." It was the most typically Continental Marxist speech at Bournemouth. Almost as a result, virtually all the delegates voted on Communist affiliation, and the result was more than

five to one against it. The Party Executive's motion to make future affiliations of any such group as the Communists impossible was then put and carried, by the same heavy vote, and without any debate, four to one. One labor climax had been passed with brilliant success.

5

BUT Bournemouth was not the beginning of the end of Britain's Labor pains. It was only the end of the beginning. Professor Laski was probably right in his speech at Newcastle on June 2: "Short of a great international crisis we are in power for the next twenty years"; probably right because, if such a crisis arose, the British people would demand a coalition again, and woe betide the Opposition that declined to enter. Apart from such a crisis the only real threat to continued Labor rule is a split in Labor, for the Conservatives, like the Communists, seem incapable of remembering, of forgetting, or of learning new methods. What, then, could cause a split in Labor?

The Communists must now become an active alternative left-wing party to the left of Labor. Their methods never change. They will go on boring within Labor, and mainly in the trade-union branches. They will now intensify this because, since the Government repealed the 1927 Trade Disputes Act, every trade-unionist will effectively, though not legally, be constrained by his union to contribute to the union's political funds. The unions have always been the chief financiers of Labor. So the most fruitful way the Communists can cause embarrassment to Labor is to play upon the unions' current inferiority feeling within Labor, which is due to their relative decline in Labor's Parliamentary and governmental councils.

Already the extreme demands of the coal miners for their twelve-point charter, including a five-day week and an ambitious range of special benefits, show which way the unions most susceptible to leadership by fellow travelers will go. This same union's objection to the recent appointment of the able young economist, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, as deputy to the Minister of Fuel and Power, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, on the grounds that he was not a union man, is also symptomatic. And there are other such unions, other such union leaders, content to fellow-travel.

The Labor politicians foresaw this during the war, when the Communists were making their inroads into the unions and the unofficial shop stewards' organization. Their prescription was to head off the extremists by going full steam ahead with a formidable program of industrial nationalization, particularly with the two most troublesome branches of unionism: coal, and iron and steel. But as it has worked out, the prescription was faulty. Before Mr. Shinwell's National Coal Board got to work, the miners, led by the redoubtable Mr. Will

Lawther, planked down ultimatums; and after the most spectacular clash of personalities at Bournemouth between him and Mr. Shinwell, the union caucus met and refused to allow a thousand Polish miners to help boost production in Britain's worst industry unless Mr. Shinwell accepted the twelve-point charter. In other words, the union was blackmailing the Minister into presenting the new National Coal Board with an accomplished fact. It is a precedent for the other British industries and services due for socialization; and though Mr. Shinwell is the only Minister responsible, as yet, for an entire socialized industry, the omen looms dark above other heads in the Cabinet.

Thus the workers' unions are the easiest recruiting grounds for the Communists in the austere and revolutionary economic situation. Egged on by shop stewards, who are egged on by the Communists, the unions have been sending up the wage-rate index by half a point a month for almost a year. This has given the majority of union leaders, who are well-informed and fully conscious of the inflationary danger to the national interest, their worst headaches. Without an adequate output of domestic consumable goods, the process is inflationary. Hence the unions' demands on the Government for more consumable goods, even at the cost of exports. As the Government socializes more and more industries, it brings the unions under more direct state control. And that builds up a potentially formidable struggle between the unions' own federal organization, the Trades Union Congress, and the Labor Party itself. To make matters worse, Sir Walter Citrine has just left the chair he has held at the TUC for over twenty years to join the new Coal Board; and the TUC is also, like the Labor Party, in the throes of reconstitution. Will the Labor politicians continue to favor the unions at the consumers' expense? Or will they bear in mind the millions of non-unionized white-collar Labor voters who are consumers?

Again, will Labor politicians, still flushed with their national victory in 1945 and their recent victory at Bournemouth, remember that they need the widest national respect and support in handling Britain's inescapable revolutions in domestic and foreign policy? They defeated Karl Marx at Bournemouth. But to judge by their slapstick, cavalier, and cocksure behavior on the front bench in the Commons, many of them seem to think the only alternative to the doctrine of Karl Marx is that of the Marx Brothers. Britain badly needs light relief; but though the Government, unlike ancient Rome, cannot give the British people both bread and circuses, it surely need not include Parliament in the list of vulgar amusements on which, almost alone today, the public's cash can be spent.

Enterprises of great pith and moment are treated with scant consideration. Rip-roaring hilarity behind the front bench seems to be accepted as a

valid substitute for examination or exposition. Not all the blame attaches to Labor. But because Labor has the power, the bulk of it does. "Magnanimity," said Burke, "is not seldom the truest wisdom in politics." After all, Labor only got the votes of half the electorate last year; and to harp on the theme of so scrambling Britain's economic eggs that no one will ever be able to unscramble them is mighty like Hitler's remark about banging the door on Europe. You raise devils that way, and they may turn to plague you. Labor leaders have behaved in their first heady year of power as if they knew all the answers. In Britain's revolutionary situation no one does — and what is more, no one can. It is a perilous time to be cocksure.

The Communists are waiting, watching, and working for Labor to fail. If it fails, as it can, not in the planning but in the execution and administration of its plans, widespread disillusion and despair will not bring back the Conservatives. They will drive the "new masses" over to the party now separately located on the left of Labor; for in Labor's failure to perform what it promised, the chaos could not be undone by Conservatives. That is the Communists' logic. And this time it may be right.

Almost the only references to America at Bournemouth were made by Mr. Bevin's critics, the supporters of Communist affiliation who account for some 15 per cent of the Labor Party. All were rude. The mover of the resolution criticizing Mr. Bevin's conduct of foreign policy said that the United States with its capitalist system was "a standing menace to any Socialist society." The mover of the resolution for closer relations with Russia said that America was now in the state of anarchy which Britain was in forty years ago; so the closer we tied up with America, the nearer we came to the rocks of the next world slump. And the Communist *Daily Worker* borrowed Washington Irving's phrase, accusing "the almighty dollar" of trying to control British policy.

All those holding and propagating such views have been crushingly repudiated by deliberate design of the Labor Executive, and by a free vote of British Socialists drawn from all Labor's constituent elements. Americans should note this well. American policy, American attitudes towards Britain and its Labor Government, and thus towards Western Europe by way of British Labor, may easily be decisive for the future. So may the attitudes of American labor organizations towards their own government's international policy and its execution. Looking at the British Labor record, looking at its current problems, programs, and pains, all Americans can ponder the answer to a simple question: Who would gain from the failure of British Labor? And if perchance some American felt tempted to reply, "America," or "Capitalism," he could take a look at what used to be Germany. Whose, indeed, is the gain?

ALL ARE GUILTY

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

1

I do not accept war as an unavoidable evil: I have seen that it is so evil that it must be avoided. It has no better side. It is equally demoralizing to both victor and vanquished. I believe we should give as much in human effort to avoid war as we give in fighting.

As victors the Japanese entered Borneo in January, 1942, and as victors they remained there until August, 1945. During this period they killed because it is a soldier's business to kill; they beat, abused, pillaged, and laid waste because such conduct is a soldier's pleasure.

I was one of the vanquished then. When I went on the streets I was humiliated, spat at, ridiculed, my face was slapped. When I remained in my home the victors entered it. They took my belongings; they mistreated my servants; they threatened my child; they struck me, and by further acts of violence they caused me to lose an unborn baby. One month later, when I was placed in a prison camp, my state of subjection became complete. We were the vanquished: we had no rights.

You do not die when your face is slapped, or when you are struck, or when you are mistreated. It isn't a killing matter: in warfare it isn't even a serious one. But it is not pleasant; you do not like it.

Very often in prison camp we mistreated ourselves. We were our own worst enemies — the miseries of war made us so. Hunger, discomfort, and drudgery, illness and suffering, boredom and disappointment and despair, do not bring out the best in people.

Greatest enemy of all was the despair of hope deferred. From the day of internment to the day of liberation we fed on false rumors. Throughout

three and a half years our release was always three to six months ahead — or tomorrow. Perhaps we could not have lived without these false hopes, but certainly we lived miserably with them.

The most deteriorating factor was the complete lack of privacy in camp. Middle-aged women are particularly dependent upon clothing and artifice, not only for their appearance, but for their morale. Self-respect was difficult to keep. Lack of privacy made for indifference in us, and lack of masculine stimulation made for slovenliness. We longed for our husbands, our homes, decent living conditions for our children — and passionately, we longed to get away from one another.

In camp, we had all the sins. Some of us were greedy. I have seen an individual eat five smuggled eggs at one time, while surrounded by very hungry companions with none. Some were dishonest, stealing from one another, and there was much hijacking of smuggled goods. Most of us were dishonest to the extent of stealing from the enemy. Some consistently shirked community work. The last year in camp, when each prisoner's vitality was limited, to ask another woman to do your job was to encroach on her life span. A few were traitors, constantly threatening to report to the Japanese officials the smuggling and lawbreaking in camp. And some were just whiny, mooney, sloppy, and sorry for themselves.

The predominant sin was selfishness. Each one had to fight to survive. There was never enough of anything — food, material possessions, energy, leisure. If you wanted to survive, you had to hang on to what you had and grab for more.

We mothers were notoriously selfish. To fight for one's child is selfish, for the child is oneself; but it is a more justifiable form of selfishness than fighting for oneself, because the child is also the future. In him is the hope of the race. We fought for our children's needs, even though we menaced the comforts of others.

There were two virtues noticeable in camp: courage and good morale. Almost all the prisoners displayed physical courage; we came to accept discomfort and pain as normal conditions. The old, the ill, and the frail attempted and accomplished

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impossible physical tasks, survived impossible illnesses, and evaded unavoidable deaths.

In our women's camp we showed greater life stamina than the men. Like Rasputin, our bodies wriggled on long after they should have been dead. Or perhaps you had to wring our necks, like chickens, to kill us.

Our other virtue was good cheer. The morale in camp was good. We knew that the only way to make life bearable was to laugh and not to cry. It was not the mean, greedy, dishonest, light-fingered, violent-tempered women that the camp resented. It was the tearful and hysterical women who were sorry for themselves. But their number was limited.

Most of the time, most of the women had bright faces, smiled and laughed. A stranger coming into our camp would not have guessed from the atmosphere that all of us were hungry, most of us were suffering from physical complaints for which we had neither remedy nor palliative, and all of us were sick at heart with hope deferred. Many bore the additional burden of "missing" husbands with fates unknown. But on the surface we were cheerful. The Japanese officers, when inspecting our camp, often turned this quality of cheer to their own credit. They said that one could see by our cheerful attitude that we were well treated.

Some of this cheer was pride: we were determined to show the Japanese that Western women did not complain. We had many opportunities to hear about the virtues of Japanese women in contrast to Western ones.

We had also pride among ourselves. One was ashamed to complain when all had cause to do so. The heroism of a few was noticeable. It is impossible to exaggerate the mental torture experienced by those women whose husbands had been taken from camp and held without communication in Japanese prison cells, or who had disappeared from their knowledge completely.

My husband was held thus for three weeks, and the first three days almost broke my endurance. Yet many women bore up bravely under this anxiety throughout months and years. And in the end, when peace came, they had to learn of the deaths of their husbands. When my husband was in the cells, I determined that if he got out alive I would try not to complain so much, even if the war lasted ten more years. I could not hold to my resolve entirely, but certainly that mental crisis did force me to a saner perspective on the less vital annoyances of prison camp life.

2

In general, I saw in myself and all about me physical, mental, and moral deterioration taking place. The greatest distress I suffered was the feeling of the utter waste of those years in camp.

I saw myself becoming hard, bitter, mean — dis-

gracing the picture I had painted for myself in happier days. My disposition and my nerves became unbearable. I fell into the habit of speaking to my little son with a hysterical violence which I hated but could not control. He was innocent of all blame for our misfortunes; and yet, because we lived in distressing conditions, because I did not have food to give him when he begged for it, because I myself was often so hungry that I could not sit with him when he ate — because of these things I would rage at him. I think that every one of the twenty-three mothers who went through the experience with me in Kuching will agree that it was as near to hell as anything our mortal minds could conceive.

Each one of us wept in despair for what we could not give to our children. Not for material things alone, — not for food, playthings, luxuries, comforts, — but for the gentle, loving mothers that we could not be to our children. We were all that stood between them and destruction. We were not just mothers: we were the whole force of circumstances in our children's world. Our bodies were worn, our nerves were torn, our energies were flagging; because of this we could show our children only stern women struggling grimly to get them food.

I have heard men say that they believe they profited in some ways by prison camp experience. This is not my case. It is true that I learned some things. I learned that I can do anything in this world that I have to do, until the final thing which kills me. I learned not to worry about my food — I can take or leave it, although I prefer to take it. I learned that I can be very unsanitary and still escape lice, bedbugs, skin infections; that I can live with germs and not die of disease. I learned that almost unendurable physical pain can be endured for a limited time, but minor discomfort over a long period becomes unendurable. I learned not to fear death so much as life without decent living.

I learned that it is not enough to exist: one must have reason for existing. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Never was this so true as in prison camp. This is the one worth-while lesson that I learned. The word that proceeded out of the mouth of God for me was the warning not to be consumed by hate. Hate is a wasteful emotion: for my own sake, I didn't wish to hate the Japanese or the people about me.

Every night when I lay down beside my son, I was filled with love for him. Every night we said the Lord's Prayer together. I was not praying for an answer, or to praise the Lord, but to ease myself. I was looking for rest and peace, and a way to make life bearable when it was not bearable. With George beside me I could know that love holds together in time of danger, that love soothes and strengthens, that love builds up, where hate destroys. I could pray then to love and to God, the two inseparable.

I went to bed at dusk most nights, and lay awake

several hours before sleeping. I got up several times during the night to smoke cigarettes, because of hunger. I went out to the latrines several times each night as a result of improper diet.

I had time at night to think. I thought of all the young men of all races, who were dying all over the world in battle, who had at some time lain like George beside their mothers. When those boys died, what did they die for? How often must they have asked themselves this question. I could not believe that their answer was — for hate. Hate is neither worth living nor dying for.

We in prison were at that time the mistreated ones. Yet it would be only a matter of time and the turn of the tide, before we should be the abusers and our captors the abused, because we had in ourselves the same instincts for brutality. War evoked and exalted these instincts. It was war that we must hate, and not each other. I grew then to hate the quality of brutality in man more than I could hate any race or individual, and to hate the circumstances of war that call forth this brutality.

It seemed to me then that all mankind is alike, with two ways before it. Feebly we yearn for the good way, yet fear to stand out against the evil one. And stronger in us than either good or evil is inertia. Thus we wait for circumstances to decide whether we shall be saints or devils.

We nearly destroyed ourselves in that camp, with hate of each other as well as of the enemy. Against it I had just one defense. My husband and I loved each other. During our captivity we had this one thing to live for: the hope of the perpetuation of this love in our child and in our future. In the harsh and sterile surroundings of prison camp, our love for each other existed in us as the one fertile and enduring thing. It gave us strength to live, when life was not livable.

It was the practice of the Japanese to make us, against our will, witnesses to their abuse of our fellow prisoners. These exhibitions were public, and the victim was detained in public view long after punishment. A dog may hide away when in pain, but not so a prisoner.

During these episodes, I have never seen a victim fail in fortitude or lose the dignity of courage. At such times the picture came to me of Christ, who suffered persecution bravely on the cross. It was not Christ who was shamed, but the persecutors. Watching these men and boys who were so brave, I saw that the only shame for them would be for them ever to change place with their persecutors.

I often had to observe the actions of one handsome young Nipponese soldier who was always in charge of the guard that herded us women outside the camp to haul firewood. He was tall for a Japanese, with unusually nice legs, of which he was very proud. He treated them tenderly and clothed them with well-fitting trousers — a Japanese rarity — and well-polished army boots.

On the road down which we carried firewood we usually passed British soldiers at work. They were almost naked, without shoes or trousers, half-starved, and scarcely able to carry the loads under which they struggled. Our handsome guard could never pass by one of these soldiers without kicking him on his naked body with his own well-booted foot.

We always pretended not to see, walking with eyes ahead and expressionless faces. But under our breaths we muttered, "The swine, the louse, the filthy Jap." I know that we despised this boy as he could never have despised us.

This Japanese lad had another victor's gesture. When displeased, annoyed, fed up with life, he would call a British soldier out of his group and command him to stick out his tongue. He would then snap the man's jaw shut on his tongue, with a swift uppercut.

Unwillingly I witnessed this boy's progress throughout two years of war. I made up my mind then that I would sooner see my own son die of starvation in camp than have him live to be like that. I learned then that I hated the spirit of brutality in man more bitterly than I hated anything that the Japanese could do to me.

3

IN TIME the day arrived when we ceased to be the vanquished ones. September 11 came and the Allies returned to Borneo as victors, and we, the prisoners, were free. From a state of lethargy, we swept into one of hysteria. A phrase came to my mind on that day of liberation, and remained there for a long time after: "I have lived long enough, having seen this day." That was the great moment of a lifetime; then was the time to die.

After our liberation our Japanese guards were collected. They were confined behind the barbed wire; they were turned into labor squads and put out to work; their officers were taken for questioning. Within a few days, the Japanese commandant of our camp (and the commandant of all prisoners of war in Borneo) had killed himself; the second-in-command and the Japanese medical officer responsible for the Kuching camps had both repeatedly attempted suicide; and many other officers had successfully or otherwise followed the Japanese code.

When Colonel Suga, our commandant, was placed in the cells, his weapons were removed. He cut his throat with a blunt table knife stolen from his meal service. Although aided by his orderly towards success, he was half an hour in bleeding to death. When the details of his death were made public to the liberated prisoners of Kuching, the various comments were: "Not half long enough for him to suffer!" "Too good for him!" "I wish that I could have had the old bastard to finish off!"

"They ought to have kept him alive to prolong his agony!" "Slow torture is what he needed!"

Meanwhile we former prisoners were taken to a rest camp at Labuan. Here the stories of what was happening to our former guards at Kuching pursued us. Poker Face, the sergeant major, met with a fatal accident. Fish Face was beaten to death. TB was placed in the cells, where he profited by his Japanese lessons to us as to how to treat the vanquished. Fish's Wife, who had always been athletic, was given opportunity for showing his prowess by running an interminable race around the perimeter of the old camp. Other guards had equal opportunities to experience the punishments which fitted the crimes.

But the fate of one young Taiwan guard, who had once saved one of our babies from drowning, I was unable to ascertain. The night before our liberation he had come to say good-bye to us in the mothers' barracks. Then I and others had given him letters saying that he had always treated his prisoners kindly. He had said good-bye and shaken my hand, and the tears had rolled down his cheeks as he did so. I felt that I knew why he cried; it was not for himself alone: it was for all young men who like himself must either kill or be killed. I hope that our letters saved him from the quality of the victor's mercy, but I have never learned.

In general, these stories of the fate of our guards were told to us, and received by us, with relish. A favorite internee theme in the old days had always been a description of the manner in which the internees were going to treat their captors when they should be free. I had often heard women say, "Just wait until our turn comes! Then we'll make them suffer as they have made us. I would like to get hold of some Japanese women and children and make them live as we have to live."

On our way home across the Pacific, traveling as liberated personnel, I frequently heard descriptions by Allied soldiers of their rough treatment of the enemy. They felt that we, as former prisoners, should enjoy this. When sometimes I asked them, "Why did you do that? Did you enjoy doing it?" the answer was, "They did it, so we did it too," or else, "Oh, well, they had it coming."

On the transport in which we left Manila I noticed a tall, exceptionally husky former POW, who had both his hands bandaged. His story was quickly told to me. He had incurred his injuries the day after he had been liberated from his prison camp in Japan, by beating the Japanese commandant and the second-in-command of the prison

camp. He had beaten them with his fists until both Japanese were dead. He had broken his hands in the process.

Confused though our thoughts are as to the ideology of this war, most persons will agree that we did not fight it in order to retaliate in kind for the actions which we condemn. But war brutalizes all whom it touches. If it did not do so, we could not endure it.

Those who have not been in the war zone are shocked when instances of physical violence involve their friends. We to whom such things have occurred take them for granted.

My husband and my son and I survived throughout three and a half years of war in a country occupied by the enemy. The husbands of many of my closest friends were executed or died of illness. Every letter that we now receive from persons who had been lost to our contact reveals further death and execution. But we three came through alive. That is the utmost we had the right to hope for.

People ask me for details of that period. Sometimes I answer them mildly, "It wasn't very pleasant." I know they cannot from those words visualize the situation as it was. But I am tired of war, and it is easier and pleasanter to forget.

But other times I remember that there is an obligation on my part to tell the facts as I know them. I speak plainly then. They exclaim in horror and surprise, "What! They did that to you? To women and children! How awful!"

But what, I feel like asking, do you expect? That is war. That is the last war — and the next war, which even now you so philosophically contemplate as an unavoidable evil.

Today we live in a world, not a state: we are a body of human beings, not of nationals. The responsibility of the entire body is ours. Every discovery of science further eliminates space and time: we cannot ignore starving Europe, a demoralized and fighting Asia. Tomorrow *we* may be they.

This continent has never experienced the violence of modern warfare. Must we in America wait for the destruction of this land which makes decent living possible to us, in order to learn the value of what we lose?

I have fought one war for my son in prison camp. He survives now because of me. He belongs now to peace. War is not good enough. It is better to have less and to give more, and to live in peace, than to fight.

» After five years on the staff of the FCC, Edward M. Brecher asks: Who has the controlling voice in American broadcasting — the commercial sponsor or the mute but often rebellious listener?

WHOSE RADIO?

by EDWARD M. BRECHER

I

THIS spring the Federal Communications Commission, after seven years of wandering down a series of regulatory bypaths, returned to its major responsibility: the program service rendered by American radio stations. In the report entitled *Public Service Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees* (promptly nicknamed the "Blue Book"), the Commission said its say on excessive commercialization, the decline and fall of sustaining public-service programs, the glut of soap operas, the dearth of public-issue discussions, and various subspecies of the plug-ugly — the middle commercial, the constipation commercial, the singing commercial, the over-long commercial, the propaganda commercial, the patriotic or "wave the flag and take another pill" commercial, and the piling up of commercials in a series uninterrupted by program matter.

Reactions were instant and extreme. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* called the Blue Book "excellent advice" deserving "commendation from the millions of radio listeners." The *Hartford Courant* startled a Commission long inured to brickbats with the unaccustomed phrases, "FCC to the Rescue!" and "Hats off to the FCC!" One Chicago station promptly altered its ways; in lieu of its traditional rhythm of one plug-ugly, one phonograph record, one plug-ugly, it pioneered a new radio pattern: three plug-uglies, three phonograph records, three plug-uglies. Judge Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, which represents most but not all stations, inaugurated an anti-FCC campaign by calling the report "a reversion to that type of government control and regulation from which our forefathers struggled to escape." Taking its cue from Miller, the Hearst press alleged that the FCC had "brushed

off the Bill of Rights and the memory of the Minute Men of Concord."

As a former member of the FCC staff concerned in the original drafting of the Blue Book, I can claim no objectivity with respect to the issues involved. I can, however, present the FCC report in historical perspective, and perhaps restate its intent, effect, and implications.

Historically, the American system of broadcasting evolved and flourished under a system of "perpetual jeopardy" which kept every radio station in imminent peril of losing its license. Congress had decreed that all radio channels should remain the property of the people, to be utilized by stations pledged to operate in the public interest. Under explicit provisions of the Radio Act of 1927, reenacted substantially without change in the Communications Act of 1934, no license to use this public property can be granted a broadcaster for a term of more than three years.

Before receiving his license, each broadcaster must sign a waiver of any claim to the use of the ether "as against the regulatory power of the United States." On the expiration of his license, each broadcaster is required to prove *de novo* that a renewal will "serve the public interest, convenience, or necessity," and in the event that there is a competing application, to prove that his renewal would better serve the public interest than a transfer of the facilities to a newcomer.

From 1927 to 1937, the Commission interpreted "public interest" to mean primarily "program service." Applications for new stations were granted or denied according to whether the promised program service seemed to the FCC appropriate to the community concerned. On renewal, a station's file was checked for complaints or other evidence of shortcomings. Most important of all, some stations were afforded special privileges (high power, cleared channels, full-time operation) while others were penalized with reduced power, frequency changes, and shorter hours, in considerable part on the basis of the program service which they rendered. As one Commissioner explained to a Congressional committee during the first year of radio regulation: —

EDWARD M. BRECHER was on the staff of the Federal Communications Commission from February, 1941, to February, 1946, first as Assistant to the former chairman, James Lawrence Fly, and thereafter as Special Analyst in the Law Department. He participated in the drafting of various FCC statements and reports, including the recent highly controversial "Blue Book."

Mr. Brecher left the government services in February to become General Manager of the Metropolitan Broadcasting Corporation, a group of business and professional people who are planning a new kind of radio station for Washington, D. C.

"... each station occupying a desirable channel should be kept on its toes to produce and present the best programs possible and, if any station slips from that high standard, another station which is putting on programs of a better standard should have the right to contest the first station's position and after hearing the full testimony, to replace it."

It was under this policy of perpetual jeopardy that we developed what most Americans are convinced is the world's most enterprising and resourceful broadcasting.

Such a regulatory scheme, of course, can be abused, and for twenty-three months, beginning in 1937, it was abused. The Legion of Decency, having achieved a remarkable measure of success in Hollywood, turned its attention to radio; and the FCC under a new chairman reacted not wisely but too well. For example, it rebuked (and threatened to do more than rebuke) a network which permitted Mae West to inflect her voice in a comic presentation of the Adam-Eve-apple scene; and it designated a station license for hearing on the lone complaint of one Minnesota minister that the words "hell" and "damn" had been used in the broadcast of a prize-winning play by Eugene O'Neill.

The FCC for a brief period adopted precisely the policy recently condemned by the courts in the *Esquire* case, except that the FCC did not actually invoke sanctions. Broadcasters, for business reasons inherently loath to wound the susceptibilities of even a fraction of the possible audience, were also now on the alert to avoid annoying even a single Minnesotan.

This FCC regime was necessarily short-lived; the inevitable new broom, trust-buster James Lawrence Fly, took office in September, 1939. While liberals and civil libertarians cheered, Fly put an instant stop to the Boston police court variety of censorship which had grown up under his predecessor. In the process, however, he inadvertently threw away the baby with the bath water.

Abandoning even the most rudimentary review of the program service actually being rendered by broadcast stations, the Commission devoted its limited resources instead to the battles against network monopoly, newspaper domination of radio, multiple ownership of stations, and the prolonged struggle for adequate appropriations to support essential wartime activities. Radio, throughout the national defense and war periods, so far as program service was concerned, was left in an essentially unregulated condition. The renewal of licenses became almost automatic. The wartime freeze on new construction relieved existing licensees of the fear of competing applicants. The promises of public service that had been the basis on which original licenses and subsequent renewals and privileges had been granted became dim memories. The legend arose, and was widely fostered, that the FCC had no jurisdiction with respect to program service — that its mandate from Congress was lim-

ited to questions of technical interference among the electromagnetic waves generated by broadcast transmitters.

2

THE FCC Blue Book is, first of all, a report on the results of these years of program-service *laissez faire*. It tells of a single commercial sales talk five minutes in length, uninterrupted by program material. It tells of six plug-uglies broadcast in a row during the dinner hour Monday through Friday — except on Thursday, when one minute of music is permitted to intervene. It tells of outstanding network public-service programs ("Words at War," "Transatlantic Call," "University of Chicago Round Table," "Inter-American University of the Air") rejected by a majority of the stations to which they were made available and broadcast by some others only at hours when most listeners are asleep. It points to the station which carries the Philharmonic program, for which it is paid, but cuts Olin Downes's five-minute sustaining introduction to the program to make way for a local commercial. And it cites the soap operas, which are listened to, on the average, by only 7 per cent of the available audience, but which occupy most of the daytime hours of the two biggest networks. In calling attention to these abuses, the Blue Book is a *mea culpa*; we have failed, says the FCC in effect, in our duty to keep American broadcasting an instrument of public service.

But what criteria should the Commission use in evaluating public service? Clearly not the personal tastes and predilections of seven men sitting in Washington. Some other source had to be found.

In the Blue Book, the FCC turns, remarkably enough, to the accumulated wisdom of the broadcasting industry itself for the four yardsticks with which it proposes to measure public interest. Quoting from network and station executives, radio writers, directors, commentators, and from the National Association of Broadcasters in presentations to the Commission, the Congress, and the courts, the Commission cites four components of a balanced program service: (1) the carrying of sustaining (non-commercial) programs; (2) the carrying of local live-talent programs; (3) the carrying of public-issue discussions; and (4) the avoidance of advertising excesses.

Of these four yardsticks, the sustaining program, selected and prepared by the network or the station itself without advertising sponsorship or advertising agency intervention, is both the most crucial and the most controversial. Did the Opera or the Philharmonic sing or play less well, critics are asking, when it became commercially sponsored? Was "Town Meeting of the Air" less of a public service during its year under commercial auspices? Do not Fibber McGee and Molly serve

the Red Cross drive each year as selflessly and as effectively as non-commercial programs?

The answers are supplied by the broadcasting industry itself, in a series of quotations upon which the Blue Book relies. First, the sustaining program is the "balance wheel" by which networks and stations prevent their schedules from becoming lopsided as a result of commercial whims and fads. According to Dr. Frank M. Stanton, formerly director of research and now president of CBS: —

"One use Columbia makes of sustaining programs is to supplement commercial offerings in such ways as to achieve, so far as possible, a full and balanced network service. For example, if the commercial programs should be preponderantly musical, Columbia endeavors to restore program balance with drama or the like in sustaining service."

Again, the reservation of sustaining time makes room for types of programs inherently inappropriate for sponsorship. In the words of Niles Trammell, president of NBC: —

"Another reason for the use of sustaining programs was the voluntary recognition on the part of broadcasters that programs of certain types, such as religious programs, informative programs furnished by various governmental agencies and certain programs involving discussions of political principles and other controversial issues, were not suited to advertising sponsorship."

Dr. Stanton made a further point: —

"There is another feature of sustaining service which differentiates it from commercial programs. While the CBS sustaining service recognizes the broad popular tastes, it also gives attention to smaller groups. It is known that the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, the Columbia Workshop, Invitation to Learning, Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, and many other ambitious classical programs never reach the largest audience, but Columbia, nonetheless, puts them on year after year for minorities which are growing steadily."

Sustaining programs similarly are the primary vehicle for service to non-profit organizations — farm, labor, educational, religious, and civic. And the sustaining program is the means of program experimentation, in which new techniques may be explored, new talent tested, old formulas and taboos and rules of thumb impugned. Many of the successful commercial programs today — the Philharmonic, "Information Please," "Let's Pretend" — were accepted by commercial sponsors only after prolonged testing in the sustaining laboratory. To quote Dr. Stanton again: —

"On its own time and at its own expense, Columbia has pioneered in such experimental fields as that of original radio drama through the Columbia Workshop Series. Further, it was the first to originate news broadcasts involving on-the-spot reports from correspondents located over all the world. The Columbia School of the Air, now in its thirteenth year, is an

other example of the use to which Columbia puts its sustaining time by providing a balanced curriculum of broadcasts, five days a week throughout the school year, suitable for use in the classrooms. Columbia has also taken the leadership in the matter of new program content in adult education, music and public debate."

Finally, the sustaining program is the means of avoiding concentration of control in the hands of a few large advertisers and advertising agencies. Concludes the FCC: —

One advertiser, Procter & Gamble, is reputed to have spent \$22,000,000 on radio advertising in 1944. It purchased approximately 2,000 hours a week of station time — equivalent to the entire weekly time, from sign-on to sign-off, of more than 18 broadcast stations. Procter & Gamble, of course, produces many of its own shows through its own advertising agencies and has control over all its shows. This control is exercised, naturally enough, for the purpose of selling soap. It may incidentally have profound effects on the manners, mores, and opinions of the millions who listen. That is an inevitable feature of the American system of broadcasting; but it is not inevitable that only programs so produced and so controlled shall reach the ear of American listeners. The sustaining program is the necessary makeweight.

3

THE second yardstick, the carrying of locally originated programs as distinguished from syndicated features piped in by networks, transcription agencies, and the wire news services, requires that an adequate amount of time shall be reserved for community self-expression, for service to community needs and interests, for the fostering of local talent, for the perpetuation of local tastes and differences. Otherwise the remainder of the nation becomes merely a passive recipient for New York and Hollywood programs, and radio itself is cut off from its regional and local roots.

As for the third yardstick, the carrying of programs devoted to the discussion of public issues, that is a duty which the industry has always recognized in the abstract, but which some stations evade in practice, while others limit their performance to the carrying of one half-hour network forum a week, plus offering a daily series of commentators whose merits and shortcomings have already been surveyed by Dixon Weeter in the *Atlantic* (June, July, and August, 1945).

Finally, the Commission announces that it will consider, in assessing public service, the extent of advertising excesses. With obvious relish it quotes the doughtiest champion of anti-commercialization in radio, Herbert Hoover: —

"It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter."

Once upon a time, the Blue Book reminds us, radio itself viewed commercial excesses with alarm. The National Association of Broadcasters, which in 1929 represented chiefly the public-service broadcasters eager to improve their position at the expense of fly-by-night competitors, had formally resolved:—

“Commercial announcements, as the term is generally understood, shall not be broadcast between 7 and 11 p.m.”

Reputable sponsors in those bygone days limited their commercials to a statement of their names and the nature of their products. In 1930 the president of the National Association of Broadcasters testified that his station limited advertising to one minute in thirty, and the president of CBS boasted that “of all the time used on the air during a particular week, the actual time taken for advertising mention was seven-tenths of 1 per cent of all our time.”

In contrast, the Blue Book sets forth the present NAB standards: as much as 35 per cent of a 5-minute period devoted to advertising, plus spot announcements fore and aft. It notes that one network announced new limits on spot announcements on the very eve of the Blue Book's publication; the effect of these limits is to permit $12\frac{3}{4}$ minutes of spot announcements per hour. And it adds that even the lax NAB standards are “as honored in the breach as in the observance”: in a single day's monitoring of Washington programs, violations were noted on all four networks and all six stations.

The Commission's remedy for such abuses is as simple as it is mild. In effect, each station is to propose its own standards. In each original or renewal application for a broadcast license, the applicant must set forth the amount of time in each segment of the broadcast day which he proposes to devote to sustaining programs, local programs, and the public-issue discussions, the maximum amount of time in any hour which he will devote to commercial advertising, and the number of commercial spot announcements he proposes to carry. The Commission, in passing upon applications, can then take into consideration these concrete proposals. On the next renewal, the station's actual performance can be compared with its promises, and if they conform, the renewal can be granted. If there are serious discrepancies, the renewal application will be designated for hearing, and a public hearing will be held at which the licensee must justify his claim to continued broadcasting privileges. Under this policy, nearly one third of the country's thousand stations have been placed on temporary licenses pending further study.

The elimination of commercial excesses, as the Blue Book makes clear, will not impair the financial ability of broadcasters to present excellent (or expensive) programs. In 1944, the industry as a whole earned a profit of 222.6 per cent (before Federal income taxes) on the depreciated cost of its tangible property; the comparable profit ratio

of the major network companies was 315.3 per cent. The proportion of each revenue dollar retained as profit rose from 17 cents in 1937 to 33 cents in 1944; some stations now keep more than half their revenues and spend less than half on broadcast operations. Meanwhile, despite the tremendous increase in the amount spent by advertisers on radio during the war years, the total cost to advertisers of supporting American broadcasting is still only 2 cents per receiver per day, as compared with 3 cents per receiver per day spent by listeners for radio sets, tubes, repairs, and electric power.

4

OBJECTIONS to the Blue Book from the industry have been built around a few basic themes. First, the revived FCC concern with programing is said to be censorship, in violation of the constitutional guarantees of the First Amendment and the statutory limitations on FCC power. This argument has had little appeal to the public and is unlikely to convince the courts.

Second, the report is said to substitute the views of seven men in Washington for the moment-to-moment voting, for and against programs, of a hundred million listeners free to turn their dials.

Third, it is said that the broadcasting industry itself, experienced in public tastes and preferences, is far more competent to determine program policy than a few Commissioners and a Commission staff composed of lawyers, engineers, and accountants with little or no practical radio experience.

Fourth, the Blue Book procedure is said to be an entering wedge which will make it easy for some future American Goebbels to institute real control of program content, to force the broadcasting of points of view which he approves and to limit all criticism of the party in power.

Legally, the FCC rests its case for jurisdiction primarily on the fact that from 1927 to 1934 its predecessor, the old Federal Radio Commission, exercised precisely the power now involved, and was upheld by the courts. The Congress was kept fully informed of the Radio Commission's policies, and was even assured in 1934 by the National Association of Broadcasters that “it is the manifest duty of the licensing authority, in passing upon applications for licenses or the renewal thereof,” to consider program service. Thereupon the Congress, with a full understanding of the issue, reenacted in 1934, without amendment, the original statutory provisions upon which program review is based.

Nor can it properly be said that the Blue Book rests upon the tastes and preferences of seven commissioners. Rather, as has been noted, it is a codification of the accumulated wisdom of the industry itself, coupled with an insistence that broadcasters shall not merely enunciate the agreed-upon

principles of public service in hearings and briefs, but shall also abide by them in day-to-day operating schedules.

The argument concerning the expertness of the FCC and its staff in program matters is more serious. At present, not a single FCC employee is engaged full time on matters of broadcast program policy, and not a single member of the staff has been employed by reason of his familiarity with or competence in program matters. It may well be that the success of the Blue Book in improving the daily fare of listeners will depend upon the FCC's recruiting a staff specially competent in the program field to administer its program procedures, just as it now employs engineers, accountants, and lawyers specially competent in their respective fields.

It is not likely that effective administration of Blue Book policy will make it any easier for some future Goebbels to seize control of the American radio. A Goebbels has no need to rely on precedent to achieve his ends. If the American radio loses its freedom, it will not be because it is forced to broadcast more public-issue discussions or fewer spot announcements.

The real danger, it seems to me, is that the FCC may fail to administer with competence and with vigor the policies it has now announced. The Blue Book is not a self-enforcing document; its full effect will not be felt by listeners until its general principles are applied in particular cases. The American system of broadcasting will return to the main channel of its greatest development, and the current abuses will be eliminated, only when stations are once more "kept on their toes" by realistic enforcement of the Congressional intent that licenses and privileges shall be granted or renewed in terms of the public service rendered by each licensee.

During the next few months, the Commission will have ample opportunity to re-establish this principle in a host of particular decisions. By refusing to renew the licenses of the half-dozen worst offenders, by reallocating the clear-channel assignments and other special privileges in terms of program service actually rendered to the public, and — perhaps most important — by starting the hundreds of new FM and television stations off on the right foot, the FCC can achieve once more the

beneficent effects which such regulation produced during the 1927-1937 decade. Such measures will take courage, though the editorial and listener acclaim which greeted publication of the Blue Book should supply the necessary encouragement.

Whether or not the Commission will in fact implement its report is still in doubt. The Blue Book, for example, singled out William Randolph Hearst's Station WBAL in Baltimore for devoting, during a sample week, less than 2.5 per cent of its time to live sustaining programs. WBAL broadcast no sustaining programs whatever from 2.00 to 11.00 P.M., Monday through Friday; crammed as many as 16 spot announcements into a 45-minute program — or one every 2.8 minutes; and failed to carry 14 of the 19 outstanding public-service programs made available to it by NBC, substituting instead local commercial programs or phonograph records and spot announcements. It was WBAL which broadcast the longest commercial clocked to date — an uninterrupted 5-minute sales talk. Following publication of the Blue Book, WBAL was the first station whose renewal application was designated for hearing. But the hearing, originally scheduled for April 15, was postponed to July 1, and then to October 1. Meanwhile, with the charges against it still pending, WBAL's application for a new television station was granted without a hearing, Commissioner C. J. Durr alone dissenting.

If the Blue Book policies are not applied in particular cases, listeners may well be worse off than before. The singing commercial may give way to the screaming commercial. Outstanding sustaining public-service programs may be shifted from 11.30 P.M., when most listeners are asleep, to 3.30 A.M., when everybody is asleep. The horror thriller may usurp the evening hours as universally as the soap opera already occupies the daytime hours. The 3½-minute television commercial already broadcast over a number of television stations, showing how much better a dog feels after eating Red Heart dog food, may be superseded by the 7-minute television commercial, showing you how much better a Hollywood starlet looks after chewing Ex-Lax. No constitutional questions will thereby be raised, no charges of censorship will fill the air, no vested interests (listeners aside) will attack the FCC — but American civilization will be the poorer.



SALMON AND THE STREAM

by JACK RUSSELL

1

YEARS ago there was but one general type of salmon rod, and that was the heavy, two-handed rod, such as is used on British waters. It was made either of greenheart or of split bamboo. Even as late as 1931, English manufacturers were recommending 12 to 14 foot rods for grilse, and 15 to 17 foot rods for salmon, and they still say that these heavier rods are better than the lighter ones. The rods weighed from 12 to 26 ounces — sometimes more.

Hewitt's *Secrets of the Salmon*, however, opened up a new era in fishing tackle. The lighter rod with a detachable butt began to come into its own in American and Canadian fishing, and today the only place in America you will ever see the larger rods is on the waters of the Restigouche, Grand Casca-pedia, Bonaventure, or other Quebec streams.

I believe that a rod of from 7½ to 10 ounces is heavy enough for all ordinary salmon waters in New Brunswick. As a matter of fact, I have about a dozen rods of my own, and the heaviest one is a 12 ounce Thomas, which I never use except for June fishing on the Bonaventure River, out on the Gaspé coast. That rod is a two-handed one, and is well over twenty years old. During the rest of the season I seldom use a rod over 9 ounces, and I have killed a 30 pound June run fish in thirty-five minutes with a 9 ounce Paine rod.

There are many rod makers, but I happen to have confined all my rods to four makes: namely, Leonard, Thomas, and Paine, which are all made in the States, and Hardy, the English rod.

Rods are like golf clubs, tennis racquets, or any other sporting equipment. What suits one man will not necessarily do for another. I have tried out ten or twelve rods before finding one that "feels right." I have been asked many times to select a rod for someone, and always hesitate, because what will suit me may not suit the one who will use it.

A Canadian, JACK RUSSELL has fished many of the famous waters of the world. In the early twenties he went up to the Miramichi, in New Brunswick, to see if he could tempt an Atlantic salmon with a dry fly. That challenge anchored him for life. With the help of his wife and guides he built a series of famous fishing lodges and brought salmon fishing within reach of the average purse. This is the last of three articles.

We frequently have casting contests in the doorway of my base camp. If I have made a long cast, someone will say, "Well, that is because of your special rod." I ask him to try it himself, and oftener than not, though he will be able to make just as long a cast with his own rod, he will fail with mine.

The fascination of a long cast is like hitting a long ball in golf. It is the hardest thing to get an angler to stop. Yet I find that long casting on the stream is of value only on rare occasions.

Most salmon are hooked at not over 60 feet from the canoe. When longer casts are consistently made, the angler will start out fishing with a cast too far away from his location, and he cannot fish so carefully as when he starts a few feet away.

To cover the water properly, one should start from 15 to 18 feet away, casting first on one side and then on the other, with the same length of line; then, stripping a short length of line off the reel, start over. In this way every foot of water will be covered on each drop. There is no real reason for trying to cover 80 to 100 feet of water, because the guide will drop you down the few feet needed to allow the shorter and far more useful cast.

If a fish is hooked with a very long line, he has the advantage of you at once, for his first run is quite likely to take your casting line off, and run well into the backing. A smart guide will follow the fish quickly enough to allow you to recover your backing, but it is much more difficult with the long line at the start. With the current of the river and the normal pull of the fish, a long line offers a lot of resistance, and I think that many fish are lost soon after hooking because the weight of line helps to pull the hook out.

When fishing dry fly, with a very long leader, I do think the long caster has an advantage. During dry-fly time, which is after the water warms up and is clear and low, the fish is quite likely to refuse any offering if he is close to you. But I have hooked and killed a fish that was lying about 10 feet away.

Most fish are hooked in the arc at the end of the cast. That is to say, when the fly has been cast out to the side, at an angle of about 45 degrees, it will be carried downstream by the current and will reach the "hot spot" a few feet from the end of

the cast, and there I find most fish are hooked. The most difficult place to hook a fish is straight below you. I have seen many a fish come up to the fly at that point, but they invariably miss it.

Beginners who have been used to trout fishing have a hard time to keep from striking a salmon. That usually ends up with the fish breaking away at once, or with his missing the fly altogether. It has been my experience that the fish hooks himself, and he is on before you realize he is after your fly.

In casting, some fishermen work the rod up and down with a slight movement, to impart a jerk to the fly, and others just let the fly float down naturally. Personally, I always work my rod. It is difficult to say which method gets the most fish, or whether there is any difference at all.

It would seem that anyone casting a fly out in the stream should hook fish the same as the other fellow, but that does not follow. I have seen an experienced angler get fast to a fish almost at once, when called on to try, after a beginner had fished over the salmon for a long time. The same rod and the same fly were used by both men. Good casting is an art, for it is beautiful to watch. And where there are fish, it can produce grand results.

But it does not always work out that the perfect caster is the best fisherman. We had occasion to entertain a well-known expert from New Jersey. His handling of a fly rod was perfection. Long casts were his specialty, and the whole camp was lined up watching him. Another angler, just returning from the same pools as the pro, had two salmon in his canoe. The professional had none. Yet the second angler had allowed the pro to go ahead of him in all the pools. As the successful angler approached the camp where the exhibition was taking place, he had, in all humility, taken his fly out of the water, and was in the bleachers with the rest of us.

The guide who handled the pro asked me privately if I had ever had a fish net round my head. I said, "No, why?" The guide said, "This long caster cannot handle his line in this wind, and it has been wrapped around my head so many times it reminds me of a fish net."

It is my opinion that the presentation of the fly spells the difference between beginning and experience. In the early June fishing, one must fish slowly and well below the surface, and after the water has cleared up and is warmer, the fly should be fished a bit faster and nearer the surface.

During the very early spring fishing on the Miramichi, for kelt fish, it is quite usual to weight the fly, or the leader, to get the fly down to the fish.

Like rods, flies are also a frequent source of inquiry, and it is easy to answer that question, for there has been little change in basic patterns from the beginning of salmon angling on this continent. I do not mean to imply that there have not been changes, and very definite ones, but the standard

patterns hold good year after year, such as Jock Scott, Black Dose, Silver Gray, Dusty Miller, Silver Doctor, Durham Ranger, Mar Lodge, to mention the most common ones.

In addition to that list there are many flies which seem to do well on different waters. On the Miramichi, for instance, we use the Abe Munn Killer during the summer. That fly was originated on the river by an old guide, who probably had to tie the original with barnyard feathers. On the Bonaventure, during July, the Green Highlander is a very effective fly.

The size of the hook varies from the 5/0 in the early season to the 8 during the summer, or during low water, and the double-hook fly is the one commonly used. I am frequently asked which is the more effective, the double or single hook. I think that it is simply a matter of choice. It is certain that the double hook is easier to cast, on account of the weight at the extreme end of the line, but just as many fish are killed by the single hook. I have often heard it said that the double hook floats with the barbs down, but I would rather have them upside down, as a fish is far more solidly hooked if caught in the upper part of the mouth.

2

For many years I have made dry-fly fishing a study and hobby, and developed what is known as downstream casting. For many seasons I have been perfecting a cast which is exactly opposite to all established practice.

Because the rivers are too high in the early part of the season, and the water too cold, for dry flies, I seldom start using them until well into July, when the water is clear and low. Standing in the canoe, in order to handle a good lot of line, I start out by stripping some line off the reel, letting it coil at my feet. Then I cast the fly right up in the air, downstream from the canoe, checking it in mid-air to allow it to drop on the water as lightly as possible. Then, *before* the fly takes up the slack, I start passing out the coiled line at my feet, so that there will be no appreciable drag on the fly itself, and allow it to go the full length of the spare line.

I try to raise my fly off the water before it has sunk, but if it does sink, I dry it by the orthodox method of false casts in the air, and go through the process all over again, stripping more line off with each cast, until I have covered the water I want to fish. This is my most successful way of killing salmon. I have had experienced dry-fly men criticize it because there is more drag to the fly. I claim it makes no difference, and have proved it time and time again by killing fish right after all sorts of wet and dry flies have failed to raise them.

I remember one summer day on the Bonaventure when my good friend, E. E. Risley, a very expert

angler with all sorts of tackle, was fishing greased line on a pool where there were at least fifty salmon in sight. And although I sat on the bank during a good part of the day, helping direct his cast either to drop the fly right over a fish, or to allow it to come over him, we did not have a single fish come up for the fly. "Riz," as he is affectionately known, had tried every trick he knew, and he knows them all, but no fish.

The next day, with my downstream method I killed the limit, eight fish, and did it all in a few hours' fishing. Riz, who is very skillful with a dry fly, also tried it with marked success. He assured me that he had used that same method in Norway, where he had been fishing the year before. However, this style of dry-fly fishing has become known as "Jack Russell's Dry-Fly Method," and I recommend it to anyone who has had blank days in the summer, when fish are hard to interest.

For flies I use the Pink Lady, Grey Hackle, and Brown Bi-Visible, tied Palmer, sizes 6 and 8, for early July, or whenever the water is not extremely low, and then I even use down to size 10. You will have difficulty in killing the larger fish with such small flies, but by using a 7 to 8 ounce rod, and fishing with a very light hand, you will tire the fish in an incredibly short time.

Ordinarily I use a leader 12 feet in length, Hewitt pattern, tapered from $3/5$ to $9/5$, and if that does not raise fish, I put an extra length of $9/5$ on until I have a leader up to 18 feet long.

I notice that the new Nylon leader is gradually coming into more common use. When it was first introduced it was hard to tie on a fly or attach to the line, because the leader seemed to come untied so easily. Lately, I have found that this defect appears to have been overcome, and Nylon is used with success by a fair percentage of salmon anglers.

The usual length of the leader for wet-fly use is 9 feet, with the sizes varying from $2/5$ for heavy work to $5/5$ for lighter fishing, and late in the season. The larger size $2/5$ is used principally during high water and with the two-handed rod. I think that the most useful for summer fishing is the $4/5$, 9 feet long. All sizes quoted are English.

Greased-line fishing has been introduced within the last few years, and is popular with many salmon devotees. The practice, developed in England, is successful in many instances where all other methods fail. The fly is fished just below the surface of the water, with the line very well greased, so that it will float on the surface at all times. Contrary to my method of dry-fly fishing, the fly is cast upstream at an angle, and drops downstream with as little drag as possible. A. H. E. Wood, of Cairnton on Deeside, England, has written at length on this style of fishing, and anyone interested should get his articles.

Reels and lines should be carefully selected to balance the rod they are to be used with. Hardy's St. John, Number 2, is the best reel I have ever

used for dry fly, and for all rods between 6 and 8 ounces in weight. This reel easily carries 35 yards of I.B.I. (English size) line, with 100 yards of backing, and that amount of line will suffice for all ordinary light-tackle fishing.

For the heavier rods, I use a Hardy Perfect, sizes $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches and 4 inches, also the Hardy Cascaedia size 3/0, and the American-made Vom Hofe, than which there is no better.

I was trained on English-made lines, and thought there were no others fit to use, but during the early part of 1932 I was asked to try out an American line made by the Ashaway Company. Julian T. Crandall, the fourth generation of Crandalls in fishing-line manufacture, came up on the Restigouche with me to see his line in actual use on heavy fish. My experience with the line convinced me that I should never have to go abroad again to find a perfect line. I have never used any other line since that time.

The multicolored line was first conceived in my camp. On the train going to Canada, Julian Crandall had been trying to figure out how much line could be picked up by the caster, once the line was in the water. That led to a discussion of how a person could tell how much line was being cast or picked up. The idea finally was suggested that line could be colored every few feet, with different colors; and the next season, I had the opportunity of trying out the first one ever used in salmon angling. I have been able to tell accurately just what I am doing in line lengths since then. I can tell to the inch where my rod will pick up the line easiest, and in the event of raising a fish and not hooking it, I can tell just where he is lying by glancing at the color of my line at the tip of my rod. And when I offer him the fly, after a rest, he is easily located.

3

THE New Brunswick government disposes of its valuable salmon privileges by holding an auction every ten years and letting the waters to the highest bidder. This arrangement includes some of the most famous salmon waters of the world, the Restigouche being the principal one. The Kedgwick and Upsalquitch are the tributary streams that are of most importance in that watershed.

The government establishes an upset price on the leases to be offered, and in the case of the Restigouche the water is usually all sold at the upset price, as the Restigouche Salmon Club has controlled the best of the leased waters for many years, and an outsider would have but a slim chance of ever outbidding the club for any water the Club may want. The Club has established fine camps along the river, and has not only developed the fishing but has been an important factor in the lives of the natives of the area.

It is my opinion that the Riparian Association

of the Restigouche is the best-organized concern of its kind in the world. The Club, and other lessees and owners of water on the river, organized the Association for the purpose of conservation and propagation of salmon. They have a guardian staff that is fully aware of the responsibility of their job, and a stranger never gets on the river without being "catalogued."

In the first place, if one intends going on the river at or near the upper end, or at the mouth of the Kedgwick, it is necessary to stop at a government station to be registered, for no one is allowed in the area without going through this formality. There will be guardians all along the river, and if you are not in charge of a known guide, you will be stopped several times to show your credentials.

I had an experience one moonlit night when I was operating on the Restigouche. One of the guardians on my stretch of the river, Leslie Farrar, had often boasted that no one could get through his beat, either day or night, without being known.

The night in question I arrived at Broderick's Landing, four miles above my camp, just before midnight. I had a new mattress in the car to be taken down to camp. Since the night was as light as any moon could make it, and since I knew every inch of the river, I shoved off with the mattress stuck up in the bow of the canoe. All went well, and as I passed the guardian's shack about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles downstream I laughed to myself over what I would say to Leslie the following day. I was about 200 yards below his camp when I heard the unmistakable sound of a paddle hitting on a canoe, and turning around I saw Leslie coming like a steamboat. He called to me to stop at once, and I let him come up to me. When he saw who I was, and had a look at the mattress in the canoe, he told me that he thought I was a poacher with a drift net, ready to sweep some pool. He had heard my paddle touch the side of my canoe, and set off after me thinking that he was making a rare haul. I was thoroughly impressed with the efficiency of our guardian service.

The guardians have a patrol who pick up the fish before they even reach the river itself, and keep close watch on them until they are well into the river, where the various patrolmen see to it that the fish reach the upper stretches without being disturbed except by the angler. In years gone by, the commercial interests and the anglers have had many disagreements as to "rights," but since the Federal Government established advisory councils, bringing commercial interests and anglers together to work out their problems, there has been a decided improvement for all concerned. The Federal Government is also carrying out investigations all the time to gather information on the life and habits of the fish — what percentage of them come to spawn the second time, the distance they travel.

The Grand Cascapedia has, I believe, the heaviest average of fish of any river in North America. I

have before me the report of a year in which 7 rods killed 589 salmon weighing $12,878\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The fish averaged 21.87 pounds. Of this total, 75 salmon weighed 30 pounds or over, and the heaviest one 40 pounds. That was on Cascapedia Club waters only, and there were other anglers on the river, whose catch brought the grand total weight to 30,591 pounds with an average of 22.3 pounds.

That same year, 1924, the Restigouche Salmon Club had 30 rods kill 1808 salmon and 258 grilse, a total of 2066 fish weighing 31,529 pounds, with an average of 15.26 pounds.

The Grand Cascapedia, the Moisie, and the Restigouche seem to be the three outstanding rivers for heavy fish. Why these rivers are chosen by heavy fish for their spawning grounds is a mystery. Just a short distance down the coast from the Grand Cascapedia the Little Cascapedia enters the Bay of Chaleur, and the heaviest fish I have any knowledge of from that river is in the neighborhood of 30 pounds. But a fish of that size is so seldom killed it is news when it happens.

Although there has been considerable criticism of the practice of leasing salmon streams to individuals or to clubs, I feel that in the end all persons profit by the arrangement, for it is certain sure that no political body would ever carry out the program of preserving fish or patrolling rivers the way private interests do. Although Federal guardians do a good job on the open waters of both New Brunswick and Quebec, I am sure we should never have the number of fish we have today if we had not had private organizations like the ones on all the private rivers. The fish they protect from the sea to the spawning grounds bear fruit for both angling and commercial interests. A guardian on a private river is hired to do a job, and as long as he does it, his job is secure. The man appointed through a political party knows that with a change of government or member he may well be laid off, and he hesitates to bring a charge against his neighbor when he may be off the river next week. I favor taking all sporting affairs in the way of fish and game out of the hands of politicians and putting them in the hands of an appointed Commission entirely free from politics.

Lumber companies have established booms at the mouths of most of the salmon streams in Canada, and there has been criticism that the booms keep fish from entering the rivers. I hardly agree with the claimants in most cases, for it is an established fact that salmon will overcome the greatest obstacles in their migration to spawning grounds, and although there may be streams where the mouth of the river is narrow and the booms make an effective blockade, in most instances there is always room for the fish to get by. During the early spring, most of the rivers have log drives in them, and I have always found the lumber companies reasonable about trying to get their logs out of the way of anglers, especially on the better fishing rivers.

» On the first anniversary of the Senate's ratification of the United Nations Charter, it is time to consider whether the UN is a weaker instrument for peace than the League.

FROM THE LEAGUE TO THE UN

by GAETANO SALVEMINI

1

WHAT is the United Nations Organization, or UN? What is it not? What may we expect from it? What should we do with it? One finds a lead for answering these questions in the experience of the League of Nations between World War I and World War II.

The League of Nations was the outgrowth of a world-wide moral movement that aimed at supplanting the rule of force with the rule of reason in international relations. Its Covenant pledged the members of the League to settle their disputes by arbitration. Any threat of war was to be regarded as a matter of concern to all. Any member of the League that resorted to war in disregard of the Covenant should *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members. The latter were to enact sanctions to enforce the Covenant of the League. This was termed the system of "collective security."

However, collective action for collective security was not at all secure. Diplomats, military chiefs, and politicians in all countries were persuaded that international relations not based on force were a dream to which it was impossible to give body, and that peace was merely an insecure state of affairs between two wars.

Consequently the governments that had to operate the League never took seriously the Covenant of the League that pledged them not to resort to war. They never intended to give up their right to wage war—that is, their sovereignty. For Lord Curzon, British Foreign Minister in 1923, the League of Nations was nothing but "a good joke." For Monsieur Berthelot, for many years Permanent Secretary of the French Foreign Office, it was a "grotesque hoax."

The Covenant of the League resulted from a

compromise between two opposing forces: on the one hand, the will to peace of common men everywhere; and on the other, the prepossessions of diplomats, military chiefs, and politicians. Under this compromise the League became an association of governments that pledged themselves to respect certain principles but reserved the right not to carry out those principles. The provisions of the Covenant were like the Commandment which forbids a man to covet his neighbor's wife.

The League was not a flesh-and-blood individual endowed with a will and a responsibility of its own. It was what lawyers term a "corporate person"—that is to say, an abstract collective noun like "England," "France," "Germany," "State," "Church," "Government," "Bank," "Union." These words have a necessary function in juridical doctrine and practice. But in history and politics they hide the personal responsibility of the flesh-and-blood men who are behind those words.

The League of Nations was only what the delegates of the countries that formed it wanted it to be. It was merely a palace in Geneva where diplomats and politicians met to solve problems well, or badly, or not at all, by means of private negotiations. When they had decided what to do or not to do, they met officially in halls called the Hall of the Council of the League, or the Hall of the Assembly of the League, and there they announced their decisions on behalf of the League. Agreements prepared *outside* the League were laid *before* the League, and people were told that all had been done *by* the League. The League, while nothing more than a notary public, was held responsible for everything it was requested to register.

This procedure had conspicuous advantages for diplomats and politicians. When a problem had been solved satisfactorily, they took credit for the good solution. When the problem had been badly settled, or not settled at all, the fault was ascribed to the League. In 1923, the French and British Foreign Ministers, instead of putting down Mussolini when he wantonly seized Corfu, saved his face through a deplorable compromise. Responsibility for this compromise was saddled on the League.

Eminent scholar and historian, GAETANO SALVEMINI received his doctorate at the University of Florence and taught medieval and modern history at the Universities of Messina, Pisa, and Florence. A member of the Italian Parliament from 1919 to 1921, he was an outspoken critic of Mussolini, and as such he became an exile in 1925. He was naturalized in 1940 and has been the Lauro de Bosis Lecturer in the History of Italian Civilization at Harvard since 1933.

In 1931, it was not the British Foreign Minister who allowed Japan a free hand in China: it was the League that was unable to curb Japan.

If the plan to reduce armaments or prevent their increase miscarried, the responsibility rested not with the political leaders of Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, who sabotaged all plans, but with the League, which was said to be impotent to reach any conclusion. If Mussolini was allowed to embark upon an obviously criminal war against Ethiopia, if Hitler and Mussolini from 1936 to 1939 could intervene in the Spanish Civil War and send armed help to Franco, those acts were declared to be the fault not of the British and the French Foreign Offices, which held the bag, but of the League of Nations, which was unable to stave off those scandals. It was as though racketeers had formed a "union" and maintained that by racketeering they were obeying the orders of their "union."

One of the devices through which the League was methodically paralyzed and kept impotent was that of showing deep concern for its health and accusing anyone who wanted it to act of endangering the existence of so precious and yet so frail an institution. The League might be destroyed if overburdened with a task it was ill-fitted to perform. And the task it was ill-fitted to perform was precisely that for which it had been set up: that is, the prevention of war among the nations. As soon as a serious problem arose which needed the League's action, a cry went up from all quarters: "Do not rock the boat!" And the boat was shunted aside to become useful in some future and more dangerous emergency. The League touched nothing which it did not adjourn.

The history of the League of Nations between World War I and World War II was the history of the devices, ruses, deceptions, frauds, tricks, and trappings by means of which the very diplomats who were pledged to operate the Covenant of the League managed to circumvent and stultify it. They were its most effective foes, since they were undermining it from within, while nationalists, militarists, and fascists were attacking it openly from without in all lands.

2

AND now let us turn to the UN.

According to its Charter, the UN's aims are the same as those of the League of Nations: that is, to maintain international peace and security, to take measures for the prevention and removal of threats to peace, to suppress acts of aggression, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principle of justice, adjustment or settlement of international disputes.

Yet the Charter tells us also that "the organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its members." This formula means that the members of the UN, no less than those of

the deceased League, keep untrammelled their national sovereignty and their right to go to war any time they deem it fit. The explicit affirmation of this principle in the Charter of the UN constitutes no novelty. It merely tells us that we must not expect any more from the UN than we got from the League of Nations.

The UN, like the League of Nations, has a General Assembly and a Council. All member countries, great and small, send delegates to the General Assembly. But the Assembly is only entitled to "discuss," to "consider," to "make recommendations." Any question on which action is required falls within the jurisdiction of the Council. The matters to be discussed are prescribed to the Assembly by the Council. The Assembly has to keep its peace as soon as a problem involving war and peace arises, or as soon as the Council steps in and orders it to step aside. The Assembly is only a debating society.

The Council is made up of the permanent delegates of the great Powers and representatives of the smaller countries chosen every two years by the General Assembly. The representatives of the small Powers taken together have in the Security Council one vote more than the permanent delegates of the great Powers taken together. However, since it is difficult for politicians of small countries to remain in power unless they prove acceptable to the government of some great Power, it is obvious that some, if not all, representatives of the small Powers will act as yes-men of great Powers.

To sum up, the Big Five (or rather the three and one-half who "in due course" are expected to become four when France has overcome her present transitional state, and five when and if China overcomes her present parlous and nebulous state) control the decisions of the Council, and through the Council they control the General Assembly of the UN — as long as they do not split up; and when they split up, everything will go to the dogs.

Under the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Council was duty bound to investigate the right and wrong in a dispute. A majority of the Council could decide to publish the report of the findings and to recommend a settlement of the dispute. The partner in a dispute, before resorting to war, had to wait three months after the Council had published its report. If these rules of procedure were not respected, the lawbreaking member was *ipso facto* deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League. Nothing of this kind is to be found in the UN Charter.

The sovereign equality of the lesser Powers with the great Powers exists only on paper. The small Powers are under the thumb of the big ones. Mr. Churchill put this matter bluntly in the House of Commons on March 15, 1945: "We may deplore, if we choose, that there is a difference between the great and small, between the strong and weak in the world. There is undoubtedly such a difference and

it would be foolish to upset the good arrangements proceeding on a broad front for the sake of trying to attain immediately to what is a hopeless ideal." The word "immediately" could have been spared. The gist of the Charter may be summed up as follows: the small Powers delegate all rights to the great Powers who control the Security Council, and the great Powers reserve for themselves the right to do what they please and to go to war when they please and against whomever they please. Each one of them intends to remain the law unto itself. They have reinstated among themselves *de jure* that law of the jungle which they had never discarded *de facto*.

This is merely a return to the "Concert of Powers" which existed in Europe during the nineteenth century and on the eve of World War I, and which never prevented any great or small Power from going to war any time it wanted to do so. Telling us that in the UN "we are about to embark on a new experiment in international practice" is insulting human intelligence. The UN does not embark on a new experiment. It merely does away with the League of Nations experiment. This is its significance. This is the whole and naked truth. Let us not escape the responsibility of accepting that truth as it stands, if we intend to accept it.

The full bearing of the UN system is to be found in the so-called "veto." A great Power can block any consideration of any dispute by its own negative vote or the negative vote of another friendly great Power or of two client smaller Powers. Each one can veto everything but war. Much fuss has been made about this veto power. Yet it is the inescapable consequence of the untrammelled national sovereignty and the right to go to war with which the UN Charter invests the great Powers.

Walter Lippmann was right when he wrote: "Even if a treaty were drafted under which the governments agreed to abide by majority rule in matters of this sort, the agreement would be worthless. That is why in serious matters there can be no such thing among nations as voting and being outvoted. For this reason the best voting system would have been to have no voting system, and thus to have recognized clearly at the outset that except on procedural questions and issues that do not involve force or vital interest, the idea of majority rule is an illusion."

As a consequence, mankind confronts a new armament race, and the countries which have no compulsory military service, in time of peace, will have to have it. Bigger and bigger navies, bigger and bigger armies, bigger and bigger air forces, will bestow increasing happiness upon the brave new world. The new race in armaments stems from the same old spring: absolute national sovereignty; then international lawlessness; then armaments; then counterarmaments; then World War III, until the atomic bomb solves all problems by destroying a mankind that no longer deserves to survive.

Yet the hankering after peace and the will to believe are so deep-seated and active in the peoples' hearts that the UN, no less than the League of Nations, has become associated with the idea and hope of peace. The abstract formula "The United Nations" has taken the place of the abstract formula "The League of Nations" in the peoples' mystic expectations. It again hides the responsibility of the flesh-and-blood men who control the policies of the United Nations. And whoever does not show faith and hope in the UN is again charged with rocking the boat. Whoever does not swallow the UN hook, line, and sinker is branded a "deadly perfectionist."

To be sure, we must never seek for perfection in human affairs. To be sure, we must be content with what little good or lesser evil we can get in this vale of tears. On the other hand, we should not allow ourselves to be dragooned into cheering the danger of war as peace. Even if we have to be branded as "deadly perfectionists," we should not conceal from ourselves the fact that the ideal of peace has suffered a tremendous defeat in the UN Charter.

This does not mean that we have to give up fighting for our ideal. One is defeated only when one admits that the fight is over. The real and almost irreparable defeat is to delude oneself that a defeat has been a victory. This is what we are asked to believe when the UN is under discussion. And this is the delusion we must discard if we do not wish to act as the blind instruments of a nefarious destiny.

3

WE do not need to reject the UN Charter wholesale.

First of all, the right to discuss and to make recommendations, granted by the Charter to the General Assembly, should not be underestimated. Forcing the parties to a dispute to air their arguments publicly, and forcing the other members of the Assembly, even through mere recommendations, to pass judgment, may have its usefulness. It may restrain the possible malefactors, and at least give a clear lead to the judgment of decent men and women all over the world. Those who are entangled in the dispute may remain stubborn, but those who want to form a fair opinion will be helped to reach it.

The Security Council can step in at any moment and stifle discussion in the Assembly. But the Power which took that initiative would put itself in an undesirable position morally. Nor could the members of the Council, without discrediting themselves and their own countries, suppress uncomfortable disputes at every turn. This is what remains of the best provisos embodied in the Covenant of the defunct League of Nations. It is not much, but it is something. Let us not throw it away.

In addition, the Charter of the UN should be

squarely accepted in so far as it puts the national sovereignty of the small Powers under control by the great Powers. Untrammelled national sovereignty is the curse of mankind. Its limitation by any kind of superior authority, wherever it is found, ought to be approved of. Small Powers are not Powers at all. Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, are unable to prevent their stronger neighbors from attacking each other. A small country like Denmark is too weak to keep the door to the Baltic shut. The same holds true for the Dardanelles and Turkey.

In actual fact, the small countries have always been at the mercy of the big ones. They had to be content if only their would-be sovereignty was not too brutally trampled upon, and if face-saving devices avoided too great scandals. Equality of might does not exist and cannot exist among nations any more than among men. And since the smaller Powers cannot go to war without the connivance or permission of some great Power, let us explicitly admit that only the great Powers are in a position to enforce peace; and by this token, it is they who must enforce peace.

This, however, is not the whole story. If they cannot dream of equality in might, the small Powers are entitled to demand equality of right under the rule of law. As one of our best political writers, Albert Guérard, puts it, "I should have no chance against Mr. Joe Louis in the ring or against Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the auction room. They are 'great Powers,' and I am not. But the essence of our civilization is such that they are debarred from using their power against my rights. Under the rule of law, Luxembourg, Austria, Holland, Denmark, must have exactly the same freedom, the same dignity, the same security as England or Russia." If the UN Charter granted justice to big and small countries alike, nobody should demand more.

The fault of the system lies precisely in the fact that it affords no promise of justice for anybody, and that while doing away with the national sovereignty of the small Powers, it leaves the great Powers an absolutely free hand for good or for evil. The great Powers want to be free. They don't intend to pledge themselves to be just. On this point we should be as "deadly perfectionist" as possible and never accept defeat.

Not even on this point, however, should we demand too much. Let us only demand that the great Powers pledge themselves to abide by the rule of arbitration in all their disputes.

To make this point clear, let us assume that active desire to prevent war existed in the United States, England, France, and Russia in the summer of 1938, when Hitler was threatening Czechoslovakia. Even if Hitler's claims had been valid, his procedure of threats and blackmail would automatically have set the coalition for peace in motion against him. Hitler would have been powerless

against the forces of the coalition, and he would not have gone to war, because he would have known that he would be defeated.

But a dispute between Germany and Czechoslovakia having arisen, it had to be dealt with. A committee of arbitration, chosen half by Hitler and half by the government of Czechoslovakia, would have been presided over by a mediator chosen either by the first arbitrators or by the International Court at The Hague. The committee of arbitrators would have taken into account Hitler's grievances, would have passed judgment on them, and would have devised measures to remedy those, if any, which were not groundless.

If this method of settling disputes were adopted, no power would act as the judge, who decides cases, but each one would act as the policeman, who forces both parties into court and sees to it that they abide by the rule of law. It would be the committees of arbitrators, chosen case by case, which would act as the judges. They would form their decisions in line with those moral principles which are alive in the hearts of decent men and women everywhere.

In a civilized society, when a private dispute arises, the interested parties have no right to resort to arms. They must go before a judge—or arbitrator—who will rule who is right and who is wrong. The umpire may make mistakes. He may even be unfair. But the peaceful settlement of disputes by judicial procedure or arbitration presents so many and such overwhelming advantages that, even admitting the possibility of blunders and acts of partiality on the part of the judges or arbitrators, people prefer to take these chances rather than face the evils of perpetual violent strife.

No country can pledge itself never to have any differences with any other country. The world cannot be frozen once and for all. Fresh developments will demand readjustments. A perfect world for all time, ruled by never to be revised laws, will never exist. Peace, no less than justice, is a day-by-day creation. Mankind has to win them anew every day, by constant endeavor, through trial and error. Nor can one think that the governments of the great Powers can sit in permanent judgment on all disputes that may arise in the world among the lesser Powers and among themselves. Not even governments consisting of gods could assume such an immense burden of responsibility.

Nor can one afford to accept all the governments of the world as judges in any dispute which might affect the rights and interests of one's own country. Why should a representative of Liberia pass judgment in a dispute between Britain and Russia? Why should the delegates of Australia pass judgment in a dispute between the United States of America and France?

But from these common-sense points, one is not entitled to draw the conclusion that there is no

way out of untrammelled national sovereignty, international lawlessness, and war.

The great Powers, after suppressing through the Charter of the UN the national sovereignty of the smaller Powers, can spontaneously put brakes upon their own national sovereignty. All international treaties are brakes that the contracting parties place on their own sovereignty. Unrestrained national sovereignty exists only in time of war against the enemy, but not among allies. The tragedy of mankind is that peoples and their rulers are prepared to accept brakes upon their sovereignty to wage war, or to threaten war, or to protect themselves against defeat in war, but not to enforce peace.

4

ONCE the pledge to arbitrate all disputes had been given, there would be no more room left for the Council of the UN to decide whether a dispute should or should not be investigated. All disputes would be settled by the interested parties themselves either by negotiations or by arbitration. There would be no difficulty in defining who was the aggressor to be kept down and who was the party to be supported. The aggressor would be the party that refused arbitration or did not abide by the ruling of the arbitrators. As a consequence, the veto would become empty of all significance.

There would be no reason to object to the division of the world into spheres of influence among the great Powers. Under the Charter of the UN, if the countries like Greece or Italy, which fall within the British sphere of influence, feel that they are being enslaved and exploited, they have no redress except to send one representative to the Assembly of the UN to be cowed there by the British big stick. But a pledge of all-in-arbitration for all Powers, great and small, would provide promise of justice.

To be sure, a government might not keep its promise when the moment came. But that government would have to break its promise, whereas in the UN nobody gives any promise. As long as the UN Charter is not supplemented by the pledge of arbitration, not only does the gangster reserve for himself the right to act as a gangster, but we ourselves acknowledge his right to do so. A pledge is not a certainty; it is even less than hope. But when promise is lacking, every certainty and even hope is destroyed. If no pledge is given before the emergency arises, this undoubtedly means that each one is determined to jump at the other's throat as soon as an emergency arises. People's minds are poisoned by suspicion even before grounds for suspicion exist.

Without asking any reform of the UN Charter, let us demand that the United States of America offer to all countries, both great and small, a treaty

of all-in-arbitration. If both Britain and Soviet Russia agree, the treaty *à trois* should be left open to all other countries. If only Great Britain or Soviet Russia agrees, let the two parties to the treaty keep it open to anyone else. If neither Great Britain nor Soviet Russia agrees, let the American offer stand just the same, for all other countries. The United States is so overwhelmingly powerful that nobody would dare to reject arbitration in a dispute with her, nor could anybody suspect that her offer was aimed at strengthening herself by a diplomatic ruse.

This method would not be a panacea for all evils. It would only be a first step to be taken by the U.S.A. to bring about a first beginning, a minimum of confidence and good will in international relations. The U.S.A. is the only country which can take that step without danger to herself or without arousing suspicion in the others.

The obstacle against the pledge of arbitration does not arise from any objective or technical difficulty. The obstacle is in people's minds. We are confronted here with a moral, nay a religious, problem. If the rule of arbitration controls international disputes — that is, if disputes have to be settled by right and not by might — the hierarchy of great and small Powers vanishes into thin air. The only difference is between the Power which is right and the Power which is wrong.

We must pay a price if we want peace. We must forget the old principle, "My country, right or wrong." We must follow the teaching of Carl Schurz, the great American citizen of German birth, who last century gave us another principle — a principle worthy of people consecrated to the ideals of both peace and justice: "Our country, right or wrong. When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right."

Are we prepared to admit that if any dispute arises between the United States and, let us say, the Republic of Liberia, that dispute, whatever its gravity, must be settled by arbitration? And if arbitration decides that the United States of America is wrong, are we prepared to maintain that the United States of America must abide by that decision and give the Republic of Liberia its rightful due? If we answer, "Yes," we can strive for peace. If we answer, "No," let us stop chatting about peace and let us frankly accept war and its consequences.

America was the hope of the world at the time of President Wilson. The ground that has been lost can easily be regained if America is not ashamed to return to her traditions. Demanding that the United States government offer a treaty of all-in-arbitration to all great and small Powers is not demanding too much. Let us be content with as little as we can get *now*. Let us put aside all other issues and let us concentrate all our forces towards this little aim alone. But let us be stubbornly determined to reach that little aim *now*.

POEMS FOR SUMMER

CHILD IN JUNE

by SARA LUDLOW HOLMES

WHEN June was a sweet street to compel
Toward chicory field and hunting's wing,
Cool-hued by the light of day's returning —
When grass showed green where footsteps fell
On white, wet sheen: then sun's first spear
Loosed thin bird-voice to a great floodgate
Of acres loud with joy sprung straight
From Mother Earth. Such cheer to hear,
All nature seemed a bursting crock.
All high leaf hummed, was a warming meadow,
Slow climb, up-drain of honey-yellow,
Till Brother Sun said noon by summer's clock.

DAY IN THE COUNTRY

by ANNE DRAKE

LOVELY this place where no man raises
Towering city, quarried stone,
Only the trees and the starry spaces,
Valley and hill, and we alone.

But the child speaks:

"Mother!

*After April the spring goes,
Summer returns,
Too swiftly fades the rose;
Too soon the bright hill burns
And then is bare."*

Ah, but the hare runs free in the clover,
And the wild deer under the apple tree
Grazes and calls and turns to her lover
And the summer swallow flies high and free!

But the child speaks:

"Mother!

*Under the Hunter's Moon
Eyes bright with fear
Signal that death comes soon,
Signal the slaughtered deer,
The small dead hare!"*

Night falls softly, child, on all our kind,
Night that is full of sleep and quivering sound .
Let us go then — we, the uncertain, the blind,
Who run with the hare, who hunt with the baying hound!

CAMERA OBSCURA

by FREDERICK EBRIGHT

It was beyond sundown: the last opal light was going out of the sky,
The last mallet had clicked the croquet ball through the wicket,
The dew was already chilling on the grass, and the players on the lawn
Departing laughingly, leaving the dusk to the first star, the lone ringing cricket.

And suddenly you felt it: the clear awful chill of time previewed:
An evening two decades hence when death would have leveled some of the players,
And a child's sharp terrible sense of loneliness and age; and you fled,
Running toward the lighted windows beyond the lilacs, and the comfort of stairs.

And now abruptly (forgotten so long) the film of time is rewound:
You are standing here in the garden with the evening news, and your hand shaking,
Trying to recall something said twenty years ago; but the windows are dark now,
The cricket stilled, and you know this is no dream and that there will be no waking.

SUN GLASSES

by JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

Stare hard with these where you could never stare
With only eyes. Stare past the cloud that churns
And boils above you through the depths of air,
Turns from the sun, or in the sunlight burns.

Stare past its tumbling towers, past its tattered
And wind-snarled bannerets, and finally gain
To that strange place where all that ever mattered
Is sealed about you by blue porcelain.

(Forget that dark could crack it forever, that quiet
Would flow about you then as a river runs,
Orion rush always upon you through vast riot,
Forever dragging his sword of terrible suns,

That you would lie and stare into that sea
And watch the struggling planets flicker and drown
Where the tired Dippers, tilting gloomily,
Pour darkness, darkness, darkness, darkness down.)

Gaze closer now. Gaze only this side the hawk
That skims and soars and at the dusty yellow
Wings of the butterfly that clings to the stalk
Of the dry pale grass. The honeysuckle is mellow

In noonday heat and the noonday wind that cradles
The chanting of frogs and all the things you have liked
Since you were a boy: the pine trees' glistening needles
Like Christmas tinsel silvery and spiked,

The gleaming of the dream-flung dragonflies,
And ants and their warm cities. . . . *O unwind*
The web of dark and cold from the brain and the eyes.
Gaze closer and see your heart. The heart is kind.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

RATACHUSKY'S RETURN

by ALAN R. MARCUS

AFTER almost nine months of American Military Government, the German town of Erlbach (pop. 17,000) seemed to have adjusted itself extraordinarily well. The new regime was proceeding placidly. All Nazis in the government, in quasi-governmental agencies, and in other designated trust-holding positions had been thoroughly purged; the new mayor seemed to be conducting affairs with zeal and sincerity. More and more the people had allowed constraint to fall away, and there was evident cordiality among many groups of Germans and Americans. What problems of food, housing, and recreation there had been were either solved or in process of final solution; and while no great claims were made by the small MG team in control of the area, it was felt by everybody concerned, both by Germans and by MG personnel, that Erlbach was perhaps a model of what a well-organized Military Government achievement should be.

The senior officer in charge, Major Catlett, took a deep satisfaction in all this; and despite the fact that work had slackened off considerably in recent months, — allowing him greater time for photography experiments, — he still found much to keep him interested in local affairs. From the beginning, Major Catlett had been steadfastly concerned with

one emphasis: denazification. His conviction had been that if Military Government could get the Nazis out, could draw out from the general population those persons who had been passive resisters, or at least had never joined the Party, then the right orientation would have been achieved, the most important first purposes served.

Major Catlett was a fairly intelligent and not very profound man, with a belief in basic liberal propositions and with a deeper faith in people, and all he had wanted to do in his area was to get the "good" people in the saddle, to let the "good" people be the new policy molders. His "good" people did not have to be active underground workers, for the Major realized what terrible alternatives any anti-Nazi idealist had had to face. All he had looked for, himself, was clues; for example, whether a man had been forced to join the Party or had joined voluntarily, whether he had been known among reliable democrats as an old-time democrat, whether he had been a steady churchgoer, and so on. From such touchstones as these, the Major had picked his government, replaced the policy makers, and gathered his coterie of advisers. Nazi textbooks had been thrown out of the schools; the Catholic church had been rebuilt; the large sausage plant had been set in operation again, in charge of one of his "good" people; embryonic democratic political parties had been encouraged.

Major Catlett and his men felt a confidence and a satisfaction from all of this, and would have gone on feeling satisfied if Ratachusky hadn't come along at the end of February, spinning from out of nowhere to stir up doubts, to plague them, and finally to bring the whole quiet façade of their confidence tumbling down round them like a house of cards.

The first time anyone in the detachment saw Ratachusky was when he burst into the American

A graduate of Brown University now in his twenty-fourth year, ALAN R. MARCUS sent us his first story with this accompanying note: "The story I am sending you is based on a series of incidents which came to my attention when I was a member of the American Military Government in Bavaria. The incidents were widely scattered, and the Americans in the story are not drawn from any specific living models, but are composites of a type. It has seemed rather important to me since arriving home to synthesize certain random incidents into this form for a number of reasons, and I should be interested in having your reaction. During my eight months of MG, I saw the exodus of a good many talented men, for reasons akin to those dramatized in the enclosed piece, and in its way I believe the point to be rather significant."

MG waiting room an hour or so before lunch, very excited and very breathless. He was a tall, stooped, and gaunt man, prematurely old, with a dark-bearded face and wild hysterical eyes. He wore a ragged German army coat, zebra-striped concentration camp pants, and in his hand he carried a beaten-up bowler hat. He made an altogether preposterous figure and would have attracted immediate attention anyway, even if he had not suddenly exploded his name out in a thunderous voice at the face of the astonished receiving Sergeant.

People in the room were coming and going, business was always brisk just before lunch, but at the sound of this intensely disturbing new voice, all other intercourse abruptly ceased; all eyes converged curiously towards the receiving desk. Ratachusky was speaking German, but in a very thick and quaint Polish accent, and it took the Sergeant a few seconds to get used to it. It became clear immediately that if any sense was to be made from Ratachusky's flood of words he would have to be slowed down, and one German woman near the desk ventured to suggest this, in a most civil manner. Ratachusky turned upon her instantly in a fury.

"Was I talking to you?" he roared. "What are you listening for? I am speaking to this Mister American here. It is nothing for you to listen to. Get out, get out!"

The astonished woman took a few alarmed backward steps, and Ratachusky wheeled around to stare venomously at the other German civilians in the room.

"What are you all listening for?" he cried. "Get out, get out! I am talking to the Mister American here. I am not talking to you. Get out, get out!"

The wits of the astounded Sergeant suddenly returned to him. By the time he had jumped up and directed Ratachusky to conduct himself in a more disciplined manner or leave the waiting room, a score of people had come running to see what the commotion was. The door to Captain Brown's office swung open just after Ratachusky began a second breathless and loud harangue, and the Captain rushed out, very annoyed, adding his bass to the already well-advanced confusion.

"Wait a minute, wait a *minute!*" ordered the Captain, and even Ratachusky stopped. "Now what's all this about, Sergeant?"

"Well, sir, this man just flew in here, burned up about something, and I haven't got him to slow down and tell me about it yet. He just keeps telling the people in the room to get out and yelling at them."

"Ask him where he came from, Sergeant," said the Captain.

When the question was put to him, Ratachusky glanced about nervously at the avidly attentive civilians, and said something furtively to the Sergeant with great speed.

"He wants to speak to you alone, sir," the Sergeant

explained. "He seems to be afraid of the people in here or something."

Captain Brown looked up and down at the fantastic figure. There was a loud undercurrent among the Germans in the room. More people looked in at the door.

"Tell these other people to never mind, Sergeant," the Captain said. "Tell them to go about their business, and then come in and bring this nut with you. You shouldn't let somebody come in here and yell like that to you. You know what that does to the Germans."

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant.

"Be in right away," Brown tossed over his shoulder.

2

Two minutes later, the Sergeant had Ratachusky, still clutching his bowler hat, seated in front of Captain Brown's big desk. Ratachusky was deep in excited explanations. It was hard to keep him going in one coherent line. He would break off suddenly and interject a lot of incomprehensible oaths, supplications, and curses in Polish and Yiddish. The story they finally managed to siphon out of his hysteria had to do with an atrocity alleged to have been committed in Erlbach in 1941. According to Ratachusky, many Polish Jews like himself had been forced to labor at the sausage plant in Erlbach, and when the day came for evacuation to another job, fifty or so laborers, too weak for further work, were lined up and shot on the edge of an outdoor latrine, into which they fell and which served as their common grave.

The story was not at all unusual, but for Erlbach it was fantastic. One thing which the whole detachment had been glad about was that there had been absolutely no signs that any of these hideous things had been done in its area. In the beginning, the Major had been adamant about tracking down atrocities; he had made his concern very clear, but his advisers assured him with obvious relief and sincerity that nothing like that had been done there. Erlbach seemed to have escaped bestiality.

Ratachusky's statement that other witnesses had been there only made his story all the more unbelievable. According to him, it had been some kind of holiday, and where the Jews were shot there had been a road, not many meters distant, on which scores of townspeople were passing. Ratachusky talked, choked up, rubbed his cheek violently, shouted something in Yiddish. But the Captain had already made up his mind that the man was unsettled in his head, and perhaps even an escapee from a hospital. Of course the poor devil had probably been through a lot, and it wasn't his fault if he now mixed up acts with locations. It was very possible that such a thing had happened, Captain Brown thought, but not in Erlbach, certainly not in Erlbach.

"Ask him where he came from now," Captain Brown said to the Sergeant.

Ratachusky clutched the side of the Captain's desk with a huge emaciated hand. "Please," he implored in a jargon of German. "You go with me, Mister Captain. I know where the bodies are. They shot them, God in Heaven I know where. This was the place. It was here, Mister Captain. I beg of you, please come with me. I can show you, Mister Captain."

The Sergeant met the Captain's eye in a significant way as he was interpreting this speech. What the look said was "Shall I get rid of this crazy loon, sir? Do you want me to get him out?" But the Captain was sure that Ratachusky had escaped from a hospital somewhere and he wanted to find out where.

"Where did you come from?" he asked the Jew directly. "*Wohin kommen Sie her?*"

"From hospital near Munich," yelled Ratachusky. "I come from Munich all the kilometers to here, because here it was done, Mister Captain. These men must be buried properly. I can show you, I know where. Please, I beg you to come, I beg you."

"This bird is probably 'way off his nut," said Captain Brown after the speech had been translated. "Hell, nothing like that happened out there. Kronenberger, who is now running that place, worked there for the last twelve years and he never said anything. Neither did Schlaubach, the *Bürgermeister*, who used to work there too. Neither did anybody else. But tell you what, I think this bird escaped from some mental hospital somewhere, and I want to keep him here while we check on him. So go tell Corporal Rail to get a few men from the rubble detail and let them dig a few holes around there where he wants, to satisfy him. Let him get a room from the *Bürgermeister*, too. We ought to be able to check up in a day or two."

"Do you want me to make a memorandum about it to Major Catlett?" the Sergeant asked.

"Naw, it's not that important; just so as we keep this nut pacified is all."

Ratachusky, who had been listening in an agony of vexation at his inability to understand the conversation, suddenly began to shout, "Please, I beg you. Do you understand me? I can tell, Mister Captain. Do you understand me, dear God in Heaven, Mister Captain?"

In a second it is probable that he would have prostrated himself or thrown himself about the officer's knees, but the Sergeant took hold of his arm and explained that he would have his detail, at the same time guiding him firmly towards the door. Tears came into the man's brilliant eyes; he dug his great grimy fists into them and said something to the Captain in Yiddish. The Sergeant, who was rather enjoying the whole affair, grasped the Jew's elbow and propelled him quickly out of the office. Before he shut the door he caught the Cap-

tain's eye, and the Captain gave him a decisive and amused wink. The Captain was also a man who could see the humor in things.

3

At the end of a day and a half, at least two things had become clear: Ratachusky's wild tale had no basis in fact, and he himself was an inmate of a fairly large refugee hospital in a suburb of Munich. It took only a little time to trace him, and the hospital's information was that he had disappeared three days before, without authorization, from a shock ward. He was suffering from a variety of maladies, not the least of which were mental. The hospital did not consider him dangerous, or his condition critical, and it was therefore planned to ship him back on a courier truck which was scheduled to leave from Erlbach at the beginning of the following week.

As for his story, it proved baseless. Karl Kronenberger, the present manager of the sausage works, an MG-approved appointee, mentioned the affair himself at his weekly conference with Lieutenant Smith, the Food and Supply Officer. Kronenberger told how Ratachusky had come there in great temper and excitement; how he had wandered wildly about the grounds, searching for the place to make his excavation; how in his confusion and anger he had picked first one plot of ground and then another, leaving a senseless pattern of fruitless half-dug holes on a score of fields; and how he had ended by screaming wild accusations at Kronenberger himself, charging trickery, deceit, circumvention, and treachery.

They had thought him quite mad, and as Kronenberger explained it, "I would have been very willing to try and locate any particular spot for him just to satisfy him that he was deluding himself, but his whole description was so vague and confused. The plant here has been entirely rebuilt four times because of the bombing; the pattern of the works has changed. How was I to know what he was looking for? Of course the thing is wholly absurd. I have been at the works for a long time and such a story is here, *Gott sei Dank*, absolutely false. *Bestimmt*."

Major Catlett himself remained in ignorance of the affair until the following afternoon at about two-thirty. It had become his custom to stroll leisurely from his billets to the offices after midday luncheon, and he had proceeded about halfway across the main public square when suddenly, without warning, Ratachusky descended upon him. Unshaven, cavernous of eye, mud-spattered, the Jew suddenly plunged from around a corner like a wraith, shouting wildly and gesticulating.

"Mister Officer," he said. "Please, I beg of you come with me for only half an hour. There are bodies of murdered Jews out at the meat plant, buried, but they hide them from me. They are

laughing at me. For God's sake, I beg of you, come for half an hour."

The man's voice and appearance galvanized instant interest on the square, but the Major, although he could understand pidgin German a little, was at a loss. His sympathy was immediately enlisted, however. One look at the poor man's obviously Semitic face, with its pleading expression, and at the concentration camp clothing, aroused the Major's commiseration. If there was something to be told him, he wanted to create a more favorable opportunity. He pointed with his finger to the American flag flying from the MG office across the street and motioned for Ratachusky to follow. Germans on the square gaped and nudged each other. Such a sight — the tall American *Herr Major* walking with that nightmarish ragamuffin who keeps babbling and babbling in a voice loud enough to carry fifty kilometers!

Ratachusky, through an interpreter, wept, wailed, bemoaned, and pleaded in the Major's office, and the Major finally sent for Captain Brown. When Brown entered the office, Ratachusky swooped up from his seat in a frenzy of recognition and went off into a paroxysm of Yiddish. Brown managed not to smile directly at him.

"This man," he said. "We checked up on him after he came into my office, Major. He's a mental case, belongs to a refugee hospital outside of Munich — I forget the name right now. They said he's harmless but pretty excitable. We planned to send him back with the courier on Monday."

"Did you go out there with him to the meat place?"

"I told Rail to take some men from the rubble detail and go out there to pacify him. He almost created a riot. Dug holes all over the place. Naturally didn't find anything. Started screaming at Kronenberger and running around like a chicken with its head cut off. Fact is, his story might be true all right, but in another location. He's probably got 'em mixed up in his head."

"What did Herr Kronenberger say?"

"Nuts. Nothing like that here.' They had some Polish labor for a while but no rough stuff. He just got 'em mixed up in his head, is all."

"Has he got a place to eat and sleep till he leaves?"

"I told Sergeant Jenke to have the *Bürgermeister* fix him up, Major, but I don't know what he's been doing the last couple of days."

Ratachusky peered anxiously from one to the other as the Americans talked, nervously clasping and unclasping his long bony fingers. He was asked about his sleeping and eating. He blinked for a moment and quickly rushed off again.

"Please!" he shouted. "Mister Americans. Please! You must come with me for half an hour. Yes. Dear God, there are fifty of my brothers buried there, and they lie to me. It was there, but now they will not tell me. I come from Munich to dig up my brothers. Mister Americans, come. Those

pigdogs have killed my brothers and they say nothing now. Nobody says something. What can I do? Those pigdogs!"

And he went off into a fit of cursing in an unknown tongue, carried away by his anger and recollection. Major Catlett had already considered the matter closed, although for some reason he was strangely disturbed. He caught Brown's eye and felt annoyed at his half-amused conciliatory expression. Yet there was nothing more to do. Let the man go. The thing had been thrashed out. He had been proved irrational.

"Okay," said the Major. "Thank you very much, Herr Ratachusky. The *Bürgermeister* will fix you up until Monday. Thank you very much."

He rose to signify that the interview was finished, and the German interpreter, after translating, took Ratachusky's arm to indicate that he should leave. With a roar the stooped Jew wrenched his arm away.

"Away, away!" he roared. "Cursed dirt, get your hand from me. Why do you not come, Mister *Kommandant*?"

Tears suddenly poured from his eyes.

"Mister American, come, come, come. You must help me dig up these people. Will you let them lie there? I beg of you, I beg of you."

Both Captain Brown and the interpreter together had a hard time getting Ratachusky finally out of the office, and when he went, it was still with great groans and lamentations. It was as if, by the very violence of his utterance and depth of his sorrow, he hoped to convince the Americans where all the facts he knew had failed.

The image of him remained after the door had closed, and although Major Catlett had abundant papers to sign and considerable reports to study, he found his mind strangely unable to concentrate. He continued to feel deeply and vaguely disturbed, and he had to make an effort to rub the gnarled, emaciated, unbalanced Jew from his mind. It was a feeling, a mood, an emotion that he hadn't felt for months. It was nothing, of course; in a few minutes it would go away. But during most of the afternoon, the Major suffered slightly from some vague duress, and he was glad that a party had been planned for that night, and the whole trifling incident could be quickly forgotten.

4

WHAT happened that evening in the office of the *Bürgermeister* of Erlbach was later retold by a score of excited witnesses, all of whom were agreed on the main points and none of whom told the story exactly the same way twice. According to Elsa, the receptionist, at about a quarter to six, just as she was getting ready to close up the office for the day, the outer door suddenly burst open and a wild apparition rushed in, wearing striped concentration camp pants

and storming loud imprecations. Wilhelm, the office boy, testified that he attempted to hold up the man a moment with his arm and was brushed away. The policeman stationed at the municipal building gate later recalled how he had seen a suspicious-looking character, answering the same description, rush wildly past him at the gate in great agitation, and how a preoccupation with personal problems caused him to let the man pass unquestioned. The *Bürgermeister* himself, Hans Schlaubach, recounted what happened in his own office and later recorded it in a written statement at Major Catlett's request.

"The thing was entirely unexpected," Schlaubach said. "I was seated at my desk, folding away papers and getting ready to retire for the day, when suddenly I heard a tremendous commotion in the outer hall. There seemed to be shouting, cursing, some sort of struggle. I had no more than risen to my feet when my office door was pushed violently inward and this man, this Ratachusky, flew in. He was in high dudgeon; his appearance, trembling and angry, caused me immediate alarm. I inquired his business in as calm a voice as possible; whereupon he seized the end of my desk, leaning forward towards me and directing terrible screams at me in an unknown tongue, which I believe was Polish. I tried to calm him, and suddenly he switched to German. His sentences were incoherent and difficult to follow. He called me an assassin, murderer, German dog, and so forth, and he waved an accusing finger at me. Then he said the Mayor must die as vengeance for some alleged Jewish murders in Erlbach in '41, a time when I, Mister Major, was living in great disrepute here because of my known opposition to the Nazis.

"By this time my office doorway was crowded with a group of alarmed female office workers, who were witnesses to all that occurred. I perceived that the man was deranged and even violent, and managed to communicate to Wilhelm Frick, my office boy, that he should go fetch two policemen from downstairs immediately. My one thought was to prevent any untoward act to anyone. I had thought I could keep him talking until the policemen should come, but he suddenly raised his arm and, turning about, made an abrupt threatening motion to the office people in the doorway. He then went off into his own tongue again, and before I knew what was happening he had come around my desk and had flung himself upon me. His hands fastened on my throat and I struggled with him. All was immediate confusion.

"Some of my office people tried to battle him off of me, and at this moment two policemen from the constabulary downstairs entered the chamber and managed to pry him loose, holding his arms. He was breathing very deeply and shouting in his unknown tongue. As he gave every evidence of continuing violence, and as he had made a premeditated assault upon my person, I told the policemen to take him to the city jail for the night. It was

necessary to remove him by force; he continued to yell and shout.

"I had thought to communicate the affair to you, Mister Major, on Sunday morning, when I should have recovered from the shock and when I anticipated that this man, Ratachusky, would have got over his violent attack. I had no intention of pressing charges, since it was clear the man was deranged, but at that hour it seemed the best thing for everybody to confine him for a night to the public jail, where his violence might spend itself harmlessly. He was removed from my office at six-five. That was my last contact with the affair."

According to the two policemen who escorted Ratachusky to the city jail, the man's violence continued unabated until they got him finally closeted in a cell by himself on the third floor, away from the other inmates, so that his screams would disturb no one. Then, suddenly, all violence ceased. His voice went completely still. When Hartman, the new MG-appointed jail director, looked in a half hour later, the Jew was slumped in a corner, docile and quiet, staring into space in front of him. He paid no attention to any outside noise.

He seemed quite safe, but Hartman, as he explained it, didn't want to take a chance on a relapse, and decided that the best thing to do would be to let him stay there the night. There was no real hospital in the town, the clinic was full to overflowing, and actually he would have more space to himself for the night in the jail. Besides, everything would be better in case of another outbreak. Hartman would have liked to call Dr. Memel in to examine the patient, but Dr. Memel was hard to reach Saturday night, and for the moment, at least, everything was calm.

At seven-thirty Ratachusky was given supper in his cell, the same food that Hartman's family was eating that night, for Hartman later declared that he had felt somewhat guilty all along about putting a poor deranged man, and a Jewish concentration camp survivor at that, into a German municipal jail. It was reported by the employee who took away the untouched food dishes at eight o'clock that Ratachusky was still in the same position, placidly hunched up in a corner of the cell and dreaming with his eyes open, staring at the darkening space in front of him.

The first inkling anyone had of anything wrong was at six o'clock on Sunday morning when Hartman was spiraled up in bed by loud shouting from one of the prison guards. This was followed immediately by other shouts and noises, and Hartman said he could not make out at first what was wrong. When he opened his bedroom door a few seconds later, there were two guards standing there, with shocked looks on their faces.

"Hurry, come quick, Herr Hartman!" one of them was saying. "The old Jew on the third floor has cut his wrists. I think he is dying. There is much

blood. You had better come quick, *Herr Direktor*."

On the third floor there were some other prison employees running around the corridor, and one of them, a guard, burst into weeping when he saw Hartman, stammering that it was his fault, that he had failed to look into the third floor cell on his nightly rounds, that he had forgotten anyone was on the third floor. Ratachusky's cell was a horrible sight. The old man was laid out on the cot, and there was blood everywhere—a pool of blood on the floor and incredible quantities of it in the corners. They had run for Dr. Memel when they had discovered it, but it was too late then. By the time Hartman entered the cell, nothing more could be done. The old Jew was dead.

In a corner they found two bloody pieces of sharp stone which he had probably dislodged from the loose wall. His wrists were ghastly to look upon, and there was a terrible smell in the room. When Dr. Memel came, three minutes later, grumbling with sleepiness, nothing much remained for him to do. Flow of the blood had stopped and the prison blanket had been drawn over Ratachusky's pale, placid face. The awful task of clearing up the blood began, and Hartman went downstairs, shaky, without an appetite for breakfast, to call the night CQ at the Military Government headquarters.

5

If Colonel Albert Levin had not been down visiting the detachment on that particular Sunday, then the macabre sequel might never have been discovered. The suicide would have been reported to higher headquarters, and proper chastisements would have been given to all concerned. A sober moment or two would have been spent perhaps in attention to certain particulars. Major Catlett would have experienced profound distress over the incident and doubtless would have indicated to the *Bürgermeister* wherein he had acted wrongly by putting this Jew in the jail. Hartman, the jail director, would also have come in for his share of admonishment, and then after a time, with various degrees of uneasiness melting away, the whole thing would have been laid to rest.

But Colonel Levin was a shrewd man, a New York lawyer, a skeptic, and a Jew. All these factors contributed to the pattern of his actions in Erlbach when he heard about the suicide from Catlett on Sunday morning and when he had got all the incidents of the last few days straight in his mind. Catlett himself, although sure that the Colonel was wrong, was willing to let him make his investigation. The suicide had upset the Major terribly. Nothing like that had ever happened in his area; and even though he felt his friend's assumptions pointless, what Levin proposed was action, and action would help him greatly at the moment. Still, he could not resist a few words of deprecation.

"Listen," he said to Levin. "We sent the man out there with a detail. They dug where he wanted to dig, and didn't find anything. There's nothing there."

"Okay, Bob," said the Colonel. "You know what I'd like to get. I'd like a map of this local area, a very intimate map—you know, one that would show everything in large scale, as it was, say, in '40 or '41. Be better if it was some kind of intelligence map."

"The best one is Johnson's at the CIC detachment," Major Catlett reflected. "But this is Sunday, Al. I don't know if I could get them. Besides, everybody around there, Kronenberger, the Mayor, they all say that the thing is simply untrue. Hell, they'd know. Kronenberger was at the plant all the time. And he's no Nazi, I'd swear to that."

"I'm not saying anybody's a Nazi," Levin remarked. "All I'd like is a German map of the area in 1941. Can we call Johnson up on the military phone?"

It took them a little time to get what the Colonel wanted—first, because nobody answered at the CIC house for a long time; and secondly, because they were very reluctant to part with their map over there. They had discovered it at Gestapo headquarters near the town and it was one of their prize documents. The only time they had let Military Government use it before had been on a supposed tip-off on some buried gold bullion, but the trace proved false. Levin had to use rank to get the thing, and he was annoyed; but there was really no other way he could have got it. When a soldier finally brought it over to the MG office three quarters of an hour later, with an expression on his face which said clearly, "You inconsiderate so-and-so, to make me get up on Sunday morning just so you can pore over your blasted blankety-blank map," Levin's irritation put him out of sorts.

"Show me where this damned factory is, Bob," the Colonel exploded. "You know your area better than I do."

"In the right-hand corner, there."

The two officers studied the area for a bit and all of a sudden Levin gave a whistle.

"Hell, this is better than I'd hoped for, Bob!" he shouted. "Hell, boy, look at that. They got everything marked here. Do you read German? Look here. 'Barracks for Foreign Workers, Latrine for Foreign Workers, Mess Hall for Foreign Workers.'"

"They had Polish workers there, we know that," explained Major Catlett. "We knew all about that a long time ago. That doesn't tell us anything."

"Will you do me a favor, Bob?" Levin asked. "All I want is for you to get me some diggers and let me go digging around that place this afternoon. Will anybody be there this afternoon?"

"No."

"That's even better. Just get me some diggers and I won't bother you. I'm probably all wet—I admit it. But what have you got to lose?"

"Go ahead, go digging if you want to. It'll take at least an hour to scare up your detail though. I'll be damned if I'll have any enlisted men doing any fool thing like that today. We'll have to get krauts at their homes."

"Okay, get krauts. There's no great hurry, just so we start it this afternoon."

"You're blamed nuts, you know."

"Okay, I'm nuts, I'm foolish, I'm Jewish. You've got all the reasons there. It's not going to bother you."

"Half that factory was razed by bombs. It's been rebuilt four times. You won't know where the hell you are."

"Okay, okay, okay. You think I'm nuts. Okay. I'm not asking you to go up there with me. You'll probably have the last laugh anyway, and I hope you do."

"What about our little party for tonight? You'll be out there digging till all hours probably. I know you. You won't be satisfied till you strike oil."

"Drink up my share. You know I can't drink worth a damn. I'd get drunk and embarrass you before everybody. Just as well."

"All right, you son of a gun. All right. Go out and make a fool of yourself. But I'll tell you one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'm not going to let you go out and make an ass of yourself without me being there to say I told you so. Oh, no. If you're going to dig, I'm going out there with you. You're not going to get off so easy as all that."

The two men laughed suddenly in the office and rolled up the map. It was twelve o'clock; the sun shone; church was out; people promenaded in the streets. At this moment, the *Bürgermeister* was carefully working on his recorded statement, the factory director was playing with his young daughter, the prison director was satisfying a returned appetite. Up on the third floor of the jail, in a pine box, Ratachusky slept lifelessly on.

6

THE evenings come on quickly in February; by four-thirty Erlbach was swathed in deep shadows, and out at the sausage plant, where, for the last two hours, digging had been going on, there were heavy gloomy stretches. Torches became necessary. Colonel Levin, after trying as best he could to juxtapose and piece together a picture of the layout of the plant in 1941, had made two false starts, wasting nearly two hours of digging time. Starting from a central slaughterhouse which according to the map was still in the same place, and using it as reference, he had tried to trace the area marked Latrine for Foreign Workers. His first calculation had been 'way off; the wooden floor of a machine

storage shed had been ripped up, and after many minutes of digging, it became clear that there never had been any latrine on that particular location.

The second time, he tried with a compass, and the path led to a clearing between storage sheds where there was already a shallow excavation, one of those that Ratachusky had started. This, Colonel Levin set his men to deepening, but the vein proved just as fruitless. There was no sign of anything unusual, certainly not of a macabre mass grave, and everybody in the group — Major Catlett, the kraut diggers, the Colonel himself — felt like calling it quits. Major Catlett could not resist a small note of I-told-you-so in his voice as he suggested to the Colonel that they give up the project as a bad job. To the Major, the digging had been more of a strain than he would have cared to admit. His whole regime had been on trial, as it were, and the fact that they now stood around after more than two hours of purposeful digging, without anything to show for it, bolstered him up; it stood as a kind of justification, both for his official attitude and the way he ran his detachment in the area. He tapped his friend on the shoulder.

"Come on, come on, Al," he urged. "It's dark already. You've had your digging and we saw the result. There's no reason why we should lose any more time getting at that cognac of mine."

Levin stood there, rubbing his head perplexedly.

"No," he said slowly. "I don't see why we can't find the latrine at least. Whether there's anything in it or not, that's something else again, but we should be able to find the latrine. Maybe the map is just approximated when it comes to precise distances."

"In that case," Catlett protested, "you might have to dig all around this whole area. It'd take you a week. Don't be an ass, Al."

"All right, you go on ahead, Bob," Levin said. "I'm just going to try another spot. If it's approximated, it could fall either to the right or left of here. I think I'll try over there where that storage shed is."

"But hell's bells," expostulated Catlett, "you've already ripped up one of Kronenberger's floors around here. It takes time to put those back. Damn it, man, being destructive is one thing, but being destructive for nothing —"

"Ah, don't bellyache, you sourpuss you," laughed Levin. "I'll see that your precious floors get back. Besides, what are you getting so excited about over wooden floors? One would think you didn't want me to find something."

Catlett fell silent. A sudden strange anxiety passed through him. He said nothing while the kraut diggers tore out the wooden plankings of the shed to his right and began to scoop up the earth, stained from the blood of butchered animals. An evening breeze sprang up and the torches inside the doorless shed spun their flame, contracted it, strung it out again. The faces of the men were a weird

mahogany in the glow of the torches. Fifteen minutes of digging the hard encrusted surface went by, and suddenly there was a terrible smell in the shed, an acid, nauseating stench that rose up from the hole the krauts were digging in. Levin motioned for one of the men with torches to lower the flame nearer the ground and crouched to examine what was illuminated. He jumped up jubilantly.

"That's the latrine, Bob!" he yelled to Catlett. "That's the latrine, all right. See it?"

"I don't have to see it, I can smell it," the Major groaned. "So now what. You have the latrine. Great. But I'm not going to stay here and be asphyxiated. I'll wait outside till you satisfy yourself or die of the fumes. Call me when you're ready to go home."

Night had thoroughly infiltrated into the city, and by now the oblong pattern of arc lights in the town square could be seen. From where Catlett stood he could just see the offices of his MG detachment reflected in the square, and the people passing in the area of reflection were like distant beetles. The night air was good to breathe; it was sweet with the odors of the farm country around, and you caught a vision of the countryside through the odors, the old, old villages, the patchwork fields, cows used as draft animals in front of ancient plows.

Catlett stood there, revolving his gaze at the calm rural dignity of the country hills, and the months of his assignment revealed themselves to him and were expressed in one long, heavy sigh of satisfaction. He was standing there absorbed in such thoughts, when there was a yell inside the shed and Levin was calling his name urgently and telling him to come inside. He found his friend and a group of krauts bent soberly around some objects on the ground by the side of their pit, and in the light of the torches he recognized human remains. There were an almost formless skull, thighbones, the upper part of a skeleton. A minute later one of the digging krauts gave a cry and wiggled another ghastly earth-molded skull from the ground, and two minutes after that two more human bones were found.

The krauts went on digging steadily. First one, then another, would give a grunt, work his shovel in the ground carefully, and deposit another shovelful of awful bones with the collection; the torches added to the grisliness of the scene. Nobody found a need for words, and Catlett stood there for maybe ten minutes. Then he wandered outside again into the night and leaned against a door jamb, violently shaking his head. He felt severe contradicting emotions crashing through him, and he didn't even hear Colonel Levin calling him from inside. Levin stuck his head out.

"Hey!" he yelled. "They've got two more — that makes at least ten already. Who was crazy? I'm telling you, I know these people."

Catlett agreed, muttered something, shook his head once as if to clear it, rubbed his finger along a wooden surface. Although the night wind was not very cold, the Major could not keep himself from an odd kind of trembling. It was very silly — he had seen much worse in the course of the war and had always remained quite in control of his feelings; there was no reason to go off half-cocked now. Suddenly his friend was yelling again at some new discovery, calling for him, asking him to come and see. He turned around quickly and went back inside the shed.

Nobody was surprised at MG headquarters, two weeks later, when Major Robert G. Catlett sent in a cancellation of his application for a civilian job with MG and requested to be made immediately eligible for the redeployment schedule. It was happening all the time. Good men, attracted by the salary possibilities and the work itself, would put in their applications and wait around and wait around until their patience was finally exhausted and they couldn't wait any longer. You couldn't expect them to. They had been overseas on an average of over twenty months, and their wives and families were as desperately anxious for them to return home as they were to go.

Catlett's matter was handled in the routine way, and four weeks later the Major was on orders. He transferred to some tactical unit, shipped to Le Havre, and sailed in a Victory ship on a rough fourteen-day voyage to New York. He had a very wonderful reunion with his family, some satisfactory weeks of loafing on terminal leave, and a gratifying welcome when he finally came back to his old company to take over his old job. They even had managed a slight pay boost for him, and the vice-president made him a nice little speech.

Even with the boost, the pay wasn't anything compared to the potential salary he had rejected when he had withdrawn his application for a civilian job with MG. But he assured his wife, when she mentioned it in passing, that it wasn't worth it, and his wife let it go at that. His wife didn't quite know what wasn't worth it, but she noticed a tendency on her husband's part to avoid much discussion of the past year, and she supposed that was very right and natural. Many of the returned veterans lived up to the cliché about not wanting to talk about it, and besides, his wife thought, he had only just come home. After all, her womanish curiosity could wait a while. There would be plenty of time for talking later on.

DO AMERICAN MEN LIKE WOMEN?

by DAVID L. COHN

1

IN MANY a bull session with our junior officers and GI's during the war, in camps and billets around half of the world, I put this question: Do American men like women?

The men were invariably startled by my query. It seemed silly to them in view of the American soldiers' universal reputation — one that does not do us too much good — as perhaps the most tireless skirt chasers of all time and all peoples. It was necessary to explain.

The question, I assured them, has nothing to do with psychologically abnormal males; nor with a man's liking or loving one or more women in the course of a lifetime. It does not bear upon the professional amorist, for he usually subconsciously hates women. It does not contemplate the sweet-talking Southerner, the cowboy-gallant Westerner, or the generality of our men who automatically snatch their hats from their heads when ladies come into the elevator. The question is deeper and broader.

Do our men like women as people? Are they really interested in the ideas, the points of view, the conversation of women? Are they responsive to women when the physical connotations inseparable from any relationship of the sexes are weak, as when one lunches with a woman beyond her physical prime but attractive because she is mellow, mature, stimulating? Do our men admit women to a rounded intimacy with them and treat them as equals, or do they keep them in a mink-lined purdah beyond which they are not permitted to go?

This explanation of my question seemed as startling to my companions as the question itself. They took it for granted — being men — that they liked women. Hadn't they wives or sweethearts at home, lights-o'-love throughout the world, and millions of pin-up girls on the walls of their billets? Hadn't they seen a great deal of girls in high schools and coed universities, danced with them, swum with

them, picnicked with them, daydreamed about them? Weren't American men notoriously indulgent toward their women, making living as easy as possible for them, and smoothing their way at every step? Didn't all this prove that they really liked women?

Yet when the question had been tossed about, when it had been examined from a hitherto novel point of view, the great majority of the men said they did not like women in the terms of the question. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that I do not state this as the conclusion of twelve million servicemen on the subject, but only of the limited group with whom I talked.

Illuminating my thesis by examples of everyday American life, I cited the urban dinner party. Here the so-called wise host usually serves an abundance of cocktails before dinner so that the men are glowing and talkative at table, each generous of talk with the lady to the right and the lady to the left of him; but as time passes and the dinner wines are not sufficiently potent to take up where the cocktails have left off, the men and the talk often slow down. Most of them, however, manage to stagger through the remainder of the meal with some grace, buoyed up by the knowledge that after the ice the company will separate for a time. Over coffee and brandy the men will have a dearly beloved stag party.

Released then from the heavy burden of women's society, they can be themselves as they discuss business, politics, and other things that really concern them, and revel in the warm male camaraderie of the golf club locker room. It does not occur to them, as they linger inordinately, that the ladies may be bored talking with one another. It does not matter to them that no woman goes to her hairdresser in the morning to look her best at dinner in the evening for the sake of spending much of the time with other women who have done the same thing. But all this does concern the haggard hostess, who often has to drag the men — including her husband — out of their trance to rejoin the ladies in the living room.

A similar process is operative in the informal circles of small towns. There, after dinner, the men huddle together like quail in cold rain. They tell jokes, talk crops, baseball, business; rejoice in the solidarity of

It takes the tact of a Southerner to press a question as provocative as the one this article deals with. DAVID L. COHN, formerly of Greenville, Mississippi, and now of Washington, New York, and points West, is pointing our attention to a very real poverty in the American home: the lack of sharing and intimacy which the Robert Lynds were seriously concerned with in their famous study of "Middletown."

their male world which had been temporarily threatened during dinner. The women sit in their corner discussing items out of their exclusively feminine world: children, servants, gardens, gossip. Every little while the pattern is disrupted as a man darts into the kitchen to mix a drink, or a woman half-heartedly taps out a tune on the piano. Soon it is time to go home, and once more we have had a demonstration of the fact that, despite our gregariousness and slaphappy manners, we are perhaps the loneliest and most bored of peoples.

2

IN THIS country, where marriage, two times in five, is a stylized detour to arrive at a divorce (statisticians estimate that by 1965 more than one half of all marriages will end in divorce), the relationship between millions of couples is not a man-woman relationship. Shortly after Herbert and Azadia have married, he comes to regard her not as a woman but as the Little Woman, while she looks upon him not as a man but as a Boy. To her he is a dear, sweet boy, helpless and in need of mothering; the poor thing can never find his brief case and forgets his galoshes on rainy days. And if he cannot call her Mama instead of Azadia two years after marrying, he is likely to look upon the whole thing as a failure.

The maternal love of Azadia for Herbert may be all to the good so far as he is concerned. It permits him to remain spiritually in a state of suspended animation. He is the chrysalis which never becomes a butterfly, but sleeps always warm and secure within the cocoon without facing the dangers, or enjoying the sunshine delights, of living. A man-woman relationship would consume more of his time and energy than he is willing to devote to it. It might reduce some of the emotional content he pours into his work as assistant display manager for northwestern Minnesota for the International Tweezers Corporation. His full duty toward his wife — and proof of the fact in his mind that he is essentially a decent man — is discharged by regarding his wife as a lady in the sense that he regards his mother as a lady. In this way he continues to remember Mama without ever discovering Azadia, and the fact that she may secretly feel he is overdoing the lady business never enters his mind.

The Boys of this country are simply retarded adolescents whose ideal of femininity remains a girl in a bathing suit, and who are incapable of developing a mature feminine ideal through a synthesis of spiritual and physical values. Men of this kind are neither adult nor adequate in their relations with women. They are the oafs who make "propositions" to every woman in sight and then fly in panic to Mama's protecting skirts when they fear the proposition is about to be accepted. They are the brave lads who spoil the evening slippers of ladies by playing foot-

sie with them under the dinner table; who think it manly ("sophisticated") to get drunk at the Country Club on Saturday nights and tell off-color stories to uninterested women, on the theory that this is virile and the stories are fatally aphrodisiac. They care nothing for an interchange of ideas with women, or for any wit more subtle than the barnyard joke. And the country is filled with them. Yet, mice tailored to look like men, they want to be mothered by their wives — a process that freezes their already arrested development and renders impossible any relationship on a mature man-woman basis.

Every day, therefore, is Mother's Day in the lives of many women and without benefit even of a potted begonia. But these women weary of men whose emotional content is no greater than that of a Popsicle; who oscillate between the tepid and the torpid. As women they want, not unnaturally, to be loved by men. They long for that experience which is so often denied them and, longing for it, divorce one Boy only to find themselves presently married to another.

Men who like women have an intimate relationship with them; but marriage, among us, is frequently an intimate relationship without intimacy. Consequently the land is awash with charlatans who earn a fat living in the name of psychiatry by telling Mama "Your husband does not understand you." At the same moment, perhaps, Papa, taking the stock approach of the philandering husband, is telling some other woman whose husband does not understand her that his wife does not understand him.

Understanding is of course inseparable from intimacy, and this does not mean merely physical relations, for they are not necessarily any more a part of intimacy than, in the maxim of the Pullman wash-room, they are an introduction which one must acknowledge on the street. Intimacy arises only when two persons move to one music. It involves an integrating and meshing of personalities; a deep interest in the flora, fauna, hills, valleys, and streams of the other person's mind; in all that has lived there, has died, or is coming to birth. It implies a mutual respect for dignity; a time to speak, to be silent, to act, to refrain from acting. It can arise only when a man likes a woman as a woman: a concept transcending that of wife, mistress, or sweetheart.

Yet many of our marriages — two dimensional studies in frustration — are often lacking in intimacy of this kind, so that divorce, when it comes, is the putting apart of something that had never been joined. The results of lack of intimacy are disastrous. The woman who is not permitted to play a woman's role in her husband's life does not develop mentally and spiritually. She is simply in a marriage of which she is not a part. She remains a lonely woman and, failing to mature, seems to justify her husband's retrospective opinion that she had always been incapable of maturing.

Nearly forty years ago, the dilemma of such women was admirably stated by Edith Wharton in *The Custom of the Country*. Let us note one scene. The marriage between Ralph Marvell, an attractive but weak member of the old school of fashionable gentlemen, and Undine Spragg, a social climber, is not going well. Laura Fairford, Marvell's sister, is talking to Charles Bowen, a family friend:—

"Now that Ralph has had to go into business . . . it's cruel of her to drag him out every night. . . . Undine doesn't seem to notice how hard he works."

Bowen gazed meditatively at the crumbling fire. "No — why should she?"

"Why *should* she? Really, Charles —!"

"Why should she, when she knows nothing about it?"

"She may know nothing about his business; but she must know it's her extravagance that's forced him into it. . . . You talk as if you were on her side!"

"Are there sides already? If so, I want to look down on them impartially from the heights of pure speculation. I want to get a general view of the whole problem of American marriages."

Mrs. Fairford dropped into her arm-chair with a sigh. "If that's what you want you must make haste! Most of them don't last long enough to be classified."

"I grant you it takes an active mind. But the weak point is so frequently the same that after a time one knows where to look for it."

"What do you call the weak point?"

He paused. "*The fact that the average American looks down on his wife.*" [My italics.]

Mrs. Fairford was up with a spring. "If that's where paradox lands you!"

Bowen mildly stood his ground. "Well — doesn't he prove it? How much does he let her share in the real business of life? How much does he rely on her judgment and help in the conduct of serious affairs? Take Ralph, for instance — you say his wife's extravagance forces him to work too hard; but that's not what's wrong. It's normal for a man to work hard for a woman — what's abnormal is his not caring to tell her anything about it."

"To tell Undine? She'd be bored to death if he did!"

"Just so; she'd even feel aggrieved. But why? *Because it's against the custom of the country.* [My italics.] And whose fault is that? The man's again — I don't mean Ralph, I mean the genus he belongs to: homo sapiens, Americanus. Why haven't we taught our women to take an interest in our work? Simply because we don't take enough interest in *them*. . . . To slave for women is part of the old American tradition; lots of people give their lives for dogmas they've ceased to believe in. . . ."

If these should be regarded as the imaginings of a novelist, we may turn to that superb study of a typical American town, *Middletown*, by Robert and Helen Lynd. There the Lynds found husbands speaking of their wives as purer creatures than men, emotional, unstable, easily hurt, and "largely incapable of facing facts or doing hard thinking." Middletown wives, on the other hand, said, "Men are nothing but big little boys who have grown up

and must be treated as such." These couples apparently did not regard a high degree of companionship as essential for marriage; aside from sharing its primary functions and the mutual concerns of family, they had little in common.

"The men and women frequently either gravitate apart to talk men's talk and women's talk, or the men do most of the talking . . . !" Yet since some form of community social life must be maintained, since there must be some mutual interests between married couples, and since they are not interested in group talk, the dilemma is solved by playing cards. Consequently one of the commonest joint pursuits of Middletown couples is card playing.

There comes a moment, however, when couples must face it alone in Middletown as elsewhere. A few of them read aloud together, but only a few, because "literature and art have tended to disappear as male interests. . . . More usual is the situation described by one prominent woman. 'He (my husband) is busy all day and when he gets home at night he just settles down with the paper and his cigar and radio and just rests.'"

Thus novelist and sociologist are one in their findings about this phase of American life. But in this land where men do not like women, where love is regarded as a secret infirmity, and where divorce, as we practice it, is the right of any husband (or wife) to leave his mate in the sleeping car and continue the journey with the girl (or man) he has just met in the diner, men put women on a pedestal. This treatment is often taken to be proof positive of the profound esteem in which we hold women; the pedestal being an American invention as distinctive as the cheeseburger. It is, to my mind, proof that men do not like women.

3

It is commonly assumed that American men began to put women on a pedestal in early pioneer days, when their scarcity gave them a high rarity value; and it is true that many a frail lady who went West to tend bar was soon snapped up in marriage and frequently became a good wife, good mother, and the matriarch of what are now first families. But it is also clear from the records that pioneer women were often treated pretty roughly; that their lives were hard and short, alternating painfully between repeated childbearing and strenuous physical labor. May it be that women were put on a pedestal for other reasons?

It seems to me that when pioneer times had passed, when men were no longer dependent upon their wives' or their children's labor, and above all, when they made the staggering discovery that there is more gold aboveground than underground, they placed woman on a pedestal because they did not know what else to do with her. She was not wanted at a man's side. She was not desired as a companion in intimacy. She could be taken down and put back without dis-

turbing the essential pattern of man's life, and, at the same time, standing there on a pedestal she gives the satisfying appearance of a household goddess. One might pay homage to her at stated intervals and lay at her feet the fruits of the chase — cars, emeralds, country houses, old masters.

What are the reasons for our real attitudes toward women as opposed to our rather nauseating pretensions? One is, as R. H. Tawney puts it, that "industry has risen to such a position of exclusive prominence among human interests," that the world is "like a hypochondriac . . . absorbed in the processes of his own digestion." Among us the business of living is so often business that historians call our civilization a business civilization. Men, in an environment where competition is fierce but money-prestige rewards are high, have little time to give to anything but business.

Business is exciting. It is all-absorbing, filled with heady scents of power more alluring than any perfume, more demanding than any petulant mistress. It may be that men so absorbed are good providers and the backbone of the country. And it may also be that if they had time for women, if business were not more enchanting to them than women, they might one day discover them and, with a delicious shock of surprise, find they liked them.

Many men dislike women because they were dominated by them throughout childhood and early youth. In no other country is the development of boys molded by women, in home and school, to so great a degree as in the United States. Nowhere else is their early training so little distinct from that of girls, for nowhere else are women teachers and coeducation so common, while long ago in the home father gave way to mother as the head of the house. But at the same time their environment requires of them, more than elsewhere, that they behave like "red-blooded boys." (One sees the outcroppings of this attitude in some of our novelists, who drag four-letter words into their texts as proof of their virility; in the language of young soldiers who mistake profanity for virility.) Hence in a violent reaction they exaggerate their maleness by rejecting all values that they regard as feminine: flowers, music, art.

One result of the system is that our men are as taboo-ridden as Andaman Islanders. In our culture, it is "manly" to drink whiskey but not wine; to take coffee but not tea; to collect daggers but not Persian silks. It is suspect to read verse; and to write it is almost certain to bring one's sexual normality into question. The consequence of women's guiding of boys' instruction is that many of them go into manhood and marriage outwardly docile beneath the yoke of domesticity, but inwardly resentful of women.

This theme is elaborated upon by Henry Elkin, an Army veteran, in a recent issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*. He explains the constant use of profanity in the Army — "hardly a sentence was spoken, and no exclamation was uttered, without at least one profane term" — as a method by which

"the GI symbolically throws off the shackles of the matriarchy in which he grew up."

His conclusion — sound, as I see it, and capable of easy proof in terms of everyday life — is this: "It may be inferred from typical forms of Army speech and behavior that a very large proportion of American men have never developed beyond childhood stages of emotional experience and display strong anxieties and excessive reactions when they are expected to live by psychologically mature standards." Such men, obviously, do not like women in the sense of this paper and, given their upbringing, it is unreasonable perhaps to expect that they should.

A large group of American men vaguely feel that they ought to be adventurers as were their ancestors who roamed this continent. They suspect that they have been domesticated by women as poultrymen have domesticated the wild jungle fowl and made a barnyard biddy out of a free bird. They have become proprietors of grocery stores. They are traveling salesmen who leave home at morning and return at night to pitch in after supper and help do the dishes. Instead of being adventurers on the Oregon Trail or voyagers to China in the fur trade, they are minions of business, slaves of a standard of living, robots of routine; and for this they often subconsciously blame women without a thought of how much their plight may be of their own making.

Finally, the American male is resentful of women because, just as they first took away and then took over the saloon, he feels they have pre-empted many of his former prerogatives. He would like to dream of woman as the blue-eyed Helen — remote, inaccessible, and therefore maddeningly desirable. But actually she is the woman seated on the next chair at the cocktail bar, matching him drink for drink; the woman ahead of him on the golf course shooting in the low seventies; the woman telling *him* the off-color story; the woman doing a job as well as he can and doing it for half his salary.

The attitudes of American males — inside and outside marriage — toward women remain primitive. Yet the American husband, generous, hard-working, sentimental, but essentially indifferent to his wife as he was to the girls he knew before marriage, tends to be what is called "a good man." His kind is celebrated in a poem by D. H. Lawrence bearing the illuminating title "Good Husbands Make Unhappy Wives."

There is nothing in the teaching the average man receives at home as a youth, nothing in the hit-and-run amorous or sentimental relationships he has had outside the home, nothing in the literature of his country or in the philosophy of his elders or companions, to show him the profound satisfactions that may flow from cultivating a woman as a beloved garden is cultivated. It is for this reason that the United States is filled with neurotic wives, who, well kept but badly cared for, are potential material for the divorce mills, or who degenerate into that rather loathsome creature known as the spoiled woman.

INFORMAL EDUCATION AT HARVARD

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

1

THE idea took hold of me when, tagging on my father's hand, I used to go to Town Meeting in the Stockbridge Village Hall. Something in the rustic stateliness of the neo-classic pilasters which ornamented its façade gave me a sense of the importance of the occasion. Whether the new reservoir was under discussion, or the rates of assessment, or which of the thousand and one necessities of village life, I cannot recall — what the motion was mattered little to me: the interesting thing was the method in which it was carried out. I could not but note the inertia of the great body of voters and contrast it with the confident activity of the two or three who for good or ill ran the meeting. Without them, there seemed no direction, no cohesion. The debate would maunder along, shifting one way or t'other, and then, at that psychological moment which all men talk about but only one in a hundred can recognize when it comes, somebody of thought and character (rather oftener bad than good, I thought) would put the case in a nutshell. Then almost immediately the "ayes" would have it and history was made.

On such occasions I would go home with a glimmer of understanding of the nature of democracy. The body may be vigorous enough but, without a head to direct it, remains a monument to impotence. A thousand opinions with no driving force behind them cancel out into nothingness. No matter how sound the principles, their application is vague. Signposts are not enough. A person must point the way. Demos without a ring through its nose lumbers forward and gets nowhere.

All this became much clearer when, curled up on the library sofa and following the dominant impulse of my boyhood, I devoured one history book after another. All of them told the same story — the story of the hour and the man. There is the hour; a thousand influences bring it to fruition, but until the man appears, the hour fritters itself

away; and what to me still seems most astonishing is, — the man always turns up.

When I got to boarding school I found the same law in operation. The crowd is always waiting for the leader, and some little part of everything that is in the crowd the leader seems by instinct to incorporate in himself. Not that he really does, but he seems to, and the crowd shrieks itself hoarse with self-satisfaction.

At any rate, in the full immaturity of my eighteen years, I went to college well knowing that I was one of the crowd, but knowing also that the hope of the crowd lies in the exceptional man. The university as an institution holding high the torch was part of a theory of democracy of which I was skeptical. After all, it was the professors who made the university, and a bare dozen of them made it great. Those were the men I went to seek.

And so it was that within the limits of my boyish intelligence I chose my courses at Harvard not by subject but by the men who taught them. William James was essential to my plan; so was Norton; so was Francis James Child, "Stubby" Child to the students, scholar of scholars to those that knew. Professor Child was the husband of my mother's elder sister, and intimately beloved by my family. We thought of him as another M. Paul (if you know the most delightful of the Brontë novels) for, as with that unduplicated hero, deep and unsuspected within him blazed a romantic chivalry which would break out on occasion with surprising force. His labor and his learning were well-nigh incredible. I have heard President Eliot speak of him as the chief ornament among his band of scholars, but I like best to remember a tribute paid by his favorite pupil, Kittredge.

Harvard has produced no more formidable example of scholarship than Professor Kittredge. His beard — well he knew it — was carved precisely to suggest the omnipotent beard of God the Father, as Raphael conceived it. All my college days I feared him mortally, and the unrest his presence brought with it persisted with me for decades almost unimpaired until he broke the spell by the humanity of this tribute to his master, the first Professor of English in Harvard College.

ELLERY SEDGWICK, the dean of American editors, was at the helm of the *Atlantic* from 1908 to 1938. From his memoir, *A Happy Profession*, to be published under our imprint this autumn, we have selected three characteristic parts, which tell of his schooling at Groton and Harvard and of the apprenticeship he served in New York City. This is the second of three installments.

It happened in this wise. Professor Kittredge was invited as a guest to an old Boston dining club of which I had long been a member. He was seated of course on the host's right hand, and I, as an appropriate sacrifice, was placed on his other flank. Two or three times I deployed my skirmishers and advanced upon the frowning works. But each effort was repulsed with frigid dignity. Conversation was getting nowhere. It was not until our champagne glasses had been filled for the third time that I launched a profitable attack. "Professor Kittredge," said I, "let me tell you a story. Some thirty-five years ago I happened to drop in on my uncle, Professor Child. The moment he saw me, he invited me to his study; it was an unaccustomed honor, for his workroom was inviolable. 'I want to show you something,' he said, 'hoping you will remember it.'

"Such a desk! No brush or dustcloth ever intruded there and papers were piled a foot high in a confusion which seemed to me utter. Directly in front of his chair, however, was a narrow opening between the ramparts, almost a foot square, and there rested the open pages of a thesis. 'Look at that,' said Uncle Frank. 'It is worth your while.' I looked. The manuscript seemed to me remarkably like any other manuscript except that it was immensely long and without a single interesting correction. Uncle Frank offered his explanation: 'Here is a thesis written by a pupil of mine, Kittredge, George Lyman Kittredge. The name will be worth remembering.' He seemed to be thinking of far-off things. Then he added dreamily: 'Do you see those shears?' I saw them, but the reference was unintelligible and I asked what scissors had to do with the thesis of the young Mr. Kittredge. Uncle Frank seemed to be weighing his words. He replied slowly: 'I could take those shears and cut that thesis into equal halves and, if I did, common fairness would oblige me to give each half of it the mark of A.'"

Professor Kittredge was listening intently. An expression came over his face as if the heavens had opened and the Lord above had spoken. His arm stole round my shoulder. "Did — Professor — Child — say — that? Did — he — say — that — of — me? Sedgwick, drop the Professor. Call me Kittredge."

I felt then what scholar owed to scholar.

2

IN THOSE days the Harvard skies were bright with stars. There was Nathaniel Shaler, an ex-cavalryman from Kentucky, to make geology romantic. I do not know how enduring were the facts he taught. Certainly our stratographical past has grown dim in my mind and I should even shun questioning on the tertiary age, but Shaler's attitude toward the mystery of the world was the eternal attitude of science — and that was worth the understanding of any student. "Gentlemen," he would say to a group in his study, "between the

chair I sit in and that fireplace there are a hundred thousand more unanswered questions than all the problems solved by all the scientists since time began." That stuck. It brought you hard up against the realization of man's place in the universal scheme. You saw yourself standing on the isthmus which divides the macrocosm of the illimitably great from the microcosm of the immeasurably small. Wonder, the beginning of wisdom, stole over you.

The nineties were only beginning then. Perhaps the Middle Ages had not receded far enough to begin preparation for the modern world, for although President Eliot was beckoning to Science, the Classics were not cold-shouldered. The Attic shadow of Professor Goodwin had been too long for that, and George Martin Lane, who by a blessed interval survived him, was still making Latin a living enthusiasm. Never was there a better class in the amenities than Lane's in Horace. I had always thought of Romans of the earlier age as inflexible men living by the law, out-puritanizing the Puritans in their manners. And then under Lane's delightful guidance I read the *Odes* and the *Carmina* of a Roman who might be the model of all clubmen to the end of time. I began to see dimly what civilization meant and how the cultivation of the individual led to the civilized society. Horace might have been a contemporary poet, and the Sabine Farm at Duxbury. The translation was colloquial but there was a rigid exclusion of the indignities. I still see the startled face of a boy — he must have come from Pittsburgh or points west — as the master caught him up when he rendered *domus* as "a home," and learned forever that "house" and "home" are very different things. We were taught the relationship of geniality to a man of the world, and the advantage of agreeable manners was made obvious. It was a beginner's course in civilization.

When the buzzer rang and the last session was over, a ripple of applause ran through the class and our faces showed the gratitude we were too awkward to express. The Professor was pleased. He looked up at us, smiled, and spoke a parting message. His words are gone from me, but the substance of what he said, I think of at least once a week between the hours of 7.00 and 7.45 A.M.: —

"It is pleasant to know that you have enjoyed my course, and your thanks are grateful to me. But it is not I who deserve this but the poet, my teacher. To him you do indeed owe a lasting debt. To pay it is your duty and your pleasure."

There came a glint of humor in his blue eyes as he proceeded. "Gentlemen, I see it in your faces. You are all destined to be successful, busy men. Yet intense as will be your occupations, swiftly as your tasks will follow one another, believe me, there will be one *lacuna* in your day, and this small breathing space belongs of right to Horace. Some of you, I see, shave even now. In time you all will adopt that masculine practice. Before lathering

your determined chins, place the open pages of the poet on the shelf below your glass, and let your razor glide to the music of the *Carmina*. Then will words and meter fasten themselves in your remembrance. Give to Horatius Flaccus three minutes of your day. Let me see. That is something more than an hour and a half a month, say eighteen hours a year — meager tribute but a proper one, and to you, gentlemen, a lifelong satisfaction.”

Lane was a scholar who never forgot that all his students were not created scholars, but he remembered that every one of us had a life to live and thoughts picked up at Harvard College might run like silken threads of crimson through long drab years to come.

Scholastic ambition was in those days something less than a devouring passion. Undergraduate opinion operates in a world where convictions, however arrived at, take the place of facts. Most of my friends were committed to the proposition that C was the perfect mark, and we sang with enthusiasm a verse of the Examination Hymn: —

Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of E's
While others fight to win the prize
And sail through bloody C's?

Most of us knew of course that A or even A+ would not be undesirable in the world beyond college, but that was a long way off. Meanwhile a “Gentleman’s Pass” was the thing. It took all the energy of President Lowell and a radical change in the curriculum to eradicate that idea. But this revolution came many years later. It was President Eliot’s theory to make knowledge interesting, to offer it in immense variety, and then, if a boy did not take advantage of his opportunities, to bid him a brisk good-bye. I still believe that the right course, but we have entered a new world. Specialization, sub-specialization, is the cry, and Eliot’s idea is an exhibit in the educational museum.

These were things the Class of 1894 certainly did not understand. We regarded it as the president’s settled purpose to eliminate everybody but the grinds and to turn Harvard College into a factory for the working classes.

3

How astonishing it is to me now, that four years under President Eliot left us almost without recognition of the greatest American of his time. Of course it was the University and not the College which was his prime preoccupation during those years, but the mere presence of that august figure, lonely as Lincoln’s, should have left its impression. I once asked Dr. L. P. Jacks what mark was left on Oxford students by daily intimacy with the gray and venerable beauty about them, and the philosopher replied with decision: “Absolutely

none.” They say that youth is plastic and responds to the most delicate impress. “Take care,” cries the mother, “lest you substitute your character for his.” I cannot feel that danger. To me it seems that a youth, wrapped in his own thoughts, looks neither to right nor left as he saunters on his way.

I was more dependent, as I have said, a hundred times more, on the teacher than on the things he taught. My education was a thing of shreds and patches: no majoring, no perfect comprehension of a minute segment of the infinite circle, merely a shimmering understanding of what men are and do when they are men.

From a mature point of view it seems scarcely necessary, but college feels obliged to make room for boys as well as for professors. We entered the Class of 1894 some six hundred strong, but between a plague of deans and a pestilence of examinations, the mortality rate was high. In the extent and variety of what has been written of his exploits, the most notorious among us was Harry K. Thaw, whose career would have graced any Newgate calendar. But unhappily I never extended my education far enough to know him, and the hard frost of examinations nipped him in his Harvard bud.

Many others there were, less famous but more useful. Reading over our *50th Report*, it amused me to compare prognostications of the careers of our classmates with the records they left half a century later. One go-getter, certain of success in business, we all picked. Our choice never enjoyed an idle moment. He ran the *Crimson*; he ran most things that needed a brisk business mind; and I suspect he ran right past his education. Forty years later he called on me professionally with a line of pencils, desk pads, and erasers. The pencil business, he informed me, had the advantage of requiring no capital. You worked on commission. When his employment in the West had winked out he had bought a one-way ticket East and was peddling frantically to get cash enough to get his wife home too.

But with all his disappointments something of the old standards stuck. After furnishing my desk with all the pencils and erasers it would hold, I said: “Let’s heave together for ’94. Here is fifty dollars.”

“I’d be glad to take it as a loan,” he answered.

I shook my head. Loans between friends are bad business. “Take it for old times’ sake!” But he wouldn’t touch it.

This trivial instance reminds me that this same moral principle was in force at the expense of another classmate. His sensible father, knowing that a “touch” between friends costs both the money and the friend, advised his son never to make a trifling loan. It is too easily forgotten. “Never lend a chap the five dollars he asks for. Give him twenty-five dollars.” The advice was promptly acted upon. On the way to a football game the son was asked by a classmate, “Let me have a fiver till Thursday, won’t you?” “Better take twenty-five,” was the reply,

and that was the last of the transaction. No suggestion of repayment was ever made.

I notice also in the *Report* a characteristic that interests me very much. Apart from the scholars, and our class was rather radiant with them, collegians who were to make substantial names for themselves began for the most part very slowly. It took time to set them going. In college their mechanism seemed to mesh with deliberateness, and it was not until they got on to professional schools or felt the stimulus of active business that they began to shoot up in the world. I have noticed the same thing in shrubs and trees. Dig their pits deep as you will, compost them, manure them, water them, yet often for a second or a third year they will remain just so high. Then from God knows where, there comes a change. The sap runs more freely, the sparse buds begin to cluster, the tips shoot out and up. Something, as we like to say in this mechanical world, clicks.

Nowadays men of science tell me that they get new light on human problems by studying parallel growths in nature. My personal philosophy, borrowed from the East, maintains that all life is one. A single river flows through all creation, and there is oneness in life if not in its manifestations. These things are worth a thought, for day by day college grows more impatient with slow beginners. Pretty soon they are apt to be excluded altogether, and my prophecy is that society will lose thereby both in solidity and in character.

It is of course an obvious difficulty with our system that in the twelve years of school, time is lost which a spurt of four years in college cannot make up. But I am thinking not so much of the way we educate as of the stuff we are educating. The growth of intelligence is not a continuous process, but a thing of stops and starts. In the cortex of the brain, the particles, whether they are material atoms or spiritual monads, go whirling round too rapidly for the educator to count them, but their timetable is not ours. All that we know is that in time the Tortoise will get very close on the heels of Achilles.

4

THE object of college is to learn to know men and to think as a man. Read any biography of a person whose life is worth a "Life," and you will invariably find in it reference to some one man or one book which gave your hero the precise stimulant he needed. I remember the evening when at fourteen I opened a volume of Buckle. That night I slept intermittently as though I had been touched with fever. Buckle, right and wrong as he was, was my man. The human electricity that makes the world go round is generated by the few. Decried by our economic determinists, the aristocratic spirit of one man living or dead is essential, however democratic the social method. Shoot a hundred citizens of

Boston or a thousand in New York and the rest may as well be shot too, so far as improvement in the community goes.

Still, school and college struggle on, as they feel they must struggle on, "educating" the masses. The old wisecrack of Viscount Sherbrooke, "Now we must educate our masters," is in everybody's mind. Bigger and solidier and more impenetrable grows the mass, and the obvious danger is that the few will be lost in the quagmire. The quadrupling, the octupling of college enrollment is the pride of the nation, but for 70 per cent of the students, what profit remains to them for the four years they consumed in college? Bigger and Better will continue to be the cry, but Smaller and Better follows the law of nature. Pick your boys carefully, don't trust to written examinations a bit more than you do to personal characteristics. Take heredity as well as environment into account. Let two out of three go, and devote yourself with personal devotion to the rest. That way salvation lies, but to talk in this manner is to sweep away the Atlantic with Mrs. Partington's mop.

Nowadays, Harvard undergraduates are vocal on the subject of politics. Radical Clubs have sprung up after the fashion of foreign universities. Speakers of national reputation are occasionally secured, and a thorough airing given to elevated ideas whose enactment into law is fortunately postponed until the audience is old enough to vote. In my time, our political views came nine times out of ten from our paternal inheritance. We were born Republicans or Democrats and the *Crimson* was not apt to change our views; but as it happened my father was a mugwump — the political bird, you remember, with a mug on one side of the fence and a wump on the other. That was what its enemies said, but in Cleveland's time the most precious heritage of mugwumpery was enthusiasm. I was red-hot with it and a small incident of my sophomore year fanned my flame into a bonfire.

It was a lovely Sunday morning in spring and I was spoiling it by toiling over History I. The work was serious and I was hard at it in my undershirt when a knock disturbed me. I opened the door and there stood on the landing a most elegant young man in the sleekest of top hats. "I beg your pardon," said he, "my name is Sigourney Butler — 22 Holworthy used to be my room and I want to show it to Mr. Cleveland waiting below in a carriage." Mr. Cleveland! The angel Gabriel would not have been so welcome. On went my shirt and jacket, under the couch went everything that had to do with the Merovingians. The next moment there was a ponderous step on the stair, and in walked Grover Cleveland with Speaker Crisp close behind him. I stuttered out my sense of the honor of such a visit, and for twenty minutes we had a talk I love to remember.

That was in 1891. Mr. Cleveland had lost the last election, but was certain, as I assured him, to

win the next. He looked at the narrow shelf which ran opposite my bed. "That's where we belong, Crisp," said he. "It's not wide enough for me, but you would just fit." By this time every window in the yard was filled with gaping students. I put my head out and shouted reassurance. "What's the excitement? Mr. Cleveland has just dropped in for a moment to call on an old friend." Mr. Cleveland had a way of laughing from his diaphragm and I loved to listen to the commotion within him. When he left me, I knew as I know today that of the Presidents of my time, Grover Cleveland was first in character, first in unpolitical performance of duty. A boy often makes up his mind for keeps, and I did then.

5

THE most important fact for a parent to know about Harvard, or any other college for that matter, is never mentioned in the catalogues. College walls are not high enough to shut out the larger life which flows about them. Education aims at segregated experience; but experience, like all nature, abhors a vacuum, and the influences to which young men are subject are beyond calculation.

As an odd instance of this I will tell of a curious incident which happened to me during my sophomore year. In bitter weather, after a late party, I had driven out from Boston in one of those ancient sleighs known, I know not why, as "booby hutches." The characteristic of these eccentric conveyances was their discomfort. They were shrouded in leather curtains which flapped wildly in the wind and had an inanimate genius for intensifying drafts. After the heat of the dance, this particular booby hutch did for me. I caught a heavy cold, pneumonia followed, and within a day or two both my lungs were seriously involved. Harvard had no hospital in those days, and there I was: my big room in Holworthy Hall heated by the coals of a single grate, with running water three floors below, and two trained nurses to assist such chances of life as sick students had in those days.

Now, as it happened, the attack had caught me just as I was wrestling with a thesis on the character of Jonathan Swift, and turbulent incidents in the life of the ferocious Dean of St. Patrick's swam about me in my delirium. One of my nurses, distinguished by red hair and an angular figure, I called Vanessa. The other was to me the dearer Stella. She was a comfortable body, pink, plump, and motherly, and between us the happiest of domestic relations were soon established, in spite of my whirling head and the desperate pain in my left side.

When I tried to throw myself out of the big picture over the bed which I took to be a window, it was Stella who made me all snug again. She it was who watched me with a nurse's intentness as I fixed my own gaze on a tobacco jar standing on the mantel across the room, and said aloud (as she afterwards

reported), "I am too tired. That jar holds the elixir of life in it. All I have to do is to struggle up, walk five steps, and drain life from it. But I am too tired. The road back is rougher and longer than the way ahead." Then she bathed my hot forehead, whispered that she would bring that draught of life to me, gave me my medicine, and slipped me off to sleep.

Stella's American name was Jane Toppan, and as the crisis passed, the bond between Jane and me grew strong. Some weeks after the crisis, Vanessa left, but Stella stayed to see me through my convalescence, and many a confidence we exchanged during the long days and nights. We laughed together about how I had christened her my "Star," and I gave her a deal of instruction about the savage Dean and his inscrutable affections, and translated for her, whether correctly or not I can't remember, the famous inscription on his tomb: —

Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.

Then we would fall into more personal discourse. She asked me about my ambitions, and in return would tell me of the satisfactions of her own career, the passionate interest surrounding endless battles between life and death in the sickroom, and how it was in the nurse's lap that the destiny of the patient lay. As I grew stronger, I told her stories about the three: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who spin the thread, wind it, and cut it with the shears. She listened eagerly and explained in return how it was not the doctor but the nurse who held the shears and how she was ever conscious that the fate of a human being rested upon her. On Sunday evenings it had been her custom to go to church, but she hated to leave me and said it was better fun to settle me in an armchair at one side of the grate, while she threw on another scuttle, poked the red coals below, and made all ready for a good talk. When the time came for saying good-bye, we promised always to be friends.

For years I heard nothing of Jane Toppan, and then a strange history appeared in the newspapers. Jane Toppan had been arrested and charged with murder — not the indiscretion of a single homicide, but the massacre of thirty-one patients. Thirty-one only were proved victims but the doctors believed that the holocaust numbered nearly one hundred. After all, thirty-one is a sufficient number for indictment for murder. It seemed unnecessary to pursue the gruesome trail to the end. Many families preferred to let their sisters and brothers rest quiet in their graves and not to open the gates of speculation as to whether their deaths had been owing to natural causes. It seemed, and later evidence bore it out, that my Stella had a homicidal mania on an imperial scale. For three or four deaths she had been responsible before she undertook to weigh my own fate, and skipping occasional patients, as she mercifully skipped me, she put away the rest in a succession that grew more rapid with practice.

Jane's method and the fascination of it gave me a tiny peephole into the deeper abnormalities. She would fight hard for a patient's life, but when victory seemed within her grasp and the doctor, confident that vitality was mounting, had left for the night, Jane would stand by the lonely pillow holding two vials in her hand. One contained morphia, one atropin. She would give a dose of morphia and, stooping over the bed, scrutinize the dilation of the patient's pupils as they expanded into a wide and vacant stare. Then with a dose of atropin she would watch the drama of the pupils as they narrowed further and further till they became pin points of light. To such treatment there was an inevitable end. The extraneous and unexpected symptoms would puzzle the physician. They seemed to transcend his experience, and it was not until a long line of patients collapsed, one after another, just as they seemed destined for physical salvation, that suspicion turned upon Jane.

And just at that unfortunate moment Jane did an imprudent thing. She had been the devoted nurse of two sisters. One had just died and Jane, like a decent body, went to the funeral. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, to the consternation of the bereaved family someone thought she heard Jane mutter: "It won't be long now before the other goes." Vague suspicion gathered about her, but Jane was known as the best nurse in Cambridge and any definite imputation was too dreadful to be spoken aloud. It was only when four members of a single family in which Jane had been the competent nurse followed each other to the grave within the unreasonable limit of forty-one days that action was taken.

Jane was questioned and arrested. A series of bodies were exhumed, stomachs were analyzed. Finally the whole terrifying story came to light. The nurse's mania was diagnosed. Her fifteen years in the assiduous practice of murder were reviewed by the court. She was convicted, sent to Bridgewater, and incarcerated in a hospital for the criminal insane, where I trust she found nurses competent and considerate as she. There, for thirty-five years, till at the ripe age of eighty-one her own time came, Jane Toppan revolved the story of the Three Fates.

Much that was interesting was said of Jane Toppan's career. I quote a pungent paragraph from the unpublished papers of Dr. Charles F. Folsom, Professor of Mental Diseases at Harvard.

"In the pleasure and excitement of crime," he

wrote, "Jane Toppan seemed to find the criminal enjoyment of doing aesthetic work to which danger appeared to add zest."

But perhaps Jane's attitude toward life can but be summed up in words of her own, uttered during her trial. She had paused to recall the circumstances surrounding the murder of one of her particular cronies who had come all the way up from Cataumet on the Cape for a sociable visit. The women dined together. The dinner was prepared by Jane. The visitor was taken violently ill and a few days later returned to Cataumet in her coffin. Jane, who never failed a friend, had journeyed to the Cape for the funeral and thus described her sensations as a mourner:—

"When the people came down to Cataumet from Cambridge with Mrs. Davis's body and brought flowers and other emblems of sorrow, I wanted to say to them: 'You had better wait, for in a little while I shall have another funeral for you. If you will only wait, I will save you the trouble of going back and forth.'"

How much better they order these things abroad. Here was a champion of American murder without an equal, yet she was permitted to die in obscurity. Jack the Ripper in London, Bluebeard in Paris; how much had they accomplished? Jack the Ripper may have had half a dozen or perhaps a dozen killings to his credit, Bluebeard, eight or ten wives; yet their names are blazoned in the majestic history of crime. But this New England spinster who could have taught both of them their trade from the ground up has left no biographer behind. This simple tribute of mine is her unique reward.

What ought a boy to carry away from college? Facts are convenient but of little value compared with knowledge of how to read; and shutting out every avenue of consciousness except the single road which he is traveling, to understand just why two and two make four; to know a man when he sees one—all these are cheap at cost of three or four years. But there is something else, which, if the student understands it, and few do, is a possession of great price. The boy has lived in a community free from the grosser iniquities of the world, a society of scholars to whom learning is its own ample return, a republic where the crown of olive is the unmaterial reward. And if the young graduate is wise as well as knowledgeable, his diploma will tell him that in all this world there is no such fun as learning to understand.

THE SEESAW OF SUBMARINE WARFARE

by JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

I

THE side that loses a war usually writes the best history of it. The Germans, who knew that their submarines had brought them close to victory in 1917, produced far and away the best account of the U-boat war — Arno Spindler's *Der Handelskrieg mit U-Booten*. They noted the lessons of the war, based sound tactical doctrine on them, and planned how to build more and better submarines and to man them better.

"I will show that the U-boat alone can win this war," boasted Grand Admiral Doenitz in 1940. "Nothing is impossible to us." He had almost every reason for confidence: more and better submarines than his predecessors had, and equally bold commanders. Had not Gunther Prien taken his U-boat into Scapa Flow itself on the night of October 13, 1939, and sunk the battleship *Royal Oak*?

When the war began, neither the Axis powers nor the Allies were prepared for intensive submarine warfare. The Germans had only about twenty 500-ton and ten 750-ton ocean-going U-boats. In 1918 Great Britain alone had 400 destroyers, and her allies and associates brought the total close to 900. In 1939 the British went to war with only 180 destroyers. France had 59, but most of these were needed in the Mediterranean. The British had fitted their asdic (underwater sound gear) on 165 destroyers and 54 smaller craft.

The United States had about 60 destroyers fitted with echo-ranging gear and some of these were transferred to Great Britain in the exchange of bases for overage destroyers. The establishment of scientific interchange with Great Britain brought us information of much value concerning subsurface warfare. At the outset of the war, British anti-submarine craft carried no radar, no long-range aircraft were assigned to anti-submarine patrols, and

the short-range aircraft carried 100-pound bombs quite unsuited to their task.

In the First World War the greatest advantage enjoyed by the British was their geographical position, which enabled them to block the exits from Germany to the Atlantic. Now General Geography had turned traitor. The conquest of Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France gave the Germans a broad ocean front of 2500 miles, with ports outflanking Great Britain from Bordeaux to Narvik. Operating from these longer coastlines, the U-boats steadily increased their kills. The Germans strove to launch a score or more submarines a month, and as their losses were very few, the number of U-boats at sea rose steadily. Shipping losses were 515,000 tons in March, 1941, 589,000 in April, 498,000 in May, 329,000 in June, when the nights were short. Then the British stopped publishing monthly figures. As the British improved their anti-submarine ordnance and the range of their patrol planes, the U-boats operated further west and began to attack on the surface by night, diving deep when hunted and varying their depth as a counter to the asdics.

During the winter the British introduced radar into their surface craft and patrol planes to spot U-boats on the surface. This move greatly increased the area covered by search and the number of sightings. When the U-boats began to attack convoys at night in groups, they made considerable use of radio to direct and assemble the "wolf packs." This gave away their position to the high-frequency direction finder, or "Huff Duff."

Aircraft of the Coastal Command, in the first two years of the war, escorted 4947 merchant convoys, made 587 attacks on U-boats, and flew some 55,000,000 miles. In May, 1941, they launched a vigorous offensive in the transit areas through the Bay of Biscay and north of Scotland. They did not get many kills, but they drove the U-boats under.

This fact alone was of great importance. When a submarine submerged, her speed dropped to 2 or 3 knots. She could, it is true, put on full submerged speed, say 6 or 7 knots, but if she kept it up she would exhaust her batteries in less than an hour.

Passage through the Bay of Biscay became a

President of Williams College, JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER was given leave of absence to serve in Washington first with the Office of Strategic Services and later as the official historian of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. We count it a privilege to give our readers some representative chapters from his book *Scientists Against Time*, which will appear under the *Atlantic* imprint this autumn. This is the first of three installments.

long and risky business.¹ The U-boat remained submerged by day, surfacing at night to recharge her batteries and to ventilate. On the surface, even though she maintained radio silence, she could be detected by radar. Except in its gravity, the submarine war was becoming more and more unlike that of 1917. At that time the U-boats worked as genuine "submarines," diving by day and attacking submerged, surfacing at night. They were individualists with a free hand, working in the limited areas of coastal waters and the close approaches to the British Isles. In 1941, the U-boats were operating as submersibles, diving only when forced to do so, and attacking at night on the surface as torpedo boats. They reconnoitered and attacked in groups, under the orders of the Admiral on shore, who controlled all their activities from the moment they sailed until their return to port.

When the United States entered the war, the Germans found a happy hunting ground on our Eastern seaboard. By that time they had about 200 ocean-going submarines and were commissioning about 20 a month. The transatlantic convoys were often hard nuts to crack,² but our Navy was too short of anti-submarine craft, both surface and air, to start coastal convoys until May, 1942. The system was gradually extended to the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean, and the South American coast as vessels became available.

Since the coastal route was too long to cover adequately by patrol, the sinkings — especially of tankers and large ships — meanwhile reached catastrophic proportions. Some 6,250,000 gross tons of shipping — over 40 per cent of the total loss to submarines during the war — were destroyed in the year 1942. Twenty-five ships were sunk off the mouths of the Mississippi, twenty-five more off the Florida coast between Key West and Daytona Beach. Some of the German submarines were mine-layers. These closed Chesapeake Bay to traffic for two days in June and three in September, and bottled up New York Harbor for three days — November 13 to 15, 1942.³

To beat the submarines and make the Atlantic safe for the ships carrying the troops and supplies needed to help breach Germany's European fortress required prodigious efforts by Britain, Canada, and the United States. Huge programs of anti-submarine craft expanded the Royal Canadian Navy to close to 700 vessels and gave the United States 306 new destroyer escorts between April and December, 1943. In merchant shipbuilding all three nations performed miracles. American yards turned out the hitherto unimaginable total of a million tons a month.

¹ The Germans lost three leading submarine aces — Otto Kretschmer, Gunther Prien, and Joachim Schepki — in March, 1941, and a fourth — Fritz Julius Lemp — early in May.

² Four U-boats were sunk in an attack on one convoy in December, 1941.

³ Other ports closed for brief periods in 1942 because of mines were Jacksonville, Charleston, and Wilmington.

To direct this vast effort required the utmost in organization and administrative skill, and the utmost was forthcoming. While the Bureau of Ships, the Maritime Commission, and American shipbuilders combined to set all-time records, Admiral King reorganized the Navy command, creating under his direct command in May, 1943, an extraordinary organization, the Tenth Fleet, with Rear Admiral Francis S. Low as its Chief of Staff.

"The Tenth," says Admiral King, "was a fleet without a ship. However, this highly specialized command coördinated and directed our naval forces in the Battle of the Atlantic, making available the latest intelligence to the Commander in Chief, U. S. Atlantic Fleet, and to other fleet and sea frontier commanders who directed the actual operations at sea, and supplying anti-submarine training and operating procedures to our forces afloat. The Tenth Fleet correlated the anti-submarine developments of the various technical bureaus of the Navy Department and the fleet training schools concerned with anti-submarine activities. In addition, it worked closely with the General Staff of the United States Army and with the British Admiralty and Canadian Naval Headquarters to avoid duplication and confusion, and to insure that maximum effort would be directed against the German undersea fleet."

When forced to cope with U-boats off our coast in 1942, our Navy was lamentably short of aircraft and surface vessels. The heavy requirements for troop convoys in the Atlantic and Pacific absorbed most of our available anti-submarine craft. We had turned over 50 old destroyers to the British in exchange for bases. To help us get coastal convoys started, the British allocated 24 trawlers and 10 corvettes, and recast the system of transatlantic convoys to release other patrol craft. Wherever convoys could be introduced, losses fell to modest proportions, as the U-boat promptly shifted to fields where the pickings were easier.

Though convoying was of great value, it was still not enough. Army and Navy aircraft, assisted by the Civil Air Patrol, did the best they could to cover our coastal waters, but at first their numbers were inadequate and their kills were few. Heavy bombers might pound the factories where U-boats were built and the dock areas in the ports where they refitted, but the Nazis covered their submarine pens with concrete slabs thick enough to stop block-busters. More ships and more planes of longer range were in part the answer, but both ships and planes needed new detection devices and new weapons.

2

AT SEA we seemed to be losing the war. During June, 1942, an average of 48 U-boats operating at sea sank 143 ships. Each U-boat was living long enough to sink 20 ships. They remained at sea for long periods, obtaining food, fuel, and torpedoes

from "cow" or supply U-boats, each of which took care of about 10 U-boats.

So grave was the peril that some fanciful projects received respectful attention. Among them was the Habakkuk project, originated by the British in September, 1942, for an iceberg aircraft carrier of 2,000,000 tons, 2000 feet long, 300 feet wide, and 200 feet deep. This floating airfield, to serve as a base for anti-submarine patrol planes and to provide air cover for landings in Europe, was to carry planes and anti-aircraft guns and be propelled "at a few knots" by means of "a large number of electric engines attached as nacelles" to an outer insulated skin. Since ice proved too weak and brittle for the purpose, engineers devised a mixture containing wood pulp and dubbed it "pykrete." The project, on which the Canadians had made some progress, was discussed at the Quebec Conference in August, 1943, but was dropped the following December.

Subsurface warfare went through an extraordinary transformation from 1941 to 1945. The United States Navy, like the British, started the war with well-developed echo-ranging gear, but its ordnance, since the depth charge was practically the same as that used in World War I, was obsolete against a submerged submarine of modern construction. Operations research, still in its infancy, had been limited to some study of peacetime maneuvers. Operating personnel and methods had not yet been tested in war. Training of specialists in operation and maintenance had been undertaken, but it was still far from satisfactory. Perhaps of even greater importance, definite knowledge as to the behavior of sound in the ocean was still lacking. Clearly the laws governing underwater sound required further study in order to formulate reliable operating procedures and to govern the design of sonar gear.

Fortunately our Navy had entered into a most effective and fruitful partnership with the National Defense Research Committee. It must be emphasized at once that the outcome was a Navy victory won with civilian help, and that considerable portions of the story must remain shrouded in secrecy.

It may well be that the greatest contribution made by scientists to subsurface warfare lay in the application of statistical analysis to the records of operations and in the development of doctrine. Tactics had to be improved for old gear and devised for new. Much of the new anti-submarine equipment was relatively unfamiliar to Naval officers, and in the feverish days of 1942 no headquarters staff had at its disposal an adequate number of persons sufficiently versed in modern mathematical techniques to derive important tactical lessons from the statistics of past and current operations.

On the basis of combat results and laboratory experiments, the members of the Anti-Submarine Warfare Operations Research Group established the basic laws of visual and radar sightings and devised scientific search plans which made the most

of the aircraft and surface ships available and increased the probability of sightings. To keep German submarines from bringing cargoes of tin and rubber from the Far East to Europe, barrier patrols were designed to close the gap between Africa and Brazil. Similar analytical studies were made the basis for radar and sonar search plans, for air-sea rescue, and for the use of the magnetic airborne detector and the radio sonobuoy.

Operations analysts pointed out that U-boats, when they heard our pings becoming louder and faster, estimated the moment of our attack and dove below the sonar beam. The remedy for this was the creeping attack carried out by two escort vessels, the first maintaining sound contact at a fixed range and ping interval while it coached the second attacker at very low speed over the U-boat by signals.

On their side the U-boats created disturbances by backing down, turning sharply, or ejecting chemicals that generated clouds of bubbles. These reflected strong echoes and thus simulated a second or third U-boat to confuse the attacker. The Allies broadcast to their patrol craft information about this trick, and instructions to their sonar and asdic operators how to read through false targets. Futile attacks on clouds of bubbles ceased.

Because an aircraft equipped with radar has a search rate against surfaced submarines ten times that of surface craft equipped with radar, the importance of installing radar on our patrol planes was recognized early. Ten pre-production microwave sets were hastily assembled at the Radiation Laboratory early in 1942 and installed in B-18's commanded by the late Colonel William C. Dolan, AAF, which sank their first U-boat on April 1. They formed part of the First Sea Search Attack Group activated in July, 1942, under Colonel Dolan's command.

Fourteen more 10-centimeter sets, designed for use in Liberator bombers, were manufactured "on a crash basis" by the Research Construction Corporation and delivered to the British between August and December, 1942. These came just in time to play a useful part in the great battle in the Bay of Biscay.

3

IN the first two and one-half years of the war Doenitz's jibe that "an aircraft can no more kill a U-boat than a crow can kill a mole" had had some truth in it. The Coastal Command had damaged upwards of 50 enemy submarines but had been credited with very few sinkings. Radar had increased the number of sightings, but the attacks, though executed boldly, lacked a knockout punch. This was provided in May, 1942, by equipping Wellington bombers with searchlights for night attacks and depth charges filled with torpex, a mixture of RDX, TNT, and aluminum — superior in de-

structive power to the previous depth charges by about 50 per cent. The number of long-range aircraft operating in the Bay steadily rose and the sightings and kills of U-boats mounted.

What the Germans needed was warning of the patrol plane's approach. They got it by equipping their submarines with search receivers which told the submarine that it was being "floodlit" by radar, long before the submarine could be detected on Allied radar screens. (Search receivers outrange radar systems.) This gave the U-boats warning in plenty of time to submerge before the airplane or surface vessel came within attacking range. As soon as the search receivers got into use in September, 1942, the number of radar sightings rapidly dwindled. Unless the British could find an answer, their splendid counteroffensive seemed doomed to failure.

The answer was the 10-centimeter radar installed in aircraft and surface vessels, for the search receivers designed to pick up transmissions at 200 megacycles could do nothing with microwaves. The Nazis, formerly so confident, grew panicky as the patrol planes equipped with the new 10-centimeter sets dived on the U-boats unannounced. For a long time the Germans were at a loss. Believing the British had switched to infrared detection, they made frantic efforts to counter that.

They were disappointed at their failure to do more damage to the huge armada of over a thousand vessels which moved from United States and British ports to the coasts of North Africa. Although some 40 U-boats were lying in wait, they sank only 23 ships during November. The Germans had concentrated their U-boats on both sides of Gibraltar, mustering every submarine that could reach the area within ten days. "Defense in these African waters," Doenitz gloomily reported, "was very effective and U-boat losses were correspondingly high." Heads fell. Doenitz succeeded Grand Admiral Raeder as Commander in Chief at the end of January, and announced a fight to the finish. "The entire German Navy," he declared, "will henceforth be put into the service of inexorable U-boat warfare."

The campaign launched by the Nazis early in 1943 was indeed menacing. Desperate efforts were made to regain the ascendancy which the U-boats had enjoyed in November, 1942, when nearly a million tons of shipping were sunk. The crow had succeeded in attacking the mole. But the mole fought back. Running submerged at night along the transit routes through the Bay of Biscay or north of Scotland, the U-boats surfaced by day to speed their passage; and if attacked by patrol planes, they put up a stiff battle with their flak guns.

As the weeks passed, punctuated by staccato bursts of fighting, the number of U-boats operating in the Atlantic mounted steadily. In general, half the submarines available were in port and half at sea. Of those at sea, half were in the combat zone and half in transit. In the winter of 1942-1943 as

many as 70 to 80 submarines were operating simultaneously in the combat area, chiefly in wolf packs in the 600-mile gap in mid-Atlantic, out of reach of shore-based aircraft. Allied shipping losses reached 750,000 tons in the first three weeks of March, 1943. Defending one convoy, the British destroyer *Harvester* rammed a U-boat but was herself disabled and sunk by two torpedoes from another craft. The Free French corvette *Aconit*, in company, finished off the first of the U-boats, picked up the survivors of the *Harvester*, and rammed and sank the submarine which had dealt the British destroyer her deathblow.

4

At the end of March the tide turned against the U-boats. First among the factors was the closing of the gap in the mid-Atlantic. Liberators equipped with extra gas tanks and microwave radar, and navigating in part at least by loran, enabled the British, American, and Canadian air forces to establish a shuttle service between the United Kingdom, Iceland, and Newfoundland. These squadrons of Very Long Range (VLR) aircraft burst in on the wolf packs unheralded, warned and diverted our convoys, protected them like an umbrella, and soon made it impracticable for the U-boats to refuel in mid-ocean, as they had been doing with impunity. These VLR patrol planes were soon reinforced by aircraft from the new escort carriers. The first of these vessels entered the fray in March and scored its first success in April. The magnificent exploits of U.S.S. *Bogue* and U.S.S. *Card* won for these two escort carriers the coveted Presidential Unit Citation. Support groups organized around these and similar vessels took the offensive in hunting out the U-boats and harried them relentlessly.

At the same time the number of escort vessels steadily increased and their equipment improved. Admiral Cochrane's superbly executed destroyer-escort program paid big dividends. The DE's swarmed on the convoy routes, admirably equipped with centimeter radar, with sound gear for close-in detection, and with the spigot mortar for "hedgehog" attacks with forward-thrown, faster-sinking torpedoes. Smaller surface craft made good use of the mousetrap rocket. By June, 1943, the U-boats had largely withdrawn from the North Atlantic. Speaking at the Guildhall on June 30, Prime Minister Churchill proudly announced that hardly a single Allied ship was sunk in the North Atlantic between May 17 and the end of June.⁴

When U-boats used their radio to assemble a wolf pack, the location could be plotted by British and American Huff Duff stations. Land-based and carrier-based aircraft equipped with radar soon scoured the area. If the U-boat submerged, the planes parachuted several expendable radio sono-

⁴ They returned to the North Atlantic convoy routes in September without much success.

buoys whose hydrophones could detect U-boat noises. These activated the radio transmitter, which summoned near-by planes or surface escorts to close in and start their search with sonar or asdic.

It was clear from intelligence reports, however, that the battle was not over. The Germans were fitting their U-boats with radar to detect approaching aircraft and with greatly increased anti-aircraft armament. They had also instructed their submarine commanders to make less use of their radio, to prevent location by the Huff Duff. The Luftwaffe started long-range fighter patrols in the Bay of Biscay, which the British countered with Beau-fighters and Mosquitos. The battle raged in the skies as well as on and under the surface. In August the Germans startled the world with the first successful guided missile, the glider bomb HS293, and followed it almost immediately by the Gnat acoustic homing torpedo.

This formidable weapon might have taken a far heavier toll had its introduction not been anticipated by Allied scientists. Effective countermeasures were ready.

A great improvement in the coverage in mid-Atlantic came when the Coastal Command, at the end of October, 1943, began operating VLR aircraft from Terceira in the Azores. By this time, U-boats were beginning to adopt more cautious tactics, for their losses had been staggering. In the last four months of 1939 they had lost 9 submarines; in 1940, 22; in 1941, 35; and in 1942, 85. All these losses were more than offset by new construction. In the single month of May, 1943, 42 were sunk, a net loss of 22, since only 20 new craft were completed. For the whole year 1943, the total of German losses reached 237. In such a struggle, moreover, the more daring commanders were likely to be the first to be lost, for they pressed home their attacks more boldly.

Aircraft had played the foremost role as submarine killers, thanks to their high search rate, their admirable microwave radar, and the new weapons they carried. They had used magnetic airborne detection effectively to cork the Straits of Gibraltar, had employed with success the radio sonobuoy and other secret airborne devices, and had found the rocket an excellent anti-submarine weapon.

"For some months past," wrote Grand Admiral Doenitz on December 14, 1943, "the enemy has rendered the U-boat war ineffective. He has achieved this object, not through superior tactics or strategy, but through his superiority in the field of science; this finds its expression in the modern battle weapon—detection. By this means he has torn our sole offensive weapon in the war against the Anglo-Saxons from our hands. It is essential to victory that we make good our scientific disparity and thereby restore to the U-boat its fighting qualities."⁵

Despite this note of gloom, and the heavy losses

in submarines during 1943, the Germans opened the campaign of 1944 with more U-boats than ever. They had equipped them not only with radar to detect approaching airplanes, but with heavy anti-aircraft armament to shoot them down, and with the Naxos search receiver designed to pick up 10-centimeter radar transmissions. This device fortunately did not prove nearly so effective as they hoped, but the vigor of the Nazis' counteroffensive on the scientific front is attested by the fact that they had made good progress with a search receiver for 3-centimeter radar.

5

IN the early months of 1944 it was clear that Doenitz was husbanding his U-boats in the hope that they might play a decisive part in repelling the impending invasion of Europe. In the meanwhile he fitted a considerable number of them with Schnorkels. This retractable air intake and exhaust pipe could be raised or lowered from inside the boat. It enabled the U-boats to run on their Diesels at periscope depth, charging their batteries while submerged.

Elaborate precautions were taken to coat the top of the Schnorkel with a camouflage which it was hoped would not reflect a radar echo. This pipe, projecting above water a little lower than the periscope, was a difficult target for aircraft to detect and attack. Although its use increased the discomfort of the crew, U-boats managed in the closing months of the war to operate for weeks at a time without surfacing. Personnel on board received vitamin pills and daily sun-lamp treatments to preserve their health.

On their side, the Allies greatly increased their patrol vessels and aircraft, drilled their sound men so that they would not be duped by German sonic decoys, and installed airborne search receivers for intercepting and homing on enemy radar transmissions. Much attention was also given to the coördination of air and surface attacks.

In May, the Coastal Command, reinforced by American Air Force and Navy squadrons, opened a brilliant offensive in Norwegian waters against the U-boats that were leaving to join the forces of the *Kriegsmarine* in the Bay of Biscay for a joint attack on our invasion forces in the English Channel. The pursuit ranged widely over the Eastern Atlantic and into Arctic waters, and few U-boats got through. Those that did joined up with U-boats based on French ports for a bitter struggle in the Channel and the eastern portion of the Bay of Biscay, fighting back desperately with their anti-aircraft guns against the increased attacks from the air. Taking heavy losses, they were unable to interfere with the greatest of amphibious operations, and it was ten days after the landings in Normandy before the first U-boat was operating on Schnorkel in the combat zone.

⁵ To Dr. Karl Keupfmüller, charging him with the formation of a German Naval Scientific Directional Staff.

After June 8 few U-boats were caught on the surface, and Allied patrol craft resigned themselves to endless searching for periscopes, Schnorkels, and oil slicks. In this wearisome hunt, microwave radar of high resolution proved its value again and again, and the radio sonobuoys gave the flyers extra ears for use under water. Few U-boats got through to our shipping lanes, and many paid for the attempt with their lives. As a historian of the Coastal Command well said, "The weapon which was to cut our communications in the Atlantic had failed even to cut them in the Channel."

As the advance of the Allied Expeditionary Forces made it clear to the Germans that they would soon lose the use of the French coast, they began to send the U-boats northward, producing a new flock of hard-fought actions. A few, by using Schnorkel, penetrated into the Channel, but only nine ships out of the thousands operating there were sunk by U-boats.

In the last phase of the European war the Germans tried to complete for duty two new types of submarine: a heavy cruiser of 1500 tons with high underwater speed, and a smaller craft of 300 tons. By this time the steady pounding from the Eighth Air Force and the RAF had hamstrung German industry and the war ended before these new craft could be tested in action. In the last month of the European war the U-boats made a determined effort to break through in considerable strength to our Eastern seaboard, but they lost five submarines in the attempt and were not successful in reaching their goal until, after V-E Day, they came in peacefully to surrender.

After Doenitz's tribute to the part played by Allied scientists in the defeat of the U-boat it is almost superfluous to say more. The figures of German losses in submarines, and Allied losses and gains in merchant shipping, are these:—

Year	German Subs Sunk (Number)	Allied Shipping Sunk	New Construction U.S.-British Total (Thousands of tons)	Net Gains or Losses
1939 (4 mos.)	9	810	332	- 478
1940	22	4,407	1,219	- 3,188
1941	35	4,398	1,984	- 2,414
1942	85	8,245	7,182	- 1,063
1943	237	3,611	14,585	+10,974
1944	241	1,422	13,349	+11,927
1945 (4 mos.)	153	458	3,834	+ 3,376
TOTALS	782	23,351	42,485	+19,134

6

THE pattern of subsurface warfare in the Pacific was very different from that in the Atlantic. The Germans, regarding the submarine as their best weapon against Britain and the United States, concentrated their naval effort on the use of the U-boat as a commerce destroyer, and almost won the war with it. Although convoys proved a countermeasure of the utmost importance, their use resulted in a great slowing down of shipping. The fastest ships, relying on their speed, could in general sail inde-

pendently. A convoy had to sail at the speed of the slowest vessel, over routes which were generally longer than normal.

The great danger from the U-boats made Allied operations in the Atlantic, until the landings in Normandy, largely a defensive operation, though the RAF and Royal Navy took a heavy toll of German shipping through bombing, mining, and surface attacks. The Allied task primarily was to put more and more pressure on the U-boats until a point was reached at which they could stand it no longer and would quit until they could develop new tactics. So severe was our counteroffensive that the German submarine forces took losses two or three times as heavy as those they used to consider excessive in the First World War. But still the U-boats kept coming out and their crews did not mutiny.

The Japanese had at one time about 70 ocean-going submarines, whose speed of 22 knots on the surface and 8 knots submerged compared favorably with submarines of other nations. They could not safely dive as deep as German or American craft, but they fought to the limit. Our anti-submarine craft pursued them with equal vigor and one of them, the U.S.S. *England*, set a war record by destroying six submerged Japanese submarines in a period of eleven days with the help of sonar gear.

The Japanese used their submarines for two primary purposes: as adjuncts to their fleet and to supply cut-off bases. The latter, as events showed, had no great effect on the course of the war, but the Japanese submarines inflicted heavy losses on our naval vessels. They sank the *Yorktown* and the destroyer *Hammann* at Midway, the *Wasp* on September 15, 1942, and torpedoed the *Saratoga* twice during the first year of the war. They damaged the heavy cruiser *Chester* and many other craft, sank the anti-aircraft cruiser *Juneau* on November 13, 1942, the escort carrier *Liscome Bay* a year later, the destroyer escort *Shelton* in September, 1944, and the heavy cruiser *Indianapolis* on July 30, 1945. Against our own submarines they proved Japan's most effective weapon.

Their losses were heavy: 3 in 1941, 22 in 1942, 21 in 1943, 35 in 1944, and 24 in 1945. Of these 105 submarines sunk or captured at sea, 23 were credited to United States submarines in Admiral King's reports, and two to British submarines.

Although the protection of our task forces against submarines remained a problem requiring destroyer-escort and combat air patrols, and affording an opportunity of using some of the advanced techniques developed in the Atlantic, the protection of merchant ships from underwater attack was not a major task for us in the Pacific. Small, special convoys operated between San Francisco and Pearl Harbor, San Francisco and the South Sea Islands, Seattle and Alaska, and Seattle and the Aleutians, but practically all of our shipping in the Pacific was able to operate independently.

The destruction of commerce by submarines was a major part of our Pacific offensive. The lack of sufficient shipping to tie together effectively her sprawling empire was Japan's weakness, and we attacked shipping relentlessly, by every means at our disposal. Here our submarines proved our best weapon. "At a conservative estimate," declared Admiral King, "they sank, in addition to many combatant ships, nearly two thirds of the merchant shipping which Japan lost during the war. They made it more difficult for the enemy to consolidate his forward positions, to reinforce his threatened areas, and to pile up in Japan an adequate reserve of fuel oil, rubber, and other loot from his newly conquered territory."

Including only enemy merchant ships of 1000 tons or over, our submarines destroyed by gunfire and torpedoes over 1000 vessels, of so much tonnage that by the end of the war the Japanese merchant marine had virtually ceased to exist.

	<i>Ships Sunk</i>	<i>Total Tonnage</i>
1942	134	580,390
1943	284	1,341,968
1944	492	2,387,780
1945	132	469,872
	1042	4,780,010*

* Our submarines sank or destroyed, chiefly by gunfire, large numbers of smaller craft not included in these figures, especially in the latter part of the war, when few large enemy merchant ships remained afloat.

Our submarines took the offensive from the beginning of the war in the Pacific. Admiral King credited them with eliminating one battleship, the *Kongo*, the carriers *Soryu*, *Shinano*, *Shokaku*, and *Unryu*, the escort carriers *Chuyo*, *Jinyo*, *Otake*, and *Unyo*, the heavy cruisers *Atago*, *Kako*, and *Maya*, 9 light cruisers, 43 destroyers, and 189 smaller vessels. They also performed reconnaissance, rescue, supply, and lifeguard duties, evacuated personnel from Corregidor, and delivered supplies and equipment to guerrillas in the Philippines. They rescued more than 500 aviators and provided intelligence of the utmost importance. The advance information furnished our surface and air forces prior to the Battle of Leyte Gulf played a large part in that victory.

Considerations of security preclude a detailed analysis of the many contributions of the NDRC to the effectiveness of our submarines. In addition to equipment, the careful studies of underwater conditions and the maps based on them enabled

submarine commanders to hide at times over rocky bottoms in tropical waters where snapping shrimp made a noise that masked the sound of the submarine. Many other fish, including croakers and drummers, contributed to the bedlam in shallow waters.

Temperature gradients were not likely to affect asdic ranges seriously around the British Isles, but they were troublesome for the stalker of submarines in the Mediterranean and even worse in Japanese waters. The bathythermograph became standard equipment on submarines, which by means of this instrument could seek out a suitable temperature gradient, or thermocline, and hide there with less risk of detection.

The war cost the Allies 4773 merchant ships of 23,000,000 gross tons sunk by enemy action. A total of 996 Axis submarines were sunk, and 221 large and scores of midget submarines fell into Allied hands after V-E Day and V-J Day. The British received credit for sinking 70 per cent of the enemy submarines, and the United States credit for 30 per cent.

These figures give but an imperfect idea of the stakes of the game. The defeat of the U-boats made it possible to keep supplies flowing to Great Britain and Russia and to transport to North Africa, Italy, and France the armies which forced Germany to surrender. In the Pacific the Japanese submarines failed, in the long run, to interfere with the freedom of Allied naval forces to operate where and when they chose. Allied submarines, on the offensive from the outset, destroyed the maritime communications which were the weakest link in the Japanese Co-prosperity Sphere. Once they were gone, it fell apart like a house of cards, leaving the main islands exposed to attacks by sea and air that reduced Japan's cities to ashes.

When the war in Europe ended, the Germans were able to send to sea submarines which could operate for weeks without surfacing and could make such high speed under water as to upset the whole Allied defense system. Even without atomic power and atomic missiles the submarine remains a most dangerous weapon. With them, it might prove more formidable than the long-range bomber. If we make mistakes enough in the post-war years, a revived Germany or some other European power might think it could win the dominion of the world as Germany twice so nearly did by subsurface warfare. Batters have been known to hit a home run with two strikes against them.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

by JOHN KAUFMAN

ARTHUR COX and his wife Clara liked the looks of Bessley Hills, for the houses, though small and inexpensively built, were neat and new, and each had a respectable bit of lawn around it. The community, like most of the new developments near Washington, was a lively one. The Coxes liked that also.

In June, not long after they had moved into their new home, Clara went off to Maine for her annual month with her mother, leaving Arthur to manage for himself. He was somewhat surprised, late one afternoon shortly after Clara had gone, when two very dirty and poorly dressed children knocked on the door. They seemed so out of place in this well-kept community.

"Want some flowers?" the elder asked. He was a boy with a closely cropped head, a pug nose, and immense freckles. He seemed to be about five years old. The other child, a girl not much over three, held several withered stalks of a wild flower in her grimy fist.

Instinctively Arthur said, "Not today, thank you." He closed the door, gently. Then, as always when turning away a peddler or passing a hitchhiker on the highway, he suffered a brief attack of conscience. He wished he had given the children something. Perhaps they were hungry, though that didn't seem possible, with all the bureaus and societies organized to take care of needy people.

He went to the window and cautiously pulled the curtain aside. The children were still on the lawn, and the little girl seemed to be crying. He opened the door and went down the steps. "Look," he said, "I

want those flowers after all. Here's a nickel for each of you."

The children reached eagerly for the coins. The boy smiled, "Thanks, mister." The little girl just stood and looked at him through her reddened eyes, and held out the handful of miserable flowers. She was a dainty, pretty thing for all her dirt, and Arthur's heart went out to her.

"What will you do with your nickels?" he asked.

The boy seemed surprised at the question. "Buy something to eat," he said. "Cookies, maybe."

Arthur felt a chill. "Didn't you have lunch?"

The children shook their heads.

"Why don't you go home and get something to eat?" he asked.

"Mommie's not there, and there's nothing for us to eat."

"Come on, kids," said Arthur on an impulse. "We're going to get some sandwiches."

He took the children into the kitchen and made them wash their hands at the sink and dry them on paper towels. He had to help the little girl, who was too small to reach the water. It gave him a strange, warm feeling to hold her hand in his. Then he made them two sandwiches each and poured milk into the largest glasses he could find.

The children ate ravenously, sitting bolt upright in their chairs at the kitchen table. Finally the girl, well filled and beginning to relax, looked about her. "Your house is just like ours," she observed. "Only nicer, and cleaner."

Arthur smiled at her. "Where is your house?"

The child pointed a buttery finger toward the window. "Over there," she said.

"We live at the corner," the boy explained. "Where the busted tree is. Part of it fell on the house, but it didn't come through." Then, looking at his sister with an air of superior wisdom, "All these

JOHN KAUFMAN is almost a Philadelphia story in himself, for he was born there in 1908, attended school there, and entered the employ of a Philadelphia insurance company in 1930. Now, after nearly four years in the Army, he returns to his former work and a writing career.

houses are the same inside. Only some of them are turned around, so the kitchen is on the side."

Arthur could hardly believe it. "You mean we're practically next-door neighbors? Does your mommie go to work in the city?"

The boy pondered the question. "No, she doesn't go to work, I guess. She goes out, though. She goes on the bus. Not every day." He thought a moment and then said, somewhat apologetically, "We have supper when she comes back."

"Not this good, though," said the little girl.

Arthur, wondering at the strange circumstance of ill-fed, ill-clothed children in this tight little settlement of middle-class people, rose from the table and ushered his guests to the door. Then, drawn by an irresistible curiosity, he accompanied them down the street.

Their house was built like all the others, but a weedy and uncut lawn, scattered refuse, and canted window shades testified to neglect. The place stood out like an ugly blemish on a smooth cheek.

"Thank you, mister," said the children.

"My name is Mr. Cox. You must tell me yours."

"Joey," said the boy.

"Joey what?"

"Joey Koontz."

Arthur's hand found the little girl's head. "And yours?"

"Barbara," she answered.

As Arthur walked down the sidewalk towards his own home he passed a young woman in a thin, flashy dress with a very short skirt. She had a wealth of curly black hair, cut fairly short, and a slender face with fine features that would have been very pretty without the smear of make-up she wore. She was dark — almost gypsy-dark — and her eyes had a roving glint in them. She gave Arthur a long, unabashed look as they passed.

Entering his door, Arthur looked up the street. It was Mrs. Koontz, all right. For the first time he noticed that she carried a paper parcel, probably from the grocery store. Arthur reflected that a woman who looked like that could carry a parcel a long time before you noticed it.

The next evening Arthur cut across lots to the house of the resident manager of the development. Baxter, a perpetually worried and exasperated individual, sat in his undershirt and stocking feet under a lamp, reading the evening paper and perspiring.

Though Arthur's purpose was to rent a lawn mower for the evening, he soon brought the conversation around to the Koontz family.

"Those children look undernourished," said Arthur. "I take it their mother doesn't care too well for them."

Baxter's eyes narrowed. "That woman's a bum!" he declared. "Them kids is allowed to run the streets all hours of the day and night. They beg food and there's no telling what mischief they get into — like breaking windows. I advise you not to have any-

thing to do with them, or they'll be hanging around your neck seven days a week."

"Have any of the relief agencies tried to help them?"

Baxter stared at Arthur in vast surprise. "Relief — in this town? The welfare people say they can't keep up with one case out of ten, with all this overcrowding. What's more, you can't help people like that. Why, that woman got five thousand dollars when her husband was killed, and she ran through it like a cat through a crack in the fence. You never saw such parties, till the money gave out. There'd be two or three men to every woman, and like as not they'd stay all night. She bought a car with a cloth top and wrecked it over in Maryland. Darn near killed the man that was with her. He turned out to be a ration point racketeer. I tell you, she's plain bad, and I've tried to put her out of their house here so many times I couldn't count 'em."

Arthur saw in his mind's eye the slender, pretty girl with the dancing eyes. It didn't seem possible. Then he thought of the kids and the sandwiches.

"How do they get along?" he asked. "Does she work?"

Baxter exploded. "Yes, by God, she does, and I wish I could prove it. She's got a business all right, though she doesn't conduct much of it at home. People tell me she brings men home now and then, and they complain about it. They don't want to raise their children next door to a prostitute, and I don't blame 'em. But you've got to have a lot of proof." He shook his head ruefully. "The cops are overworked these days, too. They say they'll watch the place, but that's all it ever comes to."

Arthur felt almost physically sick at the thought of those children growing up in such an atmosphere. It was horrible, almost too horrible to imagine.

"Are you sure the woman doesn't have a job downtown?" Arthur asked. "She goes downtown nearly every day."

Baxter snorted. "That's part of her business. She meets those customers of hers in bars. You notice her the next time you see her in the bus, coming home. She's got a breath you could hang your hat and coat on."

Baxter bent to put on his shoes. "I almost forgot you came for a lawn mower," he said. "Any time that woman's name comes up I get off the track. Let me tell you, Mr. Cox, you waste your time when you worry about people like that. They never get any better." He straightened up and looked Arthur in the face. "Between you and me," he said, "I don't think you'll be bothered with the situation very long. She's a couple of months overdue on her rent and about two more weeks ought to cook her goose. I've got almost enough time on her to take action to evict."

"Action to evict." The words touched some long-sensitive point in Arthur's subconscious mind, like the deep prod of a dentist's tool. Eviction meant being thrust out, being forced to hunt for a place to sleep,

like an abandoned animal. The thought plagued him as he rolled the lawn mower down the sidewalk towards his home and as he pushed it back and forth through the thick, moist grass.

Where would this woman go with her children, except to surroundings infinitely worse? It was true that people of her sort didn't belong in decent neighborhoods, but what about the kids? He thought especially of the little girl, of her fragile, elf-like grace, and her dirty, tear-stained face. He suffered a pain almost physical when he thought of the ugliness of a child's life in that evil house down the street, and the incomparable misery that would be added to it if the family were rooted out and forced to find refuge in some hovel, perhaps in the city slums. Here the children had sunshine and open air, and an opportunity to learn that there is a clean and happy life.

Arthur kicked his covers around all night and wished that his wife were with him to give him counsel. Childless, still living in the faint hope that a child might come, she would share his concern over their two small neighbors. At last he fell asleep, to dream unhappily of his wife, the young woman up the street, and the children, in a succession of confused situations. In one dream he had married the loose woman, and his wife had denounced him.

The dreams, grotesque as they were, hung over him as he fumbled in the kitchen next morning. His mind was getting mixed up. Though he knew that he was honestly interested in nothing but the welfare of the children, a feeling approaching guilt about the woman had begun to appear. He told himself it was just a reaction, his own instinctive sensitivity to what the neighborhood might think of his interest. He couldn't let that sort of thing stop him. That would be sheer cowardice. Arthur finally cleared his head with an extra cup of black coffee and went off to the office.

His boss chose that day to invite Arthur to lunch. Henderson was a handsome, robust chap with a quick smile, a keen mind, a flair for the sharp deal, and a conscience which caused him to atone for his predatory business transactions in sudden acts of charity. He lived far out of the city in a rambling Virginia farmhouse peopled by a collection of relatives and other beneficiaries.

"Arthur, you look like hell," announced Henderson pleasantly, over the jellied consommé. "What's wrong?"

Arthur began to explain with a lame story about sleeplessness. Before he knew it, he was telling Henderson about his neighbors, and the boss was leaning forward to listen.

At length Henderson dabbed at his generous mouth with his napkin and shot a penetrating glance at Arthur. "Is she a good-looking filly, this woman?"

"In a way. She's not rough or dissolute-looking. She's surprisingly pretty. She reminds me of pictures I've seen of young gypsy women."

Henderson put both hands on the table, leaned

back, and roared. "My boy," he said delightedly, "you've arrived at the dangerous age. That's your only trouble. You think you're worried about those kids. You're honest in thinking that. But actually the woman has caught your eye." He leveled a finger at Arthur, and his eyes narrowed. "Have you dreamed of her yet?" he demanded.

Arthur felt himself flushing. "Of course not!" he answered hotly.

Henderson laughed again. "Of course you have. We all do." Then he leaned across the table, and his voice dropped to a smooth, confidential purr. "Let me tell you all about it, Arthur. It happens to every man, in one form or another, at about your age. Not everyone becomes interested in such an exciting female as you've chosen, of course. Now in my case it was a shy little schoolteacher down in the country. She used to come around to the place to get cornstalks, pumpkins, and things of that sort for the kids."

Henderson went on through the meal, full of his subject, and Arthur suffered. The insult went deeper and deeper, and he was glad when the waiter brought cigars and they started back to the office.

2

DURING the next few days Arthur struggled gamely with his problem. Never in his life had his conscience been so acutely sensitive. All the impotent concern for humanity, all the helpless feeling of compassion for the underdog which had risen briefly in his heart throughout the years, now came to a bright focus. Thrusting Henderson's crude humor aside and disregarding his own doubts, he knew that he must try to do something for the children. Every time they came past his door in the evening he gave them something to eat or drink, and on each such occasion he lost more of his heart to them.

He finally consulted Tom Flannery, a fellow worker at Henderson's. Tom was an ordinary office drudge without imagination, but he could be counted on to take Arthur's problem at face value and keep his mouth shut about it.

"I've about decided to hunt up one of the welfare agencies," said Arthur, "and try to persuade them to take hold. I'm told they're too busy, but this is a matter of eviction."

"It's the last thing I'd do," said Flannery solemnly. "Those agencies are O.K. when somebody gets sick and needs coal and food, but this is different. The first thing they'd do is to take the kids away from the mother and put them in an institution." His eyes looked earnestly at Arthur's. "You probably had a good home, Arthur. I was an orphan. I was raised with five hundred other kids behind a big stone wall, and I never got over it. If that woman has any good in her at all, those kids will be better off with her, especially if you can get her back on the track a little."

"But how the devil do you go about it? Getting a woman back on the track takes more than I've got."

Tom chewed a pencil. "What you want to do," he said finally, "is to try to get the woman lined up with a job. You ought to be able to arrange for the kids to go to a farm somewhere for the summer. Then by fall maybe she'll have settled down and want them back. She can probably get somebody to stick around and look after the little kid this winter when she's working and the boy's at school. Maybe she could park the little kid at a neighbor's at so much per day."

"Sounds ideal," said Arthur. "But it's full of problems."

Tom's face assumed an expression of sagacity. "Listen," he said, "I've been around here a long time, and I know a little about some of the things Henderson's done on the quiet. Now if this thing were put up to him in the right way, on the right day of the week —"

"Skip it, Tom," said Arthur. He put his hand on the other man's shoulder. "Between you and me," he said, "I wouldn't ask the old man for a piece of used wrapping paper. Don't ask me why. But that's not saying I don't appreciate your interest in this problem."

That afternoon Arthur made a decision. He went to the bank, cashed a check, and put three twenty-dollar bills into a long envelope. "For Mrs. Koontz," he wrote on the outside. Later, on his way home, he walked quickly up to her doorway and slid the envelope inside. As he had expected, there was no one in sight.

The act gave him a great deal of satisfaction. With the money she could hold Baxter off for a while, and perhaps Tom would get an idea in the meantime. His greatest satisfaction, however, lay in the fact that at last he'd done something about the problem.

The next evening, as Arthur sat listening to the radio, the doorbell rang. It was the woman, apparently on her way home. She wore a dress of shiny, shocking red that clung to her like enamel. She carried a red handbag and wore red shoes with very high heels. Her face was flushed, and she seemed excited.

"You're Mr. Cox," she began. It was a statement rather than a question.

"Yes." He tried to keep his eyes on her face and away from the rest of her.

"You gave me the money. The boy saw you put it under the door. I'm grateful to you." She smiled at him, and her dark eyes danced.

"Won't you come in?" asked Arthur feebly, the words sticking in his throat.

The woman gave him a long look. "I can't stay. But if there's anything I can do to repay you, you know where I live." Then, with a swish of the red skirt and a flash of the red shoes, she was gone.

Arthur turned off the light in the living room and sat for a while in the dark. Should he have insisted

that she come in, so that he could talk to her? Did she buy that outfit with the money he had given her? How could such an unclean woman look so gay, so — almost attractive? He reflected upon the narrow line that runs between good and evil, and between good people and bad. At last he went to bed.

3

At the end of that week Clara came home from Maine, and Arthur hastened to tell her about the children and Baxter's merciless attitude. He did not tell her about his talk with Henderson, for he did not want her to know what Henderson said to him. Nor did he tell her about the money or the woman's call. He would tell her about that in due course, in the casual way in which one talks about a casual occurrence.

Clara was immediately sympathetic with his feelings for the children. "I've seen them," she said. "The little girl is as cute as a button — and with such a horrid mother."

"Have you seen the mother?" asked Arthur.

"Not that I know of. And I don't want to. The thought of a creature like that being right here on our own street horrifies me. I don't know what I'd do if we were rearing children of our own here."

It occurred to Arthur that he might have expected this. It was a perfectly natural reaction. Still, he was dismayed by the violence of Clara's feelings. "Would you throw them out of their home?" he asked quietly.

His wife hesitated, then made a gesture of helplessness. "What else is there to do? Think of the harm that would be done to this community if that woman were allowed to stay here!"

"I had hoped that you might help me work something out. I've become very much interested in the children. They've come here once or twice for something to eat. I've been racking my brain trying to figure out a way of giving them a chance at a decent life. If Baxter evicts the woman she'll go to a hole in the wall somewhere and there will be no hope at all for the kids."

Clara drew a well-tanned hand slowly across her forehead. "Darling," she pleaded, "I'm much too tired to have any ideas. Let's talk about it in the morning. I'm going up now."

At the stairway she turned, and looked at him curiously. "Arthur, you puzzle me a little. You seem obsessed by this thing. Why is it your concern? We've just come here."

He tried to answer her honestly, as he had tried to answer himself. "It's just that all of a sudden, for the first time in my life, the underdog is right under my feet, and I can't seem to walk around him."

His wife said nothing, but went up the stairs with a look of mystification. Arthur followed her, feeling that he had failed again.

The next day was Monday. Tom Flannery hurried

over to Arthur's desk a moment or two after he hung up his hat, and pulled a chair close. "Got some news for you. Mr. Henderson got back from his trip Saturday night. He had me bring some papers down to the farm yesterday, and while I was there he asked me what kind of a guy you were. Wanted to know whether you were steady in your private life. I told him you were steady as a rock. Better brace yourself. I think he's going to throw something your way."

Arthur went to the lavatory and ran a paper towel over his shoes. When he got back the phone was ringing to summon him to the chief's office.

Henderson was in his Monday morning mood, smoking a cigar, striding around the big blue rug, looking and acting like Edward Arnold in a movie.

"Cox," he began, standing at a window with his back to Arthur, "I've made a good many mistakes in my day. Some of them I've never admitted. Most of them I have. I'm admitting one now. I misjudged you the other day at the club when you told me about that — uh — easygoing woman with the two kids in your neighborhood. I was probably very inconsiderate, and should apologize. Got to thinking about it yesterday morning when I put my nephews on the train to New York. There won't be any kids on the farm until next summer."

He turned back to Arthur and blew cigar smoke at him. "How about my taking the woman's kids on for the season at Bromleigh, at least till school starts? We'll give the mother a job here — in the filing room in the basement, where she can't do any harm. I'm willing to pay her more than she's worth. It'll come out of taxes anyhow, and maybe we'll get this thing straightened out."

"That sounds swell," said Arthur enthusiastically. "It's very generous of you."

"Call it generosity if you like. But don't forget that you're going to be responsible for the tough part of this deal. You're going to tell this woman she's on probation, and see that she behaves herself. One false move and out she goes. No fraternization with male employees. You'd better tell Mrs. Rowland enough of the story so she'll keep an extra-close eye on the woman. I think we can trust the old battle-axe to keep it to herself."

Henderson walked over to Arthur and put a heavy arm around his shoulder. "I'm doing this as much to square myself for that riding I gave you as anything else. Also, I find I've got to do a little something of this character now and then in order to sleep well on that innerspring of mine."

4

ALL day long Arthur's mind boiled. What would he do — just walk up to the door and tell the woman he'd found a job for her? What if she should turn it down? How would his wife react? Somehow he worried most about his wife. But by the time he got

home he had pretty well decided on what to say to Clara. He'd wait until dinner was under way, and bring it up as one of the ordinary matters they usually discussed at that time. He'd ask Clara to go with him to call on the woman. Even if she refused, his asking ought to make her feel better about it.

But when he reached the house he knew instantly that something had gone wrong. Clara greeted him coolly at the door and followed him upstairs when he went to change his office clothing. She was seldom really angry, but he recognized the expression on her face as undiluted anger.

"I went to the women's meeting today," she began as Arthur hung up his suit and took down a pair of lounging trousers. "I was never so embarrassed and ashamed in all my life!"

"Women's meeting?" asked Arthur guardedly.

"Don't look as if I didn't tell you all about it. It's a group of women along the street. They meet every Monday. I was invited to join, but I'll never be able to go again. For that matter, I'll never be able to look anybody in this neighborhood in the eye again. And all because of you!"

Arthur gave up trying to get into his lounging clothes and sat down on the edge of the bed. He felt the shape of what was coming.

"Somebody started talking about that hussy down the street," his wife continued in a higher voice. "The way she dresses to show herself, and what she does to earn a living." Clara twisted an unlighted cigarette until it broke and spilled its tobacco on the rug. "It's just too horrible! Somebody mentioned a man who lived on Grover Street, who got mixed up with that woman and wrecked his family. Then one of the girls said in front of everybody that you'd been giving the woman money. Her children told it all over the neighborhood, and said she bought new clothing with it. Such clothes! Somebody saw her come up to this house in a scandalous red dress. This house! Arthur, I can't stand it! It's too awful to imagine — what you've done to me. How can you face me?" Her voice broke off in a half cry, and her mouth trembled.

Arthur began to explain, slowly and patiently. He told her just how he had wanted to write her but found it hard to put his feelings on paper. He told her of his determination to forestall Baxter's plan to evict the family — just long enough to try to find a way to help the children — and how money seemed the only way. He spoke of Henderson's generosity.

"But why didn't you tell me? You must have felt guilty about it. I just can't see how you could have been so thoughtless of me, and so dishonest. If you'd only told me, I'd have been ready for those cats today. I could have defended myself. As it was, I was helpless!"

She ran from the room sobbing, and into her own bedroom. Later, after he had assembled his dinner from the pots on the stove and had eaten it in miserable silence, Arthur went up and knocked on his

wife's door. She was still crying. "I don't want to talk to you," she said through the door.

Later in the evening he made a final effort to talk to her, and succeeded only in arousing fresh tears. He went to bed in a completely unhappy state of mind, knowing that he had made a mess of the whole affair and had little or no chance of bringing things right again. It was a hot night, and he slept only between long periods of moist wakefulness.

The next morning when Arthur came downstairs he found Clara in the kitchen preparing breakfast. She acknowledged his presence with a curt nod, and Arthur knew that conversation was out of the question for the moment. He turned the radio on, and was rewarded with the heavy humor of a morning cheer artist. The Coxes sat down to breakfast in silence, each avoiding the eyes of the other. Several times during the meal Arthur felt impelled to reopen the discussion. After all, he'd be in the office within an hour and would have to explain what he had done about Henderson's plan. But each time it occurred to him to speak, Arthur thought better of it after a glance at his wife's tense face. He could not risk losing the torrent again.

Just as Arthur had finished his coffee the doorbell rang. Baxter stood on the steps, dressed in an old sweater and a pair of khaki trousers. His long face wore a smile. "Mind if I come in?" he asked. "I've got some hot news."

Arthur motioned him in, introduced him to Clara, and waved him to a chair. Baxter elaborately drew out a cigarette and took his time lighting it. "Well," he said, "I've got rid of my biggest headache. The Koontzes are gone!"

Arthur's mind reacted sluggishly. "Gone?" he repeated, conscious of the inadequacy of his reply. Clara watched him closely, no hint of her feelings in her expression.

"Picked up bag and baggage!" Baxter declared. "I got a call at six-thirty from Mrs. Anderson. She said that there was a van at the Koontz house. I came right over, and there was an old truck that looked ready to fall apart, and a couple of tough-looking monkeys carrying furniture out. The woman

was in the house throwing dishes and things into boxes. You never saw such a mess. She busted about one out of every three. The kids were running around like mad, having a high old time."

Baxter crossed his legs and leaned back in the chair, obviously enjoying himself. Arthur kept silent, knowing that anything he said would be inadequate. Clara's face was beginning to relax.

"I went after the woman for what she owes me," Baxter went on. "She just kept heaving stuff into boxes. Said she had no money. So I tried to hold some of the furniture. There were a couple of pretty good pieces she bought when she was flush. But the two tough characters just ignored me and went right on carrying it out. I knew I couldn't lick the two of them alone, so I went back home, got my car out, changed a flat tire, and beat it down to the police station. By the time I got one of those fat loafers down there interested enough to call a prowler car in, it was too late. When I got back to the house the truck was gone and there wasn't anything in the house but busted furniture, old clothing, and a wagonload of trash. But they're out of the house, and that's the main thing." Baxter paused.

"Didn't she pay you any rent in the last week?" Arthur asked.

"Not a dime. Though I did hear that some kind neighbor slipped her some dough to help her out." Baxter got up. "Like I said, Mr. Cox, it's no use trying to help people like that. They're just not worth it."

When Baxter had gone Arthur turned to his wife. "Well, that's that," he said wearily.

Clara's anger was gone, but she looked pale and drawn. "It's all for the best," she answered, and went back to the kitchen.

"All for the best." The tires on the bus seemed to beat out the words as Arthur went to town that morning, and he heard them echoing all day long.

When he came home at the end of the day he noticed that a crew of men was already at work cleaning up the Koontz house, removing the blemish from the face of the community. Strangely, it relieved him to see them at it.



THE NEW ENGLAND SCENE, 1814-1821

Passages from a Journal of Eliza Susan Quincy

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

1

PRESIDENT Josiah Quincy of Harvard had five daughters, who might have been called the Articulate Sisters. What they were called in the small circle through which they became known to me was simply "The Aunts" — or, more suitably for members of my generation, "The Great-Aunts." How voluble they were in speech must now be a matter of surmise for all but a handful of living persons. Their articulateness in the written word stands proved beyond question in the profuse journals of which they were the inveterate writers. No fewer than seven books of these abundant diaries of the second, third, and fourth decades of the nineteenth century lie temptingly before me.

What the sisters wrote, with no thought of years to come, throws a fresh light on the daily lives of a vanished time, and thereby acquires something of historic importance. I cannot think that their shades would object to the copying and printing of certain passages, especially those concerned with public rather than private persons and events. It should be said, by the way, that before any of these manuscript pages were transmitted to posterity some passages, surely of the mildest indiscretion, were either cut out or so thoroughly inked out that no straining of curious eyes can decipher them.

The eldest of the five sisters was Eliza Susan Quincy, born in 1798, and it is solely from her journals that the following passages are taken. During the period they cover, her father, after eight years in the national House of Representatives, was serving in the state Senate of Massachusetts. The mayoralty of Boston and the presidency of Harvard were soon to follow. His daughter Susan, by far the most articulate of the five sisters, the scholar and family recorder, collaborated with her father in many of his writings and was untiringly productive on her own account with pen and pencil, for her drawings no less than her writings bore witness to

her zeal as a faithful annalist of what she saw, heard, and thought.

The surviving traces of her industry are innumerable. She was proud of her handwriting, and two manuscript volumes, which she presented late in her life to the Massachusetts Historical Society, beautifully, faultlessly, written, and illustrated by many drawings of her own, hardly distinguishable from the engravings of her day, show good reason for the pride. That none should miss the real grounds for it, she wrote in the first of these volumes a note certifying that, with the exception of the autographs inserted, every word in both the volumes was written by her own hand between 1820 and 1870. Through that whole period of fifty years her script was of a perfect unity.

Her passion for recording found one of its outlets in the writing of descriptive labels on pieces of china, furniture, and other objects. But for this zeal of hers I could not copy from a note on the back of a picture now facing me — a framed engraving of Benjamin West's painting "The Battle of the Boyne" — the following bit of record signed "E.S.Q. January 8, 1879": —

This print was purchased in Boston in 1802, by Josiah Quincy, and hung in the drawing room, in his house in Pearl Street, Boston, when it was removed to the dining room of his house in Quincy. The first of October, 1825, President J. Q. Adams dined here, with Stuart the artist, who looked at the picture with interest and said, "I was studying with West when he painted that picture, and I had to lie on the floor for hours to be painted as Marshall Schomberg, — at last West said 'Are you dead, Stuart?' I replied, 'Only half, sir,' which was true, for the stiffness of the armour almost deprived me of sensation. Then I had to sit for hours on an old horse of the King's for King William."

The house at Quincy in which Stuart related this reminiscence of Benjamin West's London studio was built in 1770 by President Quincy's grandfather, Colonel Josiah Quincy, the first of a long series of Josiahs. The capture of a Spanish treasure-ship during King George's War by an armed merchant vessel of which he was a part owner was what a nine-

Historian and biographer who won the Pulitzer Prize with his book *Barrett Wendell and His Letters* (1924), M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE has recently been editing the journals of the daughters of President Josiah Quincy of Harvard. A resulting book, *The Articulate Sisters*, will be published this year by the Harvard University Press. Here is a small portion of it.

teenth-century descendant called "the prosperous occasion of his withdrawing from business." His generous abode stood in that part of Braintree that came to be called Quincy. There he lived the life of a country squire, sportsman, militia colonel, and public servant. Benjamin Franklin was among those who visited him there, and it was in a letter from Passy to this Quincy friend that Franklin wrote: "In my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace."

In this house, now maintained by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, the sisters wrote countless pages of their journals. The manuscript volume from which the following passages were taken is labeled "Extracts from Old Journals by E.S.Q., of no interest to anyone but the immediate members of her family — her three remaining sisters." This note appears to have been written in 1871. Members of her family did not agree with this limiting estimate of the Journals, for both a brother and a nephew drew upon them for the printing of passages of special interest.

Between the dates of 1814, when Eliza Susan Quincy was only sixteen years old, and 1821, she recorded an astonishing number of social and domestic happenings, noting from time to time the books she was reading, Rollin, Gibbon, Maria Edgeworth, Paley's *Evidences*, *Paradise Lost*, the Greek tragedies in translation, sermons, especially on Sundays when a favorite minister did not "preach all day" — everything, in fact, which a young *bas bleu* of her day would find congenial. With all this, with balls and simpler parties, with streams of visiting and visited friends to mention, there are such entries as that of March 8, 1816: "Saturday employed in cutting out a set of shirts for my father." Mind and hand seem to have been kept equally busy. The "Extracts" are not always literal copies from the "Old Journals," but it is easy to identify the bits of retrospect inserted in later years.

When the pages now to be drawn upon began, the War of 1812 was on the point of ending. The young writer's father, a Federalist opponent of Jefferson, was no longer in Congress. President John Adams, a Quincy neighbor and kinsman, and his son John Quincy Adams, already conspicuous in public life, appear frequently upon the scene. Another President, Monroe, visits Boston and Quincy, and for a moment the "high Federalist's" antagonism to him seems happily forgotten. In these and other particulars the following passages will speak for themselves — though merely as specimens from a large body of material.

2

AN ENTRY of October 15, 1814, reported Mrs. John Adams reading a letter from her son John Quincy, "in which he said there was no prospect of peace" — to end what has long been called the

War of 1812. On February 12, 1815, the talk of "several Sunday evening visitors, including Noah Webster," was noted, with the final words, "and the gentlemen agreed there was no prospect of the war with England ending — for a long time to come." The record of the very next day shows how greatly mistaken the most learned gentlemen may be. Josiah P. Quincy's chapter, "Social Life in Boston," in Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston*, drew upon his aunt's original journal for her story of the coming of peace in 1815. With the modifications found in the "Extracts" it is repeated here after more than sixty years — if only for contrast with the remembered celebrations of victory in 1918 and 1945.

Monday, February 13, 1815. — After breakfast, my father was writing in the drawing room and my mother and I and my little sister were pursuing our usual employment about 9 o'clock. We heard the bell of the Old South, and of the Federal St. Church, begin to ring and thought it was fire, when Eliza Cabot burst into the room exclaiming. — "Mrs. Quincy! — do you know what those bells are ringing for? — Peace! Peace!" Uttering these words as if the last she could ever speak, she sank into a chair. We thought she had lost her senses, and called my father, who rushed out to learn the truth of the glad intelligence. He soon confirmed the joyful news and said the whole town was in an uproar, cannons firing, drums beating, bells ringing. We ordered the carriage, or rather the sleigh, and drove from the South end to the North. In State St. you might have walked on the people's heads and all were crowded — gentlemen shaking hands and congratulating each other, ladies and women running wildly about. In the Main Street we met a military company, followed by three sleds filled with sailors each drawn by fifteen horses. A man on the front of each with the word Peace! in capital letters on his hat, hurraing as they went, and cheered by the crowds around. Flags were generally displayed, and even suspended across the streets. The joy of the poorer classes of society who had suffered most from the war was very touching. Altogether it was a scene and a day never to be forgotten by anyone who enjoyed it. The gentlemen of Boston decided to defer the public celebration until official intelligence from Washington could be received. An oratorio, an illumination, and a public ball were then to take place.

Wednesday 22. — The oratorio in celebration of Peace, was performed in the morning at the Stone [King's] Chapel. We obtained seats on the altar [of all places!] and were joined by Mrs. S. G. Perkins and her two daughters. The house was crowded, the music and services appropriate, and the presence of several British Officers in full uniform, gave an ocular demonstration that Peace had come.

After the services we went to the balcony of the house of Mrs. Lowell sen., in Colonnade Row, opposite the Mall to see the Procession pass. It was

headed by my father as President of the Washington Benevolent Society, followed by the numerous members, and representatives of all the Trades drawn on sleds with appropriate Standards, and carrying their tools. The bricklayers were building a house — they broke their bricks and worked busily. The carpenters were erecting a temple of peace. The printers worked a small press, struck off handbills, announcing peace, and threw them among the crowd. The bakers, hatters, papermakers, block-makers, etc., etc., had each their appropriate insignia. They went from the State House to the South end, then to the North and were dismissed in State St.

At six o'clock that evening we drove in the sleigh all over the town to see the illumination of all the public edifices and of many private houses, and then went to the house of Mr. D. D. Rogers next the State House, which was also illuminated. The fire works chiefly consisted of rockets thrown from the roof of the State House, which was decorated with transparencies, and on each side of the pediment was a Pine Tree and a Star in the centre all formed of fireworks, and as the Star exploded the word Peace, appeared in the centre. Many houses in Roxbury and on the Brookline hills, and the steeple of Roxbury church were illuminated and bonfires blazed on several hills.

The whole celebration passed off without accident and was highly successful, and we were gratified that it was so, especially as my father had the chief direction.

Thursday 23. — In the evening we drove to Concert Hall to attend the Peace Ball. As I was not yet seventeen, I had some hesitation about going to a public ball, but the occasion overcame my scruples.

My dress on this important occasion was a sheer dotted muslin skirt trimmed with three rows of plaited white satin ribbon an inch wide, the waist or bodice of white satin, was also trimmed with plaited satin ribbon, and white lace round the neck, a bouquet, gold ornaments, chain, etc., and my hair which was long and profuse, in braids, bandeau and curls.

The Mall was decorated with transparencies from the State House, representing pillars between the windows — the building illuminated within and without and decorated with flags, and flowers, etc., etc. The effect was beautiful. The band played as we entered, stationed in a balcony above. A high seat surrounded the floor of the hall on which my mother and I secured seats with Mrs. S. G. Perkins and her daughter and Mrs. R. Sullivan and had much amusement in observing the company.

Several British Officers in full uniform were actively employed in flirting and dancing not in the most graceful manner, but still seemed favorite partners among the young ladies. The Hall being built chiefly for a ball room, the floor was elastic and had a springing motion I never saw equalled.

I danced several cotillions, contrary to my expect-

tations, as I was acquainted with few of the beaux of the day. And toward the end of the evening Col. W. H. Sumner one of the managers, requested the honor of my hand in a contra-danse. To dance with a Manager was then a distinction, and had the advantage of placing his partner at the head of any contra-danse selected. The Colonel who was a tall man and much of a flourish in manner led me through all the sets, just formed, to the other end of the hall, and placing ourselves at the head of the dance, we went down it with great animation, and then left our associates to walk up at their leisure, probably not much to their satisfaction. But the Manager must be obeyed, and I was escorted back to my party, and after supper returned home, after a most amusing evening.

The relief and excitement given by the restoration of Peace did not pass away with the celebration. And Mr. Channing actually preached a sermon to remind his hearers that although Peace had come, they were not secure from other trials.

3

HENRY BROMFIELD, encountered in the following entry, was an elderly relative of President Quincy's mother. The arrival at his house in Harvard followed visits to friends — the Higginsons and the Cleveland — at Bolton and Lancaster.

September, 1816. — After leaving the beautiful valley of Lancaster a short drive brought us to Harvard, and we approached the old mansion of Mr. Bromfield surrounded by venerable elm trees. He was standing at the door as we drove down the avenue and welcomed us with great kindness, took us into his parlour, surrounded by fine engravings, views of Rome by Panini, Charles the 1st's children by Vandyke engraved by L'Estrange [in error for Sir Roger Strange], etc., etc. A beaufet filled with old China and plate opened beside the fireplace. A number of books lay on the tables and window seats, the first edition of the Spectator, and other contemporary volumes. Uncle Bromfield accompanied us on a walk to see his estate. The house is situated in a valley surrounded by hills covered with woods now brilliant with autumnal tints, sloping gently to the borders of a beautiful lake, with islands also covered with trees, all in full view from the house, which is of three stories surrounded by elms just beginning to decay from age. On one side the elms form an avenue to the high road, on another an avenue to the village burying-ground terminated by a pretty arched gate. This avenue gave my father the idea of planting ours at Quincy when he was a young man at college. Later in the morning I wandered with my mother up the avenue, the trees forming a complete arch over our heads. We paused at the gate to look back at the house, when its door opened and Uncle Bromfield in his red cloak

and cocked hat, on the top of a wig, came out and advanced toward us. It was a complete picture of past times. He opened the gate, invited us to walk into the burying-ground and read many of the inscriptions on the monuments. After dinner Abby and I again wandered to the lake and the avenue, and the evening was passed in hearing Uncle Bromfield describe his visit to London in 1750. — the year '50, as he called it.

Summer St. with him was Seven Star Lane, our opposite neighbor he inquired after as *young Harry Hill!* — and King and Queen Streets were mentioned. The chamber assigned to my sister and myself was large, the walls covered with a paper ornamented with figures of Turks and furnished with old fashioned heavy furniture. We thought of the green room at Monkbarne and almost expected a spectral visitor. But no strange mysterious dream disturbed us until the great clock struck seven and we awoke to a bright sun, illuminating the windows. After breakfast we took leave of Uncle Bromfield who [was] unwilling to part with us, and begged us to prolong our visit. We took an affectionate farewell, thanking him for his hospitality and kindness. He followed the carriage to say some last words, and then stood at his door watching us till we were out of sight. We cast many lingering looks on the old mansion, its master and the beautiful lake sparkling in the rays of the morning sun. The cool sequestered vale of life, we left to return to the active bustling world.

When President Monroe came to Boston in July, 1817, he could hardly have forgotten that on January 5, 1813, while Monroe was Secretary of State, Josiah Quincy, still a Member of Congress, made a violent speech in the House against the invasion of Canada, with special condemnation of Monroe himself.

Wednesday, July 2, 1817. — Drove to Boston to see the entrance of President Monroe. On the neck we met Col. T.H. Perkins at the head of a cavalcade of gentlemen going out to receive the President at the Boston and Roxbury line. We went to the house of I. P. Davis who resides in Boylston St. (about where the City Library stands, in 1871) fronting on the Common.

The President had passed the preceding night at Mr. Dowse's at Dedham. The children of the Schools were drawn up in two lines on the Common, ending just opposite the house, and the carriage of the President passed between them — with his escort. Mr. Davis' house was full of company, and we had a most amusing morning.

3, *Thursday.* — My father brought us invitations from Mrs. H. G. Otis to a great party they give to the President on Saturday eve.

5, *Saturday Eve.* — With my father and mother to Mrs. Otis's party. The windows of the house were all open and as we waited in Beacon St. for the

carriage to get up to the door we had a view of the apartments — three drawing rooms opening into each other. Mrs. Otis received us at the door of the third, a room with a bow in the garden, toward Mr. Sears's house.¹ The company were assembled when suddenly the door of the bow room was thrown open and Mr. Otis in a loud voice said, —

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the U. S."

A band struck up on the balcony toward the garden from which a flight of rockets ascended. Mr. Monroe, a very plain unassuming gentleman entered, — but from his official station, "to him each ladies [*sic*] look was lent, on him each politician's eye was bent." Mrs. Otis received him and he sat on the sofa beside her for a few minutes, and then Mr. Otis came for Mrs. Quincy and introduced her, Mrs. Otis gave her the place next Mr. Monroe, and then the other ladies were successively introduced and, I had also that honor, of being named by Mr. Otis, whose manners are admirably adapted to such an occasion. The crowd was great both within and without the mansion. I passed a most amusing evening, walking about the rooms, talking to the beaux and belles and listening to Mr. Monroe's conversation, with my father and mother, and I stood next Mrs. Otis when the President took leave.

We drove home to Quincy after a most delightful party.

6, *Sunday.* — Drove to Boston to Mr. Channing's Church. When we entered the congregation were standing singing a Hymn. Col. Perkins, whose pew was the second before ours, on seeing us started out of his pew and opened the door of ours for Mrs. Quincy, and stood until we had entered. The people all looked round, thinking I believe the President was coming. We dined at our house, and in the afternoon went to church again. The President was there in Col. Perkins' pew — Mr. Channing gave a fine sermon on Patriotism and general benevolence. We thought this was the last time we should see Mr. Monroe, but were mistaken.

7, *Monday.* — My father returned from Boston at two o'clock to go to Mr. Adams' to dine with the President. He said many of the gentlemen would come here after the dinner and that he should invite the President to come also. We arranged the rooms with flowers, and soon received a note saying the President had accepted Mrs. Quincy's invitation, and he came home to receive him. The farm looked beautiful and about five o'clock the President, carriage and four, drove down the avenue followed by his suite and a long train of carriages. Commodore Perry, General Swift, and Mr. Mason, Mr. Monroe's Secretary, were his attendants.

They were followed by Governor Brooks and his aids, Lt. Gov. Phillips, President Adams, Dr. Kirkland, Mr. H. G. Otis, Mr. James Lloyd, Mr. Wm.

¹ An early picture of the Sears house, now enlarged and occupied by the Somerset Club, shows a former bow-windowed end of the Otis house, now occupied by the Boy Scouts of America.

Gray, Gen. Sumner, Commodore Bainbridge, other naval officers and a long list of etc., etc. — and Rev. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Colman. My mother received the company in the dining room, the front drawing room being too small for such an assembly. Mr. Monroe is very plain and simple in dress and manner very kind and cordial. He shook hands with all of us and when seated on the sofa beside Mrs. Quincy, said as he looked out over the Bay, — “Well, this is quite refreshing.” But very soon Commodore Perry came and proposed a walk over the farm, and out they all went to the great barn where the Oakes cow and her calf were introduced. Mr. Monroe mounted on the fence to look at the carrot field and regretted he had not time to go down to the salt works.

When Mr. Monroe returned to the house Mrs. Quincy said she feared Mr. Quincy had fatigued him, but he replied, “Oh, no, I am much interested in farming operations, all my property is in land.”

Little Anna brought him a rose, at first he did not see her. When he did he exclaimed “Oh, my dear child” and took her up and kissed her.

Mr. Colman brought him a beautiful bunch of red and white roses from the ladies at Mr. Adams'. Mrs. Quincy said, — The red and white rose, — York and Lancaster united. — I hope this is a good omen, Mr. President. “I hope so too, Madam,” was his reply. I had some conversation with Commodore Perry, who is very handsome and pleasing, with Gov. Brooks, who is a perfect gentleman, of the old school, and many other gentlemen who were all very animated and pleasant. The President's barouche kept driving round the grounds during the hour he stayed, — at length he said he must depart, — after taking a cup of coffee. He again shook hands with each of us ladies and bade Mr. Adams an affectionate farewell.

A President of the U. S. taking leave of such a distinguished predecessor, a last farewell, was a very interesting scene. They stood between the dining and drawing rooms, just where the door now opens on the piazza. The whole visit was very pleasant. Mr. Colman was in raptures and said after the company departed, “I never desire to be happier than I have been to-day.”

Few readers of the *Atlantic* are likely to have seen the following passage copied from Miss Susan Quincy's journal for printing in the “Transactions of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts 1900-1902.” There, it appeared, with other material, in an article, “An Excursion on the Middlesex Canal, 1817.” This canal, twenty-seven miles in length, which connected East Chelmsford, now Lowell, with Charlestown, was opened in 1803. Besides bringing the products of interior New England to the sea, it appears clearly to have had also its social uses — illustrating here the power of endurance in the pursuit of pleasure by an older generation.

Friday, July 18, 1817, — Set off early my mother,

Catherine [Eliot], Abby, and myself in the carriage, my father, Margaret and Sophia in his gig. We drove to a place in Charlestown on the Middlesex Canal. We found a large party of friends we had been invited to join, already in one of the canal boats. They were the families of Mr. and Mrs. Richard & William Sullivan, Mrs. George Sullivan, two of her younger sisters, Jane and Ann Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Webster, Mr. John Sullivan, a superintendent of the Canal who arranged this charming party. Olivia Buckminster, — George B. Emerson & S. May, two collegians, — and some other young men.

We proceeded up the Canal, passed through several locks, — the banks were beautiful, passing through the grounds of Mr. P. C. Brooks. — and along the banks of several beautiful ponds or rather lakes, until we arrived on the bank of the largest, denominated the Lake of the Woods, surrounded by hills covered with trees and a beautiful wooded island. There our party disembarked, & as we wound our way to a Pavilion, situated on the finest point of view, strains of music floated over the lake and a boat emerged from the island, — and rowed toward the shore. The musicians landed and, followed by a long procession of children, advanced to an eminence situated between the canal and the lake & commanding a complete view of both. There the grass had been cut and the ground levelled, under an awning, — and here the whole party assembled. The children danced, the band played. The ladies and gentlemen either looked on, or wandered on the banks of the lake.

The scene was diversified by a canal boat full of passengers coming down the canal from the Merrimac, & exchanging salutations as they passed on toward Boston. After an hour or two a march was played and the company walked in procession to the Pavilion where a collation was prepared. Walking and dancing was again resumed, and late in the afternoon we bade a reluctant farewell to the lovely scene, & again descended the Canal & the Locks we had passed in the morning, the band playing & the gentlemen & the ladies now and then singing songs. We again disembarked in a wood, through the shade of which we walked to the banks of another lake. Some of the ladies expressed a wish for some water lillies. Mr. Webster said “If I was a young man the ladies should not ask for those flowers in vain.” On which Mr. Fessendon and Mr. Sam. May dashed into the lake and, wading about, gathered a great number of lillies brought them to shore and distributed them, at a great risk of their health, as they were obliged to wear their wet clothes the rest of the afternoon. Fortunately they were attired in black silk or stuff pantaloons which were not injured in appearance. Mrs. Quincy thought it was very wrong in Mr. Webster to make such a speech, — it caused the young men to run such a risk. We walked farther up the bank of the lake, my mother seated herself on the stump of a

tree. C. Eliot and I and some of the gentlemen placed ourselves at her feet & she sang several songs. A return to the boat was sounded and we marched through the wood to the tune of "How sweet through the woodlands." We paused again to take coffee, — and it was delightful floating down the Canal. The sun set, the moon rose, the band played, and the gentlemen sang songs, — until we arrived at the place of embarkation in Charlestown where the carriages were in waiting, and after leaving C. Eliot at her father's house in Tremont House [for Street?] Boston, we returned to Quincy.

4

THE passages in the remainder of this paper are concerned chiefly with the social life of the time and region. In all this, President John Adams and his family, as neighbors and kinsfolk, naturally played an important part. The recorded activities were not confined to the town of Quincy. One entry carries the reader to Pine Bank, the Perkins place on Jamaica Pond, more recently the site of the Children's Museum.

Tuesday, August 19, 1817. — We saw a chaise drive up and to our surprise found it contained Mr. Adams and his son Mr. J. Q. Adams who has just returned. My mother went to the door to receive them, and as they stood together in the porch, Mr. Adams said, "Here, Mrs. Quincy, I have brought you my son, who was lost but now is found." My mother replied, "But not a Prodigal son, Mr. Adams." It was very pleasant to see these gentlemen together, and the delight of the elder at the return of his son, — who only arrived yesterday, and came here before my father had visited him. He looked well and conversed on the affairs of Europe, Bonaparte, Waterloo, etc. The ladies here were much pleased to have this opportunity of seeing Mr. J. Q. Adams. The two gentlemen staid late.

The "Mr. Daggett" who figures in the following passage was obviously David Daggett, Connecticut Federalist, who became Kent Professor of Law at Yale and Chief Justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors.

July 2, 1818. — Mr. Webster and Mr. Daggett came to breakfast. The latter is an eminent Connecticut lawyer, tall, awkward, stiff, narrow in his views, said to be a wit, — but displayed none. The uncommon talents for which Daniel Webster is distinguished are indicated by a countenance which at first view is not prepossessing. But when he speaks, the varied and expressive tones of his voice, and the piercing intelligence of his eye, command admiration. He conversed chiefly on historical subjects, and said to me, "Miss Quincy, I advise you to read Clarendon's History and Barnet's Own Times. You

will find them in your father's library, and there is a great deal in them which will interest you."

After breakfast when the chaises came to the door to take the gentlemen to visit Mr. Adams, Mr. Quincy said, "You will lead the way, Mr. Webster, with Mr. Daggett, and I will soon follow." "I think I can make a better arrangement than that," replied Mr. Webster, "Come Miss Quincy, suppose you bring your bonnet and go with me, and your father shall drive Mr. Daggett." Continuing the tone of the preceding conversation during the drive, I asked his opinion of the comparative talents of John and John Quincy Adams. To the first he gave the superiority in original power of intellect — to the last in immense acquisitions of knowledge on all subjects.

I then said, "Do you think John Quincy Adams will be the next President of the U. S.?" "No man can answer that question. But his chance is good, his qualifications preëminent." Mr. Webster now became lost in thought. The prospects of another Secretary of State, of another candidate for the Presidency, evidently rose before his mental vision. His eye flashed. His brow darkened, and I watched with intense interest the manifestations of a mighty Intelligence. The moments I thus sat beside him, were never to be forgotten. It was Mr. Webster looking forward on his brilliant, — but alas, — not unclouded career. [Evidently a comment of later years.] Driving rapidly he soon reached the Adams mansion, fastened his horse at the gate, lifted me from the carriage, and gave me his arm in silence. And when we entered the drawing room of Mrs. Abigail Adams, she was seated on a sofa, with a large basket beside her. Faithful to her education as a thrifty New England housewife, she was overlooking the garments of her family, just come from the laundry, when Mr. Webster was presented to her for the first time. Mr. Adams was seated near her at a table reading aloud.

It was a meeting of three historical characters which I have always remembered with great interest. Mr. Quincy and Mr. Daggett soon appeared, & after a short visit Mr. Webster said he had an engagement in Boston, and departed to show his companion the view from Milton Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams were much interested and excited by the appearance and countenance of Webster, especially Mrs. Adams who now saw him for the first time. She requested me to remain, & pass the day with her, and I have ever regretted I did not accept her invitation. It was the last summer of her eventful life & such a visit would have given much that was interesting to remember. Although she was exceedingly kind to me I never felt at ease with her, as I did with Mr. Adams. — and I returned home with my father.

Friday, August 14, 1818. — Prepared our dresses for a party at Mr. J. Perkins', in the afternoon. Before we set off for Brookline Mr. Sparks and

Lyman Buckminster came from Cambridge. About sunset we, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, Miss Morton [a New York cousin] and myself arrived at Pine Bank, the beautiful villa of Mr. James Perkins on a peninsula in Jamaica Lake. . . . [The party ended with an animated dance of "several cotillions."] My partners were Stephen Cabot, Wm. H. Gardiner, Wm. H. Prescott, and Mr. Aquira, the Spaniard. — all very agreeable. We staid till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 O'clock, and then, to the surprise and terror of Mr. Aquira, drove home 9 miles by moonlight. "Why Miss Quincy, are you not afraid of robbers! — & I don't believe your father has even a sword to defend you!"

Notwithstanding the apprehension of the Spaniard, we arrived safely at Quincy after a beautiful moonlight drive & a romantic party which will always survive in "Memory's rich domain."

Thursday, October 28, 1818. — Our excellent friend Mrs. Abigail Adams died today. For several days we had given up all hope of her recovery, but this preparation did not render the event less affecting to us all. Her place can never be filled in society. Advanced as she was in life, that life was never more useful and valuable to those around her than when she cheerfully resigned it. For many days she was unable to converse with her friends. But the day before her death she sent for Mr. Adams, and had a long conversation with him, — said she was resigned and willing to depart, and entreated him to support their separation with firmness and evince his Faith, — by fortitude on her loss.

When our privileges are withdrawn we feel as if we had not justly estimated their value, — but I shall ever remember with gratitude that of having enjoyed the society and friendship of this excellent and remarkable woman, — and notwithstanding the differences in our ages, I have in some degree appreciated the advantages to be derived from her experienced conversation. Her place is in History — she will never be forgotten.

5

MISS SUSAN QUINCY did not carry her "Extracts from Old Journals" beyond 1821. One entry of that year should be rescued for present use. It touches on a subject that has been much discussed — the authorship of Washington's *Farewell Address*. The "Old Journal" refers to it as "General Washington's Legacy, as it is termed." So indeed it was, for in three of its earliest printings, in 1796, it was entitled *The Legacy of the Father of his Country*, and *America's Legacy*, and *Columbia's Legacy*.

The contention of Alexander Hamilton's widow that he wrote the famous document led to much controversy. Published correspondence between Washington and Hamilton shows quite clearly that Hamilton bore a large part in its preparation. Pre-

cisely how much he did to it may never be known, nor yet whether his widow, who gave him full credit for it, or Timothy Pickering, of Washington's cabinet, who regarded Hamilton in all this matter as more an editor than a creator, came nearer to the fact of the matter. The presumption — which is fortified by varied bits of evidence — is in Pickering's favor.

Tuesday, January 16, 1821. — Col. Pickering called. He gave us an account of Gen. Washington. My mother asked his opinion on the question of the authorship of Gen. Washington's *Legacy*, as it is termed. Mrs. Hamilton in her late visit here had asserted that her husband had left a copy of that paper in his own hand writing among his M.S.S., and a number of original letters had been found all tending to prove that he was the author of "The Legacy". Colonel Pickering said that General Washington had laid the first draft of that paper before him as Secretary of State, and before the other members of his Cabinet, and that he did not believe that General Hamilton did more than alter it and perhaps throw it into a new form. He said he did not think General Washington was great as a Statesman, but that he had the discernment and magnanimity to be sensible of his deficiencies and to avail himself of the counsels of others, — and patriotism which induced him to sacrifice everything, and to risk all for the good of his country.

Colonel Pickering is a great egotist and has a most exalted opinion of himself, probably well founded. Col. Pickering looks like an old Roman, has nothing of the weakness of old age about him, and is as firm and alert as a young man. He talked on for two hours notwithstanding the interruptions of five or six other visitors, saying at last, "Mrs. Quincy, you have been so long a diplomatist that I know you can understand me, as well as Mr. Quincy would." He at length departed having an engagement with the Governor.

Did Miss Susan Quincy's pen fall idle after 1821? By no means. Up to the end of her life, in 1884, it was incessantly busy, not only in collaboration with her father but in various biographical and historical studies of her own. Her interests ranged wide and far. See, for example, in an old collection of autographs, the number of letters from Maria Edgeworth in a correspondence begun by Miss Quincy; and also the letters from Admiral Francis Austen, who responded to her request for a scrap of his sister's writing by forwarding a long letter in Jane Austen's own script and following it up with an extended correspondence.

Both her interests and the fashion of her dealing with them were essentially of the time to which she belonged. What wonder that members of her family, in a later generation not yet extinct, have greeted many new inventions, new manners, and new freedoms with "What *would* Aunt Susan say?"



AN ATLANTIC STORY

BUTTONHOLES

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

NEARLY fifty years ago, in a college town beside a pleasant river back East, there lived an angular, apologetic woman, and silent, whose calling in life was the working of buttonholes. Miss Sheila Smink worked buttonholes every day of her life except Sunday, for two cents a buttonhole, and it was by this means that she kept her old mother, a wisp of a woman who seemed always to have been old, quite as Sheila Smink seemed never to have been young.

So many years have passed with the flow of the river since Miss Smink, as everyone called her, worked her last buttonhole, that we need not feel sorry for her now, any more than folks did when she worked buttonholes for them — and, besides, there were certain sorts of buttonholes, such as the carefully corded ones in broadcloth coats, for which Sheila Smink received five cents apiece. But in spite of this her pale nose was forever near to her needle.

How dear it was to Sheila Smink, when she thought of her appointed task, and the number of buttonholes which constituted a day, to know that when people spoke of her and her craftsmanship they said, "Miss Smink's buttonholes will outwear the garment." This presents to fancy a vast array of garmentless buttonholes, marching and countermarching, perhaps playing croquet or stooping to prayer; but when it was said, it approximated the truth. An awareness of it enabled Sheila Smink to snip off a thread as smartly as ever when her back ached and her shy pale-blue eyes were more than ever like frightened

skim milk. If ever you have written a great poem or constructed an Odd Fellows' block, you will know how the buttonhole maker felt when they praised her. It seemed then to Miss Smink that life had its significance.

A buttonhole specialist in those times, when there were neither snaps nor zippers, had only hooks-and-eyes to compete with, and most women favored buttons, an abundance of buttons, with a buttonhole for each. Most of the waists buttoned all the way down the back. These were prolific of two-cent rewards. What a windfall! But some of the goods would be fine, sheer organdy, and even in Miss Smink's skilled hands this fabric fought with the buttonhole maker.

By the simplest of calculations you will know how many buttonholes Miss Smink worked to earn a dollar. Luck was with her, however, as it was with her mother, for the house in which they lived was their own, and there were only the taxes. There were only the taxes because Sheila Smink found, in her years of endeavor, that she never could work quite enough buttonholes to afford to have the house painted. We shall be reconciled to this, if she wasn't, — though she did not complain, — for the house was more buttonhole factory than home.

Yet it was home, nevertheless, and a rose crept over the front-porch lattice, and there were two rockers on the porch, and at the gate stood a clump of syringa which in its season was a great comfort to Sheila Smink. A great comfort — and at times a sore trial.

In good times and bad times there was always a demand for well-worked buttonholes, and Miss Smink had reason to thank Providence, as she did, for its concern over her well-being. There were so many buttonholes to make that now and then the members of the Ladies' Aid, when planning a church sociable,

As a small boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first whiff of printer's ink and much of his education in his father's print shop. He knows the Northwest in and out, and the sketches and short stories which he contributes to the *Portland Oregonian* — one of which we reprint here — are in Western accents as authentic as Bret Harte's.

were accustomed to raise and dismiss the question of Sheila Smink's baking a cake.

"Will Miss Smink have time to bake us a three-layer chocolate cake?" Mrs. J. K. Elmore would ask.

Perhaps it would be Mrs. Frank T. Atkins who would answer, "Goodness, no! Miss Smink has too many buttonholes to make! There's my Susie's party dress, and it must be ready by Tuesday!"

Sometimes it would be somebody's wedding dress that required buttonholes. When they brought her a wedding dress, to work buttonholes, Sheila Smink used to say, "Oh, my! Such beautiful goods! Such nice silk!" She would promise, though nobody ever asked her, to be real careful. But Miss Smink always was careful. And sometimes it would be the ruffled blouse of a small boy, or a frock for a little girl. Then Miss Smink would exclaim, "Oh, isn't it cute!"

2

Is it hard to make buttonholes? If you had made as many thousands of them as Sheila Smink made, at two cents a buttonhole, sometimes five, you wouldn't think it was hard. You would merely see buttonholes, buttonholes, buttonholes before your closed eyes those nights when you couldn't go straight to sleep. Sheila Smink used to wonder whether these were buttonholes she had made or ones she should have to make. She wished they would go away. Sometimes it helped to get out of bed and kneel down again to say her prayers a second time. You may count sheep, but she couldn't because of the buttonholes. When you come to see buttonholes in the sleepless hours, it is easy to make buttonholes in the waking ones. To Sheila Smink this was one of the facts of life.

And was she careful! Miss Smink always washed her hands, soaping them heavily, before she put on a fresh apron over her dress and sat down to work buttonholes. From her waist there dangled conveniently three strips of ribbon, clustered, and each bore a property of her calling. One ribbon tethered her buttonhole scissors, the second her emery pad,

fashioned like a strawberry, with which to sharpen a tired needle, and the third a beeswax lump for the thread. Somehow, when Miss Smink stood erect, save for the droop of her shoulders, to welcome a buttonhole client, these dangling properties gave her dignity, as though she wore side arms. But you must not misunderstand. Miss Smink was never a figure of mirth to the townspeople of the college town beside the pleasant river. Almost, she herself was institutional.

There goes Miss Smink, hurrying down the street, leaning forward like a schooner's figurehead, with her old straw sailor and her black skirt and blouse, and a carpetbag in one hand. In her long skirts Sheila Smink moved as though she were on rollers. Those times she would be taking a dress back to a patron, its buttonholes finished, or carrying another garment home to her buttonhole factory. Long after dark, if you walked down Elm Street and glanced in at the bay window, you could see Miss Smink bent above her buttonholes.

The syringa was in blossom again — and you know how fragrant it was — the mock orange that grew beside Sheila Smink's front gate; the selfsame syringa which of spring nights cast the last shadow before you came to the arc light where the great beetles were whirling. And mixed with the scent of the syringa was the breathing of lilacs. Footsteps down Elm Street. They stopped in the shadow, and laughter was part of the softness of night. Then silence. Then laughter again, but low, whispering laughter. And silence. Soft silence and the whiteness of the sweet mock orange that cast the last shadow. Footsteps again on the wooden sidewalk. How many a springtime!

From her porch, where she sat in one of the two old rockers, resting her eyes, Sheila Smink watched them, the boy and the girl, walk hand in hand into the unsteady radiance of the arc light. She leaned forward in her rocking chair and watched them cross the street to enter the shadow again. Then Sheila Smink went slowly into the house, her eyes rested by the cool spring darkness, to work more buttonholes.



THE WOLVES AT TETANA

by THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER

I

BRITISH Columbia is supposed to be one of the few places left in North America where the timber wolf still exists in fair-sized numbers. But when we ask the Indians about wolves they all say: —

“By gosh, lots of wolf. Mebbe some day you see him, but not much I think. Wolf very wise, just like man. I think you neber see him in sticks [forest], only open country — sometimes.”

They’ve told us various anecdotes which point to a remarkable intelligence on the part of the wolves: their cleverness in avoiding traps, in hunting moose, how they follow human beings for miles, how they are able to distinguish an armed man from an unarmed one, — with whom they are distinctly bolder, — and so on. Though the Indians respect the wolves, apparently they aren’t much afraid of them. They can cite no cases of men having been attacked by wolves, although wolves sometimes kill their dogs.

As a matter of fact, we have been able to discover no authentic instances in British Columbia, or elsewhere in North America, of wolves having ever attacked man unless the wolves were trapped or cornered, or in rare cases when they were afflicted with rabies. Although they’re primarily flesh eaters, wolves evidently do not like human flesh. Bodies of men who have died in the wilderness are cleaned invariably by maggots and various insects, not by wolves or coyotes.

“Do wolves ever come around Tetana or the Driftwood River?” we asked. “Oh, yes, lots, sometimes. Pretty soon you see tracks, mebbe.”

But it was not until February that we found any fresh signs. Then, as we were taking a snowshoe

ramble a quarter of a mile from the cabin, we came suddenly on new wolf tracks, so big that J., who is familiar with the smaller wolves of the Arctic, whistled loudly. The prints of a single foot measured five to six inches across. The tracks are more numerous now each day. Whether they are made by a few individuals hunting all over this territory, or whether they mean that the actual numbers of wolves are increasing, we have no means of telling. The snow, although much more solid than in December, is still so soft in most places that their long legs sink far below the surface, and it must take considerable strength for them to plow their way through.

A mile and a half northeast of Tetana is Wolf Lake, newly christened by us because it appears to be a favorite haunt of the wolves. It is a deep, narrow little stretch of water, bordered east and west by high hills and cliffs. The hill on the west sticks up from the surrounding country like a giant camel hump and is higher and more open than any other hill within miles. One of our favorite trails leads to the top, where we can look over the whole Driftwood Valley and view six great mountain ranges. The wolves come down the high lake bank on the northeast, making long wide slides in the snowdrifts; their tracks cross and recross the flat lake surface in every direction. They also frequently climb to our pet lookouts on the hill.

Last night, February 15, we heard the love song of the wolf! There had been fresh snow followed by clear sky and a full brilliant moon. Our thermometer stood at 24 below. I proposed a snowshoe hike to Wolf Hill on the chance that we might be able to observe wolves down on the lake. J. scouted the notion of actually seeing them, but the night was so beautiful that he couldn’t resist the idea any more than I could.

We stepped out in a dazzling world. At least a foot of powdery new snow covered the firm six-foot snow level and made ideal snowshoeing. We traveled swiftly and silently through silver glens and black shadows. Our snowshoes kicked up feathery clouds that twinkled like quicksilver. Our breath froze over jackets and caps and hair so that we were dressed from head to toe in white crystals.

A naturalist who took her Ph.D. at Cornell, THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER has studied plant and animal life in Pennsylvania, New Zealand, Fiji, Sumatra, and sub-Arctic Canada. In 1937 she and her husband, who had spent nine years in Arctic Canada as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and later as trapper and explorer, penetrated the Driftwood Valley of north-central British Columbia. With the help of native Indians they built a cabin on Lake Tetana, over two hundred miles from the nearest town. For three years they explored this region, which few white men have seen, and made extensive studies of wildlife. This is the first of two articles drawn from Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher’s notes, which form the basis of her forthcoming book, *Driftwood Valley*.

When we reached the top of Wolf Hill, all below us spread the Driftwood Valley, clear as noontime, lit by the moon for a hundred miles, still and primeval as in the days before the few men who know it now had ever seen it. Belts of dark forest were interspersed with willow swamps which, deeply buried, lay like open fields brushed with gold. To the south the mountains of Takla were faint blue in the distance. The jagged, tumbled Frypans jutted like silver spearheads into the deep amethyst, star-studded sky.

The Driftwoods, our own mountains, lay serene and golden, so close that we could almost reach out and touch them. The glacial-covered range far behind to the west showed distinctly, and the Bear Lake Mountains stood sharp and shining all round the northern horizon. Finally we moved across to the east side where a rock precipice falls down to Wolf Lake, crisscrossed with fresh black tracks, and looked on the miles of forested hills that rise gradually to the rolling Ominecas.

Utter silence, a deathlike hush over the land; and then, from somewhere below, came a sound that made our hearts stand still. Like a breath of wind, rising slowly, softly, clearly to a high, lovely note of sadness and longing; dying down on two distinct notes so low that our human ears could scarcely catch them. It rose and died, again and again. A wolf singing the beauty of the night, singing it as no human voice had ever done, calling on a mate to share the beauty of it with him, to come to him, to love him. Over and over it sang, so tenderly and exquisitely that it seemed as if the voice were calling to me and I could hardly keep from crying. The whole wilderness was musical with it.

After an interval, from far across the eastern hills came a soft, distinct, answering call. Three times more the wolf below us sang and was answered. Gradually the other voice grew nearer and nearer, until we thought that the two must have come together, for the sudden quiet was not broken again.

Then I knew that I was shivering like a leaf and my arm, which J. had been grasping, was almost paralyzed.

J. was saying: "Gad, what luck! What marvelous luck! I've heard wolves howling in India and the Arctic, but I never heard the like of that! Let's go home — if we're not too cold to move."

On the west, Wolf Hill slopes steeply, almost perpendicularly, for several hundred feet and is clear of trees. Spurred to recklessness by the height of our emotions, we did something that we've never dared to do before. We sat on the crossed heels of our snowshoes and tobogganed down the icy slope at terrific speed. Powdered snow flew up in clouds and turned to rainbows where the moon shone through it. That we arrived, unscathed, in a drift below, instead of being smashed to bits against trees, was just a part of the magic of the night.

We reached the warm cabin after midnight, stoked up a roaring fire, and drank scalding cocoa. I hardly

remember getting into bed and to sleep, but all night in my dreams I thought I could hear a wolf calling and singing and sobbing in a voice of exquisite tenderness.

2

BESTIAL is a commonly accepted term used by human beings to describe the very lowest type of human behavior. I dislike this. To say that bad men are like beasts is an insult to the beasts. I doubt whether animals are capable of the rottenness of which some men are capable. Possibly because man has risen higher in his mental powers he is able, therefore, to sink lower. But this greater mental ability, and power to reason, should make low behavior on man's part far less excusable than low behavior in an animal.

The Indians of these regions agree with the scientists who say that in general wolves remain mated for life; a habit of behavior far above that of the domestic dog, which is notably promiscuous, and incidentally above a large percentage of human beings. The male and female wolf may be separated for a time each year, but come together again at the mating season in late winter or spring.

Wolves have been following us, even coming within three hundred yards of the cabin. They use our snowshoe trails and we've found places where they must have stood behind bushes as we went by. Careful examination of their tracks indicates that they were made at the same time ours were, and the Indians, who seem to be almost infallible at trail reading, have confirmed this.

J. finds the power and endurance of the wolves remarkable.¹ Once, for twenty-seven miles, he trailed two wolves that were breaking trail without a stop. Over the first twenty-two miles the bigger tracks were partly obscured by the smaller ones. Then the larger wolf moved to one side, with no perceptible change of pace, and dropped behind the smaller one. The snow was some six feet deep and quite soft. The trail of the wolves was a shallow trough sixteen inches wide and a foot deep, with foot and leg tracks going still deeper. The leading wolf simply pushed its way through.

Wolf tracks are common where snowshoe rabbits are thickest. Sometimes we find places where the wolves have dug up mice or lemmings. But in deep snow, the light snowshoe rabbit can usually evade the heavy wolf. Grouse, too, cannot be stalked easily by an animal that sinks to the belly or lower with every step. The moose, whose weight forces them to travel very slowly with bent forelegs, is the animal that can be hunted by wolves most successfully at this season. We've seen wolf trails leading through the forest near a moose yard where the moose feed on tall dead grasses under thick spruces. Here the ground is sometimes almost bare. Evidently the

¹ "Three Years in the Wolves Wilderness" by John F. Stanwell-Fletcher, *Natural History Magazine*, March, 1942.

moose, as long as they keep in shallow snow, aren't often attacked. When the moose has firm footing, its sharp hoofs are deadly. Though hunting moose at this time must be a necessity for the wolves, it must also be a precarious business.

From a son-in-law of Bear Lake Charlie, J. has bought the skull and skin of a beautiful, large, gray-black dog wolf which the Indian found alive. This wolf, with terrific wounds, broken ribs, and two shattered legs, had stood at bay against a tree surrounded by moose tracks, blood, and moose hair. He had been crippled in a great battle. Although very sick, according to the Indian, he fought his next enemy, the man, fiercely and bravely, never yielding an inch, until a merciful shot at last ended his life.

The Indians have told us of similar cases in which a single wolf has attacked a moose. But in general, the wolves attack in families, outrun the moose, and surround it. They leap at the legs to hamstring them and force the moose down, when they finish it by tearing at the throat. This process has been described to us by Charlie, Sapolio, Michelle, and a plane pilot, all of whom claim to have seen it on open lakes or swamps. It must be a fierce and thrilling business.

On Sapolio's last visit to his trap line (he comes about once a month), he told us that six or eight miles north of Tetana, five moose have been recently killed by wolves. The moose are about a mile apart and very little of them has as yet been eaten. But Sapolio declares that later the wolves will return and finish each one off to the last scrap and bone. He says they never waste any.

One can't feel anger at the wolves. They do not, like sportsmen, kill for the sake of killing, but for food. Unlike man, they apparently never waste meat or kill unless necessary. So far we have not found any instances or heard of any kills which have been made and then neglected. Every scrap of the dead animal, except the fur, is eventually eaten by the wolves. Even the fur is put to good use by squirrels, mice, and birds in nest building.

We have also heard reports of wolf bands having been seen on Bear Lake, and in the open plateau country farther north. Charlie's boys recently saw two packs of wolves crossing Bear Lake. In the first they counted thirty-one; in the other, fifteen.

Scientists disagree as to the numbers of individual wolves in a company. The Indians here consider thirty in one group to be not especially large. Several trappers of the Hudson Bay country told J. of counting two hundred or more arctic wolves together in one bunch. On one occasion, J. himself counted a hundred and sixty-seven following a large herd of caribou.

3

J. HAS made one thorough attempt to trap a wolf here, in order to obtain a specimen for the British Columbia Provincial Museum, to which all our

specimens are going.² He hadn't much hope of success after what we'd heard from the experienced Indian hunters, the most clever of whom are not able apparently to catch wolves except on rather rare occasions: But last week he put a big Number 3 steel trap on a point along the shore of Wolf Lake. Here the wolves that travel over the ice invariably go out of their way to sprinkle a mound. J. set the trap with greatest care — he wouldn't let me come anywhere near that end of the lake. He wore gloves and concealed the trap with snow, and covered his own snowshoe prints completely as he back tracked away.

Late that afternoon there was a wind, very unusual here in winter, and when we went back to Wolf Lake next day J.'s tracks, and the trap set, and all human signs were completely obliterated by hard-blown snow. New wolf tracks, made in the night or early morning, were all across the lake, but for the first time they made a wide circle around their customary stopping place. Nor have they ever gone near the point since the trap was put there, though they continue to frequent Wolf Lake and Wolf Hill as much as ever.

I'm glad! It has made me *sick* to think of catching some wolf with a beautiful voice, perhaps the very one we listened to on that wonderful night. It made J. sick too, for he finally took up the trap and decided to obtain any necessary skins or skulls from the Indians.

It's interesting to me to watch the transformation in J.'s views about trapping and hunting. Although he has trapped in the Arctic and been a more than successful hunter of big game, he now strongly dislikes trapping the larger mammals, or killing them, except in cases of necessity. From boyhood he has been crazy about wild things, but since he has begun to study their lives and habits, he has acquired such a feeling for them as individuals that the desire to take life from them has become more and more distasteful.

If we feel a strong repugnance for the trapping of the smaller mammals like marten and mink and beaver, how much more strongly do we feel it in the case of creatures as highly developed as the wolves. There are various authentic instances, reported by reputable scientists and hunters, which show that wolves which have been caught in traps for a few days, or even hours, although in superb physical condition and very little hurt, died in a short time, apparently from sheer agony of mind rather than from any physical injury. The expression in the eyes of these wolves and their whole appearance have been so heart-rending that even the most hardened hunters have expressed wonder and pity.

We have seen a dozen or so wolf pelts at the trading posts, but apparently most of these wolves

² Occasional Papers of the British Columbia Provincial Museum, Number 4, May, 1943, "Some Accounts of the Flora and Fauna of the Driftwood Valley Region of North Central British Columbia," by John F. and Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher.

had been killed with a gun in open country farther north or south of the Driftwood and Bear Lake regions. Some of the pelts were eight feet long from nose tip to tail tip, though the majority were six to seven feet. The larger wolves were said to weigh around 130 pounds. There was a remarkable variation in color. They were gray-white, blue-gray, yellow, and sometimes all black.

The occasional talk about an actual extermination of wolves here or in Alaska, on the ground that unless wolves are done away with there will be no game animals left, fills us with helpless wrath. *Control* of certain so-called predators, or bad individuals, in restricted localities, is one thing; extermination of a whole race or species is another. Long before man, himself the greatest predator of them all, came on the scene, wolves and big game — the deer and moose and caribou — existed in apparently healthy proportion side by side.

You have only to examine certain areas in the United States where cougars and bobcats and wolves have been exterminated to see what has happened to the deer: overpopulation of the range, consequent overgrazing, and decimation of disease-ridden animals no longer kept down in the proper proportion by their natural enemies who generally destroyed the unfit and left the strong. It would seem from the facts that man, in this, as in so many other respects, is not able to improve on Nature.

Moreover, by what right does man, who, after all, forms only one small branch of all the great world of vertebrate and invertebrate animals decree that another form, because it must prey for its livelihood on other live things, shall no longer exist? Man who, himself, as William James puts it, "biologically considered . . . is the most formidable of all the beasts of prey, and indeed the only one that preys systematically on his own species."

Here there is another factor which helps to safeguard the wolves. This is a superstition or taboo that prevents certain Indians of this region from killing or catching wolves. We don't clearly understand why this taboo applies to some Indians and not to others, nor how strictly it prevents them from obtaining wolf pelts if opportunity offers. Bear Lake Charlie is one of the tribe who dares not kill a wolf. This applies to his sons, except Michelle, the oldest, who is the inheritor on the maternal side, and whose mother, Selina, does not belong to the wolf taboo company.

"The gun that kills a wolf," Charlie told us, "will one day kill a man. I neber kill the wolf myself, see? And my boys, only Michelle, cannot kill the wolf."

It is interesting that this traditional respect for wolves, the taboo against killing them, and various other ideas are found among these North American Indians as well as among the ancient peoples of India and Europe. Perhaps all this has arisen partly from inherited fear and partly from admiration for an animal whose brains and personality have for centuries successfully contested man and

his ways. Man's respect for the wolf comes from knowledge of the wolf's character and strength; the taboos may be a sop to man's ego.

4

IT WAS after three years in the Driftwood Valley, just as we were about to take our departure, that there occurred the adventure with wolves for which we had longed, but which we never dared to dream would actually happen. We had acquired during our first year in the wilderness two beloved comrades and helpers — Wahoo, a hundred-pound pack dog, and Rex, a pure-bred Alsatian. Later, for the summer months of travel and work on the mountain ranges, we also obtained two fine pack horses.

One afternoon late in mid-August J. and I were surprised to hear a tremendous chorus of coyotes barely half a mile away from our cabin. Their shrill barks were mingled with a few smooth wolf howls. The noise waxed louder and louder until eventually the wolves drowned out the coyotes. What in the world had happened to call them forth and make them give voice so lustily at this season, and so near our cabin?

Seizing cameras and guns, we hurried off. When we had gone only a little distance, the noise was shut off with sudden and complete abruptness, and we could find no trace of wolves in the thick spruce and swamps next the river. A few well-posted sentries had obviously announced our start and progress and, at the proper moment, bid the others shut down. When we got back to the cabin, J. prepared to pole up the river in the skiff, thinking that a more roundabout and silent approach might yield better results.

As the skiff is too small for two of us on such a dangerous trip, and as the horses had to be watered and taken to the meadow for the night, I, alas, had to be the one to stay home and attend to evening chores. Later, leading the horses, with Rex and Wahoo running ahead, I was halfway to the meadow when I heard wolves howling again — no coyotes this time — from the same direction over by the river, and I wondered anxiously if J. had reached his destination in time.

After a laborious hour of hunting for two places where Baldy and Lassie could find a sufficient quantity of the late grass and would not get tangled in bushes, I tied them both. I was just leaving, with many an anxious backward glance, hoping they would be safe, when Wahoo, chasing Rex in a wild game of tag, barged into me from behind and knocked my legs clean out from under me. One knee must have been put almost out of joint, for it hurt frightfully.

As I rolled, moaning, on the grass, with Wahoo's huge pink tongue darting out contrite kisses from above, I heard a loud shot from J.'s big rifle. This scared me stiff, for I knew that he would shoot only if he was being attacked. I thought at once of a grizzly.

The spot where I supposed J. to be was, as the crow flies, a mile and a half from the cabin. To get there by boat it was necessary, after leaving the lake outlet, to turn northwestward up the river and follow the shallow rapids, deep eddies, and winding willow-bordered stream to a V-shaped bend, where tall spruce hid the mountains on one side and dense willows overhung the bank on the other.

At the shot, the wolf chorus had stopped dead. I was just starting toward home when, on the still sunset air, there came a sound that made me cold and almost stopped my heart. It was the horrible, low, wailing moan of something or someone in mortal agony. It sounded exactly as J. had at the time of his accident at home when, after a terrible operation, he had been wheeled up from the operating room. Could it be the cry of a wolf? If a wolf, it was unlike any wolf note I'd ever heard before, and I thought I had run the gamut of all wolf noises.

In the gathering dusk I limped slowly along the path, stopping now and then to rub my knee and listen. Just as I reached the cabin the cry came again, repeated twice. This time, because it was nearer, it was even more horrible. And then, most terrifying of all, the loud, wailing, always musical chorus of wolf voices began again. They had not even been scared off by the shot. Were they singing over J.'s dead or mangled body?

I'd had a faint hope that during the hours I'd been gone J. might have returned, but the cabin was dark and empty. There was not a sign of him or the boat. I crouched on the bank of the lake, straining every nerve for some sound of J., for it was so dark I could no longer see. The howling of the wolves, so near and loud and triumphant and continuous, unnerved me completely. The dogs, by this time thoroughly frightened by my fright, crouched beside me. When I wasn't listening, I know I was praying. It was nine-thirty. At ten I would start out through the big swamps toward the river and the wolves. And then, 'way down the lake, came a faint creak. It stopped. I had only imagined it. It came again, clear and unmistakable, the creak of oars. It was J. He was safe.

When, tired, hungry, and exalted, J. reached the bank, he found, to his consternation, two frantic dogs and his wife, that weak and silly creature, drowned in tears, sobbing incoherently!

5

THIS was the story he recounted: He had hurried down the lake and out through the outlet into the river. It was tough work poling up against the current and trying to do it quietly. By the time he got up, there wasn't a sound of the wolves, but there were dozens of wolf tracks, newly made, along the shore and sand bar. The river was thick with kokanee salmon. Some were dead. J. waited an hour or so by a bank under thick willows. And then a black bear, with its cub, came from bushes on the opposite shore

forty feet away. For a few minutes they caught kokanees in shallow water, catching them up in their mouths and swallowing them at a gulp.

The light was very bad. It didn't look as though J. could get a thing, but he was going to take some feet with the movie, anyhow, when suddenly he saw a big gray-black wolf standing in the middle of the river. How he got there J. didn't know. ("He just appeared, that's all!") He looked twice the size of Wahoo and must have weighed 120 pounds. The wolf and the bears stared at each other for a minute; then they turned away and began to hunt fish "as unconcerned as you please." After a bit the wolf saw the boat about thirty feet away. He stood like a statue ("Gad, what a sight!") and then he loped slowly — he didn't seem to hurry — and smoothly and gracefully off across the river and disappeared in the willows.

Daylight was going fast by then, but J. could see the willows shaking in places. There was something moving behind them. Then they were still and the bears had gone too — just melted off — and there wasn't a sound anywhere. And right then wolves began to sing in the willows just opposite. There must have been ten or twelve of them, judging from the noise and different voices. They didn't move around, just kept still and sang. Each outburst was started by one wolf, who had the lowest and most dirge-like note J. ever heard.

He said, "I tell you my hair stood right up straight! Don't believe anyone ever heard what I heard — that close."

And he had parked the boat just below the opening of a game trail! It was covered up with hanging willows and he'd never seen the trail at all. It was almost dark when there was a crash above, and there was a grizzly and its cub just about to climb down on him. Apparently they had no idea that J. was there — perhaps his scent was carried away under the bank. He fired just over their heads ("The flash must have singed 'em") and they were scared stiff and backed off in a hurry. If they'd gone one foot farther they wouldn't have been able to turn back and would have been down right on top of him.

"Jumping Joseph!" J. said. "Was I scared! And I thought that all this would have scared off the wolves, but blest if they didn't start singing again right away, softly at first, and then after a bit that sad-voiced one (must have been the one that scared you — it sure had the most hair-raising notes I ever heard) set 'em off and they were at it as loud as ever. Must have known I was there all along and weren't a bit scared of me. Can't understand it! If you were scared hearing 'em a mile away, you ought to have been right beside 'em. I tell you it was all I could do to keep my nerve up. Never thought of moving or starting home till about half an hour later, though I'd meant to get down before it got pitch-dark. Don't believe anyone on earth has heard what I did. If you'd *only* been there —"

For days after this we explored up and down the

river, and found signs of wolves and bears and coyotes and lesser animals everywhere. They were one and all making the most of the kokanee run and enjoying a regular fish banquet. Around sundown, and soon after dawn, we often listened to short songs and calls of the wolves. Sometimes near-by, sometimes far off. The loud horse bells and the barking of the dogs did not seem to scare them in the least. But we never heard the high, fierce hunting chorus typical of late winter and early spring. In summer, when food is so much more easily obtained, the wolves seldom need to join forces in order to hunt.

Intent on getting pictures, J. twice more tried the same spot up the river but never saw a wolf. At last he fixed on our favorite fishing pool a half mile down the river from Tetana. Numerous tracks on the wide gravel and sand bars by the pool indicated that this was frequented by the wolves; and a deep, still backwater, bordered on one side by willows, would, we thought, make an excellent parking place for the boat.

6

So, nearly every morning for several weeks, J. has got up before 3.00 A.M. and, loaded with cameras, guns, and a thermos of coffee, has floated off in the cold dark night in order to be well established by day-break. He has always stuck it out until late morning, sometimes noon or afternoon, when he returns almost too tired to be able to tumble into bed. I've spent hours trying to straighten out the cramps which, after he's been sitting still for six or ten hours at a stretch, have attacked him in every limb.

But his perseverance has been amply rewarded, for at least half the time he has *seen wolves face to face!* He has taken hundreds of feet of moving pictures, some of which we can only pray may be good. The wolves have appeared nearly always in the early morning when light has been poor and the river full of mist. The weather too, though it has not actually rained, has been overcast rather than bright. The early mornings have been cold, with the thermometer down to 18 and 15 degrees.

J. has proved that here in this region, during certain seasons, fish form the wolves' chief food. The Indians confirm this, for they have reported that wolves not only spend some time getting fish in the rivers when the runs are on, but also come around the large lakes when dead bodies of the big sockeyes are beginning to line the shores.

I have just been out of luck, for the few occasions when I've gone with J. have been the very times when the wolves did not appear. Being cramped up in the tiny boat with J. was bad, not only because it's dangerous going down and up river, but where there is just room enough for one person to stretch his legs in order to avoid serious cramps, two can hardly move at all. And, though we've considered it, my going alone has seemed a bit too risky and foolhardy. I'm not strong enough to manage the boat safely on the

river; and going by boat is the only way to reach the parking spot where one can get a clear view of the sand bar which the wolves frequent. So I have just had to be content with hearing them — and I've heard plenty!

We seem to be surrounded by wolves that have, for the time being, taken up their abode in the Tetana territory. Though the real song choruses are in the evenings and early mornings, at almost any time of the day or night we can hear howls and yawns from young and old. When I walk with Rex and Wahoo, I am certain that sometimes wolves walk with us. There is a slight stirring of bushes and when I go to look at the spot, a little hesitantly and fearfully, but quite unable to resist, there is moss springing slowly up from the depression made by a heavy foot, or there are big fresh droppings, or a sprinkle on a log not yet dried. And there is a very strong smell, not a dog smell! Rex and Wahoo must see the wolves, for they often come back to me all ruffled and bristling, just as though they'd encountered another dog. I wonder what they all think of each other?

During the past few weeks, J. has seen from his river parking place sixteen wolves at distances from fifteen to seventy-five feet. The very first morning, when he had sat shivering for two hours after dawn, a spot in the pool about thirty feet off, which had been still and empty, suddenly held a gray wolf. He was standing knee-deep with a flapping little kokanee in his mouth. How he got there J. didn't know, because he supposed his own eyes had been glued to the pool every minute. The boat moved a trifle and the wolf saw it instantly. For a second he was motionless; then he lowered his head eight inches and the hairs on his shoulders rose stiffly. In another second, before J. even had time to start the camera, he had loped away.

For three more mornings J. saw nothing, and then on the fourth, a large yellowish wolf appeared on the gravel bar. It moved to the water's edge without a sound, gliding along with the stiff-legged, yet lithe, cat-like gait which J. now knows to be characteristic of wolves. It pounced on a little kokanee and then, at the slight sound of the camera, stopped dead. The head lowered and the ruff stood up straight. J. instantly stopped the camera, the wolf relaxed a little; a single movement of a cramped finger and he was off!

On other mornings three more wolves came, but the light was much too weak for pictures. They all appeared silently and were, as usual, well out into the open before J. was even aware of their presence. They vanished as silently, stepping always over the small stones of the gravel bar as though they walked on broken glass.

From the Omineca Mountains J. brought home the fatty linings of several goat stomachs. These had not been touched except with sterilized rubber gloves. One morning, as he drifted by in the boat, he dropped three pieces on the gravel bar. At four-fifteen a wolf appeared. With head low, moving from side to side, it looked at the meat from a distance. Then it backed

carefully away into the willows and vanished. Sometime afterward a low howl came from bushes behind the boat and J. was sure that he was being watched. When the sun was well up, crows came and took all the bait.

The next morning at six, with a cold clammy mist lying over the water, a large coal-black bitch appeared. She was thin and very hungry. J. had the impression that she was quite old and without young. She paused to sprinkle on the sand and then, moving leisurely up the gravel bar, she stopped several times to catch a kokanee struggling in the shallows. Without apparently having scented a fresh piece of goat stomach, put there that morning, she came on it suddenly and ate it without hesitation. After which she went to the river again and caught three more kokanee in rapid succession.

A few minutes later she vanished, but returned in fifteen minutes or so, examined the place where the bait had been, and once more entered the river. At that moment a number of wolves, possibly a family gathering, began a song near-by. There were voices of young pups — high quavery notes — striving to compete with the louder, more mellow ones of the elders. On hearing them the black wolf waded across a little rapid to within twenty feet of J., leaped up the bank, which was only three feet high at that point, and sat down in tall grass. Just a vague outline of her body showed; and she began to sing in a low, vibrating dirge. She sat there for nearly an hour, sometimes quiet, sometimes singing mournfully. Then she jumped down into the water and, approaching to within fifteen feet of the boat, submerged her head to the shoulders to catch a fish.

A moment later she heard the camera going, and for several minutes she and J. stared at each other. Her wonderful golden eyes were wide and unblinking. These, with the white and gray whiskers of her muzzle, were the only touches of color in all her coal-black body. Finally she turned slowly, forded the river to the gravel bar, stood where the bait had been, and once more, with those wonderful unfathomable eyes of hers, looked long at J., who, with hands shaking from cold and excitement, was trying to expose as much film as possible.

7

By August 20 only a few live kokanee were left in the river. The run this year occurred earlier than usual, possibly owing to the exceptionally early flood season. The fish seemed to have been mostly picked up, and only one or two here and there still struggled in shallow pools. Some days went by without J.'s seeing any wolves, though we heard them occasionally. Bears crashed around in search of berries. We saw an otter in the river below the lake, and two coyotes. Also large numbers of muskrats.

Then again, for several days in succession, J. watched some wolf pups. One was a young male, well-fed and strong, about the size and shape of a full-grown Norwegian elkhound. His belly bulged. He moved slowly but gracefully, and with an air of abandon, just like a cat. Approaching within thirty feet of the camera, he saw the boat and stopped, leaped back a dozen yards, and then sat down to watch. After a few minutes he came on again, head lowered, ears pricked forward. He sat down again and peered this way and that, head low, then high, staring at the boat with the greatest interest. He was cute enough to hug. J. said "Hello!" and he bounced in the air. For a while he played hide-and-seek with J., in and out of the willows, once interrupting the game for a good long scratch. Then he vanished in the bushes and began to circle the boat. Three times his head peeked out at different places.

Several days later J. saw twice what he was sure was the same pup. On the last occasion he was amused and almost chagrined at the little wolf's complete disregard of his presence. The young chap fished and amused himself happily until a call, which must have been from home, came from 'way down the river, and off he ran into the forest.

One day, farther down the river, J. also watched another wolf pup who was much thinner and more timorous than the cute little fat one.

Ever since we began to be aware of the constant presence of wolves and bears, we've kept the horses belled and tied up at night on the east grassy marsh of Tetana. But even the loud ringing of big bells, plus Wahoo's big voice, doesn't scare the wolves. Instead it is likely to start them off on a mighty and thrilling chorus, exactly as a big company of Husky dogs gives voice at the evening ringing of the mission bell in a little Arctic settlement.

J. and I have pooled our ideas about these wild comrades of ours. We have come to the conclusion that the wolves are well aware of our presence and habits, and like us! They even allow their young to be near us. With their remarkable gift of understanding, they have apparently come to realize that there is nothing to fear from us, that we like them, that we are interested in their welfare. Not only do we hear and see them down the river a mile away to the south, but we hear them from the west toward the log jam, from the north around the meadow, from the east toward Trail Lake. They have shown no sign of harming us, our dogs, or our horses.

It seems a fitting fulfillment of our greatest desires that the most intelligent of our wilderness companions have reached this basis of tolerance toward us. They are beginning to understand that the Tetana area can be a place where man and beast may live side by side, unhampered one by the other, respecting one another's rights and habits; and realize that there is room for us all so long as we are fair and just and keep the laws of the wild.

(To be continued)



A N A T L A N T I C S T O R Y

MRS. VINCENT

by H. E. BATES

FROM where she sat in the cool recesses of the white veranda, well above the brown dust of the compound, Mrs. Vincent could see the entire violent mass of bougainvillea flowing on the north side of the hospital. It had something of the appearance of a vast map of vermillion tributaries covering all that side of the house. Its liquid brilliance, faded here and there to salmon by the heat of the sun, threw into lifeless relief all the dusty grass, covered with a score or more of khaki tents, that lay between her and the wall of flowers.

It was not, of course, quite as it used to be. She remembered the time when thirty or forty coolies, having for her no more identity than so many white and chocolate shadows, would be working all day to brush every leaf from the grass, so that when you walked across it, in the late evening, and the shadows of the riverside palms lay soft and long across it after the high violence of the day, it created for you in the hour or so before darkness the clean feeling of England. In those days too the grass, even in the hot weather, was green. But of course the war had changed things.

She watched the young American, Armstrong, coming across the track between the lines of tents, seeing him with a curious mixture of apprehension and pleasure. Armstrong was twenty-one and had left some essential part of his left foot — or so she understood, since he never talked of it — in a mountain valley southeast of Akyab, so that he now swung it with an odd half-circularwise motion, walking as if deformed, with crab-like tenacity.

H. E. BATES is one of the most versatile of short-story writers. An Englishman who had found the perfect quietude in his garden in Kent, he volunteered for the RAF at the outbreak of the war, rose to the rank of Squadron Leader, and under the signature "Flying Officer X" published some of the best stories that have been written of the air.

Usually three or four, and sometimes even six or eight, of the boys walked across from the hospital to tea. It was nice to have them; her job was to give them a feeling of home. To have Armstrong alone was something that had not happened before. It was something quite disturbing. She did not know if it arose from the fact that she was twenty years older than he was, or from the fact that she knew India well, whereas he, being very young and a stranger, did not know it at all. She did not know quite what it was. Armstrong was rather handsome, with dark fine eyes and abrupt black hair and sallow tones of skin, but there was something repellent in the way he swung his left foot. It held her transfixed in the remaining few moments as she watched him coming across the grass in the hard light of the sun.

Armstrong was swinging his way up the steps to the compound when she called the bearer to bring in tea. For some few moments the boy did not come, and she spent the time rearranging the table, laid out already with many small sandwich dishes, each covered with cloths of colored beaded lace against flies. Then when the boy did come it was with complete silence as usual, on bare feet, so that she did not hear him at all and was startled to hear him say, close against her shoulder, "Mem Sahib call?" in a way that filled her with malice against him.

She was shouting, "The tea, you crazy idiot! What do you suppose? The tea of course!" as Armstrong swung up the last of the steps from the compound and onto the veranda.

"Hullo," he said. He looked hot and rather pale from the exertion of walking, but not astonished.

"You're terribly silly to walk like that in the sun," she said. "You should wear a topee."

"One of those things?" Armstrong said.

"You don't know this country!" she said. "If you did you wouldn't talk like that."

"Does anybody know it?" he said.

She did not take any notice of that question, but said, "Where are the boys today?" and he said, "Oh, sleeping, I guess. Too hot" — a remark she could not let pass without saying, "Too hot? This is wonderful. Just wait till you get June here. This is March. Just wait till the heat really begins. June and July, and then September. That's when it kills."

"Well, I don't know about killing," he said.

There was nothing she wanted to say to that, and she sat down, lying back in the long chair, so that her body was a flattened slope of pure white, her bare brown legs outstretched. Armstrong sat down too, opposite her, dragging his left foot awkwardly under him.

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THE bearer at that moment brought in tea. She saw Armstrong look up at him, and regard with a sort of oblique interest the dark face — not the face of a boy, but the face of an aging man, with its gray drooping Chinese-shaped mustache and broad fine-outlined lips that seemed forever on the verge of a terribly patient smile. He wore long white trousers that were too short and a white coat and turban. She waited for him to set the teapot on the table. He moved very slowly, setting the teapot carefully down, then smoothing the cover over it with his long pink-black fingers, as if the ultimate achievement of his life lay perhaps a century ahead and time did not matter.

The slowness of it all infuriated her, and she sat up with a jerk. "A plate for sahib, a plate for sahib," she said. "Sandwiches for sahib." She spoke with a suppressed and emphatic violence that startled Armstrong, who said, "Oh, heck, I can reach those things," and leaned forward just as the boy, emerging as it were out of a grim coma, put the sandwiches under his face.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she said. The boy hovered uncertainly about the table with the sandwich dish, looking uneasily forlorn. He was a Bengali; she hated all Bengalis out of accumulated habit and principle. They were the lowest of the low. She waved furiously for him to go away. The cook came from the Dooars and was different, but she hated him no less. Not one of them could be trusted. At last the boy turned and, moving with a kind of pained delicacy, walked out of the room.

"Infuriating," she said. "You can't trust them to do the simplest, easiest thing."

"He looks like an old man," Armstrong said. "What caste is he?"

"Oh, I really haven't the faintest!" she said. "I never ask about those things. When are you going to be able to play tennis again?"

"Well, if I were honest I should say I was never going to play tennis again," he said.

"Oh, nonsense," she said. "Of course you're going to play tennis."

"No, I'm not."

"Not ever?"

"Not ever," he said.

She supposed it was suppressed bitterness that made him talk in these cryptic sentences, but she wished that he wouldn't. It made her uncomfortable. Conversation cut into such sharp segments of pointed meaning always embarrassed her. She looked at his dark face. The eyes carried great strength and were older than the face itself. Pouring tea, she said, glad to be able to think of something pleasant: —

"You didn't tell me what you'd been doing with yourself."

"Sitting by the river," he said.

"Doing what?"

"Oh, watching the coolies plant grass."

"Odd occupation."

"No, there's a lot to it," he said. "Watching them dibble that grass in, root by root, like cabbages. Making it grow in this heat too."

"I should be bored out of my head," she said.

"Oh, if you get bored," he said, "there's always a background of dead bodies floating down. That's interesting. Life and death."

"Don't talk about it — it's foul," she said. "Have your tea now. Reach for another sandwich. So you didn't go racing?"

"No."

"You're an odd boy," she said. "You never seem to do anything."

"I'm interested in the country."

"In India?" she said. "God, when you've lived in it as long as I have, you'll be interested, let me tell you. That is, if the dust and filth and heat of it haven't finished you off."

"You don't like it much, do you?" he said.

"You're lucky," she said. "You don't have to stay here. You don't have to stay here like us. Wait till the monsoon comes, and then you'll feel what it's really like. We can't get out. But you can. You can get out. You can go."

"Yeah, I can get out," he said. "Minus my foot."

"I didn't mean that," she said. "That isn't what I meant at all."

He did not answer, but sat staring out to where the sunlight laid a strong brassy bar violently across the burned grass. Great black Indian crows were circling slowly in the heat. So powerful was the light of mid-afternoon that the flowers of the bougainvillea seemed now to have melted into a mass of molten purple, half aflame. Whether it was that he was watching she did not know. There was no sound in the room but the sound of the punkah, whirling the hot air, and she did not know how to span the break in the conversation. It was hard to explain to these young people, new to the country, coming in from far away, exactly what people like herself had to endure. Sometimes she felt that all the years of one's life in India were wasted years. One was trapped.

Perhaps in the old days, when you got good bearers and things were plentiful and the clubs were not in-

fested with strangers, the place was not so bad. The river was very beautiful. In the parks the trees, of which she did not know the names, blossomed in scarlet and purple and blue and yellow, and in the evenings the lights on the rickshaws trembled all along the dark streets like many fireflies. And sometimes it was beautiful too in winter, in the cool season, with all the English flowers blossoming on the terraces and in the gardens, but the beauty, like anything else, never seemed to have any permanence about it, and always from outside there was the dirty sickening clash of somber and uneasy violence over it all. And oh, how tired, tired, you got of the sun!

Armstrong was really thinking about his foot. Colonel Dentz, the surgeon, had given it a thorough and not entirely unbrutal once-over that morning, and the result seemed final. He was never going to walk decently again. Dentz was no fool. Nor, it seemed, were they going to let him fly again. He was oppressed by a sense that his life had reached a broken, empty finality. There was a taste of dust in his mouth. He was very young to be out of it all.

By coincidence, but also because she was sorry for what she had said and wanted to make up for it, she said, "You never told me about your foot. I mean how it happened. I never knew anything except that you came down in the mountains."

"In the strict interest of truth," he said, bitter again, "I was shot down in the sea."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"The British picked me up a thousand miles out from the Delta here," he said.

Obviously he did not want to talk about it. She was silent and he pretended a sudden interest in Untouchables.

"Who exactly are they?" he said. "I hear a hell of a lot about them. Are these coolies planting the grass Untouchables?"

"I really don't know," she said. "The whole thing is so mixed. There are so many creeds." It was no use pretending. "They're all as bad as each other. Just low swindlers, all of them. They'd cut your throat for an anna. What about your leg? Were you in the sea very long?"

"Oh, quite a while." He was not eating much. He had, however, finished the tea and was ready for more. She reached across the table and, without asking, took his cup.

"I got bothered by these things," he said. "There was another thing I was going to ask you."

"What things? What else were you going to ask?"

"The problems of this country. For instance, these girls. The half-whites, what about them?"

"I'll tell you what about them," she said. She looked up from pouring tea and regarded him with direct savagery. "They're going to get a hell of a shock when this war is over. That's what!"

"When it's over? I see half of them in a state of shock now."

"What do you mean?" she said. "Shock? Aren't they having a good time? Aren't they having a better

time than any of us? Look at their status! Look how that's raised. War has done that for them. They should think themselves lucky. What has it done for decent women here?"

"They're kids mostly," he said.

"Yes, they're kids," she said, "and what do they behave like? You know what they behave like."

"Like human beings?" he said.

"They want to be taken for English!" she said. "That's all they want. To be equal with us. Do you think we're going to stand for that?"

"I know a kid, one of them," he said. "There's many a New Orleans girl hasn't a thing on her for color. She's as white as you and me."

"Well, you keep away from her if you know what's good for you!" she said.

3

HE WAS silent again, looking out beyond the bar of sun. She did not speak either. The thought of the Anglo-Indian girl produced in her new depths of sharp disturbance. Sometimes she had imagined Armstrong coming into the house alone, but not to speak like this. Every three weeks or so her husband took the Darjeeling Mail north and then drove fifty miles northeast into the tea country to the plantation. It was very remote, very green, and very boring country, socially populated by distant bungalows of parochial Scots planters and their wives, and she now never went with him there. Her husband had tea on the brain; he had never been really happy out of the hills. It would have been nice to have Armstrong alone in the house. It would have been nice to walk down, after darkness, in the warm evening, to the river, and listen there to the sound of wind in the palm trees, like the echo of water.

Because of these things she was sorry to be antagonistic. She did not want to be antagonistic; on the contrary. But people who had lived here ten or twenty or even thirty and more years had a right to feel that they knew what they were talking about. Of course many of these girls were in a way beautiful. But they were not English; they were not white; it was no use pretending that. They were not the same; blood would tell.

"Don't tell me you're falling for one of these girls," she said.

He did not answer. She felt blind for a moment and then, when she recovered, found herself looking at Armstrong's foot. It was curled away under him, and she suddenly felt that she had to ask about it again. It fascinated her.

"How were you shot down?" she said. "What happened?"

"Just one of those things," he said.

"Yes, but how?"

"We burned up."

She looked at his dark and inscrutable face, with the remarkably old, fine, and troubled eyes. It would

have been nice to drive down to the lakes together and afterwards come back to swim and lie in the sun.

"Can you swim?" she said.

"I had enough swimming," he said. "Thirty hours at a stretch is enough for two lifetimes."

"Two lifetimes?" she said. "How do you arrive at that?"

He looked at her suddenly, as if all his patience were imperiled by that remark, and as if he were almost at the end of talking.

"I tried to drown myself," he said. "That's how. I put myself under. I got hellishly tired. I didn't want to live on mouths of salt water and on nothing but sun all my life. So I put myself under." He was talking with great quietness, in a detachment of plain fury. "And every time I put myself under I came up again. You see, that's how it was."

Suddenly he gave it up, no longer interested in sustaining even that savage interest in himself, and he looked away from her, beyond the veranda, to the sun. She did not know what to say. The uneasy heat of the afternoon seemed to gather down below, on the dusty compound, and rise in a single oppressive breath of wind. She caught with it the acrid and musty smell of some remote native village fire, and then the taste of burned dust rising with the wind, disturbing and bitter in her mouth. In twenty years she had never got used to that smell.

It seemed to disturb Armstrong too. He got up and

said, "Well, I guess I better get along. I have a snooker game with the Major at five."

"Must you?"

"I must," he said.

"You know you ought not to walk across there without something on your head," she said. "I'm telling you. I know this country."

"No sun can burn me," he said.

She did not answer, but went as far as the steps of the veranda with him and then said. "Come over to dinner some evening, why don't you? I'll put on an evening dress and we'll have Madras curry and beer. I know you like that."

"Thanks. It's very kind," he said. "I'll get along now."

"And don't stop in the sun on the way, watching coolies plant grass. That doesn't pay any dividends in this heat."

He grinned and went down the steps, crab-wise, and out to the compound below. She stood for some moments watching him limp across the grass that had once been so beautifully kept and was now only a harsh arena of dust in the sun. Even after he had disappeared behind the last row of tents she stood gazing at the colors of the bougainvillea, flaming and turbulent in the heat, before she decided at last to go into the house, unsettled and depressed about something, to have one of her violent rows with the bearer about the foul way he had behaved at tea.

DIRGE

by D. S. MACCOLL

WHEN, at dawning,
I fail to answer;
My brain to reason,
My heart to beat;
No more a torment
Of labored breathing,
Of limbs rebellious,
Of aching feet;
Say, "Companions
We're fine and trusty;
Kin united
In Time's defeat;
Fond and faithful,
Women shrived him,
For eager loving,
If incomplete";
But O, the Radiant,
Proud and Peerless,
The Golden Giver,
The Honey-sweet!
Her, diswidowed
From broken body,
From ashes scattered,
I haste to greet.

AMERICAN NOVELISTS IN FRENCH EYES

by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

I

THERE is one American literature for Americans and another for the French. In France the general reader knows *Babbitt* and *Gone With the Wind*, but these books have had no influence on French literature. The greatest literary development in France between 1929 and 1939 was the discovery of Faulkner, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Caldwell, Steinbeck. The choice of these authors, many people have told me, was due to Professor Maurice Coindreau of Princeton, who sent us their works in translation with excellent prefaces.

But a selection by any one man is effective only if he foresees the demands of the collective group to which he addresses himself. With Coindreau as intermediary, the French public selected the works it needed. It is true that these authors have not had in France a popular success comparable to that of Sinclair Lewis. Their influence was far more restricted, but infinitely more profound. We needed them and not your famous Dreiser. To writers of my generation, the publication of *The 42nd Parallel*, *Light in August*, *A Farewell to Arms*, evoked a revolution similar to the one produced fifteen years earlier in Europe by the *Ulysses* of James Joyce. Their reception was prepared for by the excellent *Bridge of San Luis Rey* of Thornton Wilder.

It seemed to us suddenly that we had just learned something and that our literature was about to pull itself out of its old ruts. At once, for thousands of young intellectuals, the American novel took its place, together with jazz and the movies, among the best of the importations from the United States. America became for us the country of Faulkner and Dos Passos, just as it had already been the home of Louis Armstrong, King Vidor, the Blues. The large frescoes of Vidor joined with the passion and violence of *The Sound and the Fury* and *Sanctuary*

to compose for us the face of the United States — a face tragic, cruel, and sublime. Malraux wrote in a famous preface, "The novels of Faulkner are eruptions of Greek tragedy in the detective story."

What fascinated us all really — petty bourgeois that we were, sons of peasants securely attached to the earth of our farms, intellectuals entrenched in Paris for life — was the constant flow of men across a whole continent, the exodus of an entire village to the orchards of California, the hopeless wanderings of the hero in *Light in August*, and of the uprooted people who drifted along at the mercy of the storms in *The 42nd Parallel*, the dark murderous fury which sometimes swept through an entire city, the blind and criminal love in the novels of James Cain.

It takes some time for an influence to produce its effect, and it was during the German occupation, when the Germans forbade all printing and reprinting of American books, that we began to see in France the greatest number of works inspired by this new manner of writing. It seemed as if, cut off from their habitual dose of American novels, the French began to write some themselves in order to have something to read.

The French novel which caused the greatest furor between 1940 and 1945, *The Stranger*, by Albert Camus, a young writer who was then director of the clandestine newspaper, *Combat*, deliberately borrowed the technique of *The Sun Also Rises*. In *Un Homme Marche dans la Ville*, the only and posthumous book of Jean Janson, a very young man who was killed by the Germans in 1944, you might be reading Hemingway — the same short, brutal sentences, the same lack of psychological analysis, the same heroes. *Les Mendicants*, by Desforêts, and *Gerbebaude*, by Magnane, used the technique of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* without changing anything. They took from Faulkner the method of reflecting different aspects of the same event, through the monologues of different sensitivities.

The technique of Simone de Beauvoir, also, was inspired by Faulkner. Without him she never would

French novelist, playwright, philosopher, and editor, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE here describes the impact of those American novelists — Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner, and Dos Passos — who have had a formative influence upon the young French authors. The essay was translated for us by Miss Evelyn de Solis.

have conceived the idea, used in *Le Sang des Autres*, of cutting the chronological order of the story and substituting instead a more subtle order, half logical, half intuitive. And as for me, it was after reading a book by Dos Passos that I thought for the first time of weaving a novel out of various, simultaneous lives, with characters who pass each other by without ever knowing one another and who all contribute to the atmosphere of a moment or of a historical period.

These attempts provoked others. Moulouji, the young son of an Arabian workman, found himself suddenly, at thirteen, adopted by French writers and actors who made him read Faulkner and Steinbeck long before he even heard of Racine or Voltaire. His culture is entirely surrealist and American. Not very long ago, when he was nearly twenty, he spoke to me enthusiastically about a book he had just read, which related events "in such a new and such an original manner." It was *The Three Musketeers* of Alexandre Dumas Père! Moulouji writes "American" as naturally as one breathes, and with the same innocence. His first book, *Enrico*, which won the Prix de la Pléiade — is not inferior in its violence, its naïve perversity, realism, and poetry, to *Tobacco Road* or *Tragic Ground*.

Today two thirds of the manuscripts which young writers submit to the review which I direct are written à la Caldwell, à la Hemingway, à la Dos Passos. A student named Guicharnand even showed me short stories so profoundly inspired by Saroyan that, not content with using "the American technique" (we speak today in France of "the American technique" in literature as if it referred to dental surgery or a taste for champagne, as we said a while back about a pianist that he had "the American touch"), he locates all his stories in the United States — a United States filled with speak-easies, gangsters, motorcycle cops, all of which derive from novels and films at least twenty years old.

These stories bring to mind that other America of fantasy which Kafka described in *Amerika*. Guicharnand, like Kafka, had never set foot in the United States. He achieved his ideal the day he attempted to retell, in the Saroyan manner, while listening to Duke Ellington's music, an American pre-war film, *Only Angels Have Wings*, which he had seen the day before. You can imagine that, in spite of these new works, we missed American books during the occupation.

A black market for American books was established. The headquarters was the Café de Flore, where poor students resold at a profit books which they found in the bookstalls along the Seine. Snobishness played its part during the period when the underground was unorganized and not yet hazardous and when amateurs thought they could save France by scratching V signs on the walls. The reading of novels by Faulkner and Hemingway became for some a symbol of resistance. Stenographers believed they could demonstrate against the Germans

by reading *Gone With the Wind* in the Métro. In 1944, Marc Barbizat, director of the luxurious review *L'Arbalète*, which he published himself with a hand press at Lyons, prepared secretly one number consisting of extracts from American books which had not yet been translated. He intended to publish them without submitting them to the censor, right in the midst of the occupation. The work took longer than he anticipated, however. This number of the review appeared shortly after the liberation. It was eagerly read.

2

IT is easy to understand my eagerness to see the country of these great writers when I was flying to America in January, 1945. I must confess that in one respect I was disappointed. First, it was impossible to meet any of these men. They were in France, in England, in the Orient — everywhere, indeed, except in the United States. Also, the majority of the cultivated Americans whom I met did not share my enthusiasm for them. An American lady who knew Europe very well asked me one day what American writers I preferred. When I mentioned Faulkner, the other people present started to laugh. The lady, gently amused, said, "Good heavens — that old Faulkner!"

Later I met a young liberal writer — the author of some very good historical novels. I told him I had been asked by my publishers to get in touch with literary agents of several writers who were particularly admired in France. He asked me the names of these writers. When I mentioned Caldwell, his friendly smile vanished suddenly; at the name of Steinbeck he raised his eyebrows; and at the mention of Faulkner he cried indignantly, "You French! Can't you ever like anything but filth?" At this same time a New York editor refused to allow the *Nouvelle Revue Française* to publish a particular novel — very amusing, and hardly malicious at all — about the American publishing world, because, he said, "the book is anti-American." I discussed Faulkner with students in the universities of the East. These young people, who often knew the works of obscure eighteenth-century writers, had, in some cases, never heard his name.

Because of these experiences I concluded that the American public does not react to its writers in the same way as the French public. This discovery dulled my enthusiasm. Everywhere people told me, "You like Faulkner because you have never read any other novel about the South. We have hundreds of them. Read Dreiser, read Henry James. These are our great writers."

I have also concluded that at the moment there is a very strong reaction against the "pessimistic" literature of the period between the two wars. I must admit that we have the same reaction in France against writers of that period. And finally I observed among many American intellectuals a lively concern

about the success in France of certain writers who could not fit into American life. "Between France and us," they told me, "there are today misunderstandings which are inevitable but momentary. We do not attach much importance to them, of course. But is this the time — when all countries must combine their efforts to understand one another better — to present the French with an unjust and black picture of our civilization?"

This is why I feel it necessary to explain to the American readers of this article two essential points. I should like to show them that these unflattering books do not make bad propaganda for the United States. I should also like to make them understand why the French have chosen precisely these books from so many excellent works.

It is true that the Germans tried to use the "pessimistic" works of your authors for propaganda purposes — particularly Steinbeck, because Steinbeck was the most severe critic of the capitalistic form of production in the United States. They permitted the publication of *In Dubious Battle*, although they had previously forbidden all translation of American authors. I recall the care with which the proprietor of the collaborationist bookshop "Rive Gauche" in the heart of the Boulevard Saint-Michel had arranged his anti-American window. He exhibited side by side *The Disunited States* of Vladimir Pozner and the works of Steinbeck and, above and below, photographs of Negro lynchings and of policemen battling with strikers. The result was quite different from what he expected. Few people stopped in front of the shop. Then a week later all the windows of the bookshop were smashed with rocks. From that day on, it was necessary for two French policemen to stand on melancholy guard before the display.

Later these same German propagandists tried again by offering Gallimard permission to publish *The Grapes of Wrath*. Gallimard suspected something and refused. This work was later translated and published by a Belgian collaborationist editor, and the offices of the Franco-Germanic Institute were preparing to flood the French market with *The Grapes of Wrath* when the Americans broke through the Nazi line in Normandy. But at the same time, the clandestine Éditions de Minuit which had published *Le Silence de la Mer*, began to circulate *The Moon Is Down* by the same Steinbeck — which seemed to us all like a message from fighting America to the European underground. Thus the most rebellious, perhaps, of your writers held the ambiguous position of being acclaimed at the same time by the collaborationists and by the underground.

In another instance the friends of the Germans miscalculated. When the Vichy newspapers published an extract from the American or English press severely criticizing some Allied military operation, or loyally recognizing some Allied defeat, they thought they would discourage us. They provoked on the contrary among most of us a profound respect for

Anglo-Saxon democracy and bitter regret for our own. "Such people," we told ourselves, "have confidence in their rights. They must be both disciplined and stout-hearted to withstand without flinching the announcement of a defeat."

The harsh criticism that your writers made against your social regime we took in the same way. It never disgusted us with America — on the contrary, we saw in it a manifestation of your liberty. We knew that in Germany such a book as *The Grapes of Wrath* could never have been published. Then, need I add, no matter what evils your writers denounced, we have the same faults in our own country. Yes, the Negroes of Chicago are housed in hovels. That is neither just nor democratic. But many of our white workmen live in hovels that are even more miserable.

These injustices have never seemed to us a defect of American society but rather a sign of the imperfections of our time. In December, 1944, at the same time that the Aubert Palace movie theater in Paris was showing an old movie by Fritz Lang, *Fury*, which depicted a Chicago lynching, Frenchmen in the Midi were hanging and shooting, without much discrimination, such members of the "militia" and collaborationists as they were able to capture. They were shaving the heads of women in our provinces. Thus, when we saw on the screen the adventures of Spencer Tracy, we did not think about your lynchings, but of ours — we took the lesson to ourselves. Your authors, like your producers, always appeared to us as critics of your society, moralists who report on humanity. What we looked for above all else in the American novel was something quite different from its crudities and its violence.

3

THIS brings me to the other point which I want to make. I was asked, "What do you see in Faulkner? Why don't you admire rather our Henry James, our Dreiser?" I answered that we do admire them both, but coldly.

It is entirely natural that the American public, weary of direct and brutal novels which attempt to paint groups or sociological developments, should return to novels of analysis. But analytical novels flood our country. We created the genre, and the best of the analysts, Benjamin Constant and Marcel Proust, are French. Henry James can please us, charm us, but he teaches us nothing — nor does Dreiser. The techniques Dreiser uses to depict his Americans he borrowed directly or indirectly from French realists — from Flaubert, from Maupassant, from Zola. How can we get excited over methods which originated with us, which we learned in school, and which, when we are already weary of them, are shipped back to us from America?

What has aroused our enthusiasm among the recent novelists whom I have mentioned is a veritable

revolution in the art of telling a story. The intellectual analysis which, for more than a century, had been the accepted method of developing character in fiction was no longer anything but an old mechanism badly adapted to the needs of the time. It was opposed to a psychology of synthesis which taught us that a psychological fact is an indivisible whole. It could not be used to depict a group of facts which present themselves as the ephemeral or permanent unity of a great number of perceptions.

All around us clouds were gathering. There was war in Spain; the concentration camps were multiplying in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia. War was menacing everywhere. Nevertheless analysis — analysis à la Proust, à la James — remained our only literary method, our favorite procedure. But could it take into account the brutal death of a Jew in Auschwitz, the bombardment of Madrid by the planes of Franco? Here a new literature presented its characters to us synthetically. It made them perform before our eyes acts which were complete in themselves, impossible to analyze, acts which it was necessary to grasp completely with all the obscure power of our souls.

The heroes of Hemingway and Caldwell never explain themselves — do not allow themselves to be dissected. They act only. Some have said they were blind and deaf, that they allowed themselves to be buffeted about by destiny. This is false and unjust. On the contrary, each of their spontaneous reactions is completely what it would be in real life — something that lives and that does not contemplate itself. We learned from Hemingway to depict, without commentaries, without explanations, without moral judgments, the actions of our characters. The reader understands them because he sees them born and formed in a situation which has been made understandable to him. They live because they spurt suddenly as from a deep well. To analyze them would be to kill them.

When Camus shows us his hero, Meursault, emptying his revolver at an Arab, he takes care not to explain. But he describes the pitiless heat of the day, the merciless horror of the sun. He encircles his hero with a criminal aura. After this, the act is born of itself; it is obvious to us without any analysis.

For a long time we have been using certain techniques to make our readers understand what was going on in the souls of our characters. We wrote bravely: "He told himself, 'It is warm. How shall I ever climb the hill?'" Or else we used the "indirect" style which Flaubert, according to Thibaudet, — La Fontaine according to others, — introduced into our literature: "Paul walked with difficulty. It was warm. Good Lord, how would he have the strength to climb the hill?" Or still another technique recently taken from England and imitating Joyce: "One, two, one two, atrocious heat and I — the hill — how shall I ever . . . ?" These different artifices, equally true or equally

false, allowed us to reveal only what the character said consciously to himself. They omitted necessarily the whole obscure zone where feelings and intentions seethe, those feelings and intentions which are not expressed in words.

The American writers freed us from these obsolete techniques. Hemingway never enters inside his characters (except in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the least impressive of his books, and one which has not yet appeared in France). He describes them always from the outside. He is only the witness of their conduct. It is from their conduct that we must, as in life, reconstruct their thought. He does not admit that the writer has the power to lift the tops of their skulls as the Club-footed Devil raised the roofs of houses to see what went on inside. We have to wait with him — page after page — to understand the actors in the drama. We are, as he pretends to be, reduced to conjectures.

Faulkner also elects to present his heroes from the outside, when their consciousness is complete, and then to show us, suddenly, the depths of their souls — when there is no longer anything there. Thus he gives the illusion that everything which impels them to act lies somewhere below the level of clear consciousness. Dos Passos, in order to make us feel more keenly the intrusion of the group thinking in the most secret thoughts of his characters, invented a social voice, commonplace and sententious, which chatters incessantly round about them, without our ever knowing whether it is a chorus of conformist mediocrity or a monologue which the characters themselves keep locked in their hearts.

All these procedures were new to us in 1930, and they were what first attracted us. There is something more: just as Riemann and Lobachevsky showed the way which permitted Russell and others to reveal the postulates which are the bases of Euclidian geometry, so these American authors have taught us that what we thought were immutable laws in the art of the novel were only a group of postulates which one might shift about without danger. Faulkner has taught us that the necessity of relating a story in chronological order was only a postulate and that one may use any order in telling the story as long as that order allows an author to evaluate the situations, the atmosphere, and the characters.

Dos Passos has revealed the falsity of the unity of action. He has shown that one might describe a collective event by juxtaposing twenty individual and unrelated stories. These revelations permitted us to conceive and to write novels which are to the classic works of Flaubert and Zola what the non-Euclidian geometry is to the old geometry of Euclid. In other words, the influence of American novels has produced a *technical* revolution among us. They have placed in our hands new and supple instruments, which allow us to approach subjects which heretofore we had no means of treating: the

unconscious; sociological events; the true relation of the individual to society, present or past.

We have not sought with morose delight stories of murder and rape, but lessons in a renewal of the art of writing. We were weighted down, without being aware of it, by our traditions and our culture. These American novelists, without such traditions, without help, have forged, with barbaric brutality, tools of inestimable value. We collected these tools but we lack the naïveté of their creators. We thought about them, we took them apart and put them together again, we theorized about them, and we attempted to absorb them into our great traditions of the novel. We have treated consciously and intellectually what was the fruit of a talented and unconscious spontaneity.

When Hemingway writes his short, disjointed sentences, he is only obeying his temperament. He writes what he sees. But when Camus uses Hemingway's technique, he is conscious and deliberate, because it seems to him upon reflection the best way to express his philosophical experience

of the absurdity of the world. If Faulkner breaks the chronological order of his story, it is because he cannot do otherwise. He sees time jumping about in disordered leaps. But when Simone de Beauvoir borrows his methods of mixing periods of time, she does so deliberately, and because she sees a possibility of placing her characters and action in better relief. In this way your American novelists have enriched French writers with new techniques, and French writers have absorbed these and have used them in a different manner.

Soon the first French novels written during the occupation will appear in the United States. We shall give back to you these techniques which you have lent us. We shall return them digested, intellectualized, less effective, and less brutal — consciously adapted to French taste. Because of this incessant exchange which makes nations rediscover in other nations what they have invented first and then rejected, perhaps you will rediscover in these foreign books the eternal youth of that "old" Faulkner.



HENRY JAMES AS LANDLORD

by LOUISE BOIT

WHEN Henry James decided in the summer of 1904 to revisit his native land, and to stay for six months or a year, he was much concerned to find responsible tenants for Lamb House, his beloved Georgian house in the little once walled town of Rye, on England's southern coast. And when my sister and I, two young American women with a golfing brother, spending the summer in a cottage at Laleham on the Thames, and thinking of passing the winter in England, were put in touch with him by an English friend, the matter was soon clinched.

We journeyed down to Rye with that friend, a charming, elderly Miss Allen, for lunch at Lamb House. At the railway-carriage door we were met by the portly, kindly figure of Mr. James, who, with one lightning look from his gray-blue, slightly prominent eyes, seemed to know one's past and present — and future too. As we proceeded slowly up the cobbled street, Mr. James explained to us the various points of interest of his much loved Rye and its surroundings: Rye was *not* one of the Cinque Ports — *they* were Dover and Hastings and Hythe and Romney

and Sandwich. Rye was one of the Ancient Towns, Rye and Winchelsea, which were also very important in the early days of the English Navy and of ship-building. Indeed, the first English Admiral was born and buried in Winchelsea. At Rye the Ypres Tower, of heavy early Norman construction, once on the sea, but now looking out a mile or so on green marshland, was full of memories of those midnight forays in the twelve and thirteen hundreds, when the waves and the Frenchmen rushed in.

And there was Lamb House itself, built in the early seventeen hundreds by a member of the Lamb family who was then Mayor of Rye, and whose country house was just outside the walls. It stood on the right hand, at the top of a little cobbled street just wide enough for one motor to reach the front door. There the street made a ninety-degree turn to the left, past the garden house, past a part of the high brick wall of the garden, past three or four half-timbered cottages (two belonging to Lamb House), and on to the large old cruciform church of St. Mary's with its churchyard, less than a hundred yards away. From the elbow of this little street, the door of Lamb House looked along its leftward vista to the church. The bay window of the garden house looked down the slope which we ascended to the front door.

Born in Philadelphia and married to a Bostonian, LOUISE BOIT has lived in many pleasant places — none more so than Rye, Sussex, where she rented Lamb House from Henry James.

The delightful garden room where Mr. James did much of his writing — which has been, I am told, damaged or destroyed by a bomb — gave on the lovely English garden with its velvet grass and old trees. The house itself, filled with old English furniture, and having a charming paneled bedroom in which George II was given refuge when once on a stormy night he was forced to land at Rye, had an air of quiet and distinction and *apartness*. And when at luncheon it was discovered that I was marrying someone a member of whose family Mr. James knew intimately, everyone was, I think, quite content.

All of this is a preamble to some old letters I came across recently — letters which show Mr. James in the role of landlord, and such a very kind and considerate and charming landlord that I want to tell of it.

LAMB HOUSE
RYE, SUSSEX

August 12th, 1904

... Don't think that I have forgotten that I promised a week ago to give you by letter, for the sake of distinctness, the principle heads of our little understanding about this house.

I came back from Ascot & from London to rather a complication of calls upon my time, but have been meaning to make you a proper sign.

I give you up the house then on Saturday, September 3rd, as it will be all ready for you on that date, & you can send things on, which will be duly taken care of, even if you should not yourselves arrive immediately.

And I understand that you take the house for six months from the said Saturday, September 3rd — that is, say, as the best estimate, to the first Saturday in March — with option to you certainly, of taking it on at the same rate for two or three months longer if you should feel so disposed.

You pay me Five Pounds a week for the same, & as I suggested the other day at Laleham, you make three payments of two months each: the first on taking possession; the second at the end of two months; the third at the end of two months more. This includes everything, I paying the Servants' wages, & you being liable, naturally, for no rates or taxes: except always the Gas-bill contracted during your stay, as is customary in such cases.

I make the house over to you, practically, just as I have been living in it, & you will find it, I make bold to say, in very good & tidy condition. I leave all the Servants, who amount to five in number, including the Gardener & the Houseboy. The latter has his meals in the house, but doesn't sleep, & the Gardener of course does neither, having his cottage close by the garden gate. You will find this functionary, George Gammon, an excellent, quiet, trustworthy fellow in all respects — a very good carpenter into the bargain & thoroughly handy at mending anything that gets broken in the house. I have endowed him with a small hand-cart, which is kept in the vault beneath

the Garden-room, highly convenient to the House door, & which I find quite sufficient for the conveyance of my luggage, or that of visitors, to & from the Station for all comings & goings. The distance is so short that it means, save in some extraordinary rain, the complete suppression of flies — which is a great simplification.

The Cook-Housekeeper, Mrs. Paddington, is really, to my sense, a pearl of price; being an extremely good cook, an absolutely brilliant economist, a person of the greatest order, method & respectability, & a very nice woman generally. If you will, when you let her see you each morning, in the dining-room after breakfast, just also suffer her to take you into the confidence, a little, of her triumphs of thrift & her master-strokes of management, you will get on with her beautifully — all the more that she gets on beautifully with her fellow-servants, a thing that all "good" cooks don't do. She puts before me each week, with the Tradesmen's books, her own weekly book, by the existence of which the others are distinctly, I think, kept down. But these are matters that you will of course know all about.

The Parlour-maid, Alice Skinner, has lived with me for six years — that is with an interval of no great length, & is a thoroughly respectable, well-disposed, & duly competent young woman. And the House-maid is very pretty & gentle — & not a very, *very* bad one. The House-boy, Burgess Noakes, isn't very pretty, but is on the other hand very gentle, punctual & desirous to please — & has been with me three years. He helps the Parlour-maid, cleans shoes, knives, doorsteps, windows etc. & makes himself generally useful. Also takes letters to the Post-Office & does any errands. Naturally he brushes clothes & "calls," in the morning, those of his own sex who may repose beneath the roof. Lastly, though of such diminutive stature, he is, I believe, nineteen years old.

The Servants will of course tell you just what tradesmen I employ, & I should be glad if you could go on with the same. They are in fact the inevitable ones of the place, & are all very decent, zealous, reasonable folk. I leave almost everything "out" save some books, of a certain rarity & value, which I lock up; & there is, I think, a full sufficiency of forks & spoons etc, as well as of all household linen.

Lastly, I take the liberty of confiding to your charity & humanity the precious little person of my Dachshund Max, who is the best & gentlest & most reasonable & well-mannered as well as most beautiful, small animal of his kind to be easily come across — so that I think you will speedily find yourselves loving him for his own sweet sake. The Servants, who are very fond of him & good to him, know what he "has", & when he has it; & I shall take it kindly if he be not too often gratified with tid-bits between meals. Of course what he most intensely dreams of is being taken out on walks, & the more you are able so to indulge him the more he will adore you & the more

all the latent beauty of his nature will come out. He is, I am happy to say, & has been from the first (he is about a year & a half old) in very good, plain, straightforward health, & if he is not overfed, & is sufficiently exercised, & adequately brushed (his brush being always in one of the bowls on the hall-table — a convenient little currycomb) & Burgess is allowed occasionally to wash him, I have no doubt he will remain very fit. In the event, however, of his having anything at all troublesome the matter with him, kindly remember that there is an excellent "Vet" a dozen miles away, who already knows him, & would come by to see him for a moderate fee on any sign made. This person is "Mr. Percy Woodroffe Hill," Canine Specialist, St. Leonard's-On-Sea — a telegram would promptly reach him.

You may find it pleasant to belong to the little Golf Club out at Camber Links — to which a small & innocent steam tram jogs forth a number of times a day. I don't know that a six months' membership is worth a year's fee, moderate though the latter be; but it is sometimes a resource to have tea there of a Sunday afternoon, & if you will mention my name to the Secretary, Captain Dacre Vincent, he will gladly inscribe you on the easiest terms possible. There are lots of pretty late summer & early autumn walks — over field paths etc. & I wish I might both carry out my American destiny & be at hand to put you up to my own rambles. Perhaps, however, you are not like me, crimson ramblers — in which case you will walk about the garden!

Such is my simple showing — but I shan't scruple to add a postscript to this, later on, if any illuminating remark occurs to yours, your sister's, & John Boit's most truly

HENRY JAMES

THE ATHENAEUM
PALL MALL, S.W.

August 19th, '04

DEAR MISS HORSTMANN,

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter of Wednesday & the handsome, the noble, promptness of your cheque for forty-five pounds, for which sum please take this as a receipt in full, representing nine (9) weeks of your tenancy of Lamb House, from September 3rd at five pounds a week. In respect to which kindly make the other payments to my account at *Lloyd's Bank, Rye*, the local institution at the foot (the right) of my little cobbled street as you go up to L. H. from the High Street.

I left L. H. yesterday looking so dreadfully sorry to part with me & so easy & pleasant to stay in withal, that I took refuge in burying my nose in Max's little gold-coloured back & wetting it (the back) with my tears. But it will all be dry & right for you when you come. A word to Mrs. Paddington will cause roses to be strewn in your path.

I dined with Paul B. [Paul Bourget] last night alone, Minnie being laid up with sciatica. They presently return to Paris after so oddly limited a

British experience to have come for! Her mother is rallying better.

I am at 105 Pall Mall till Tuesday night. With hearty good wishes & invocations,

Yours, & your Sister's, & our Friend's
most truly

HENRY JAMES

The *Howard S.* referred to in the next letter was Howard Sturgis, an English cousin of my husband, visiting in the United States when Henry James was there. They had been together at Mrs. Wharton's in Lenox.

CAMBRIDGE,
MASSACHUSETTS

11. 7. '04

DEAR MRS. BOIT,

Very kind, your letter of October 28th with its mention of your having paid forty-five pounds on behalf of your further (current) tenancy of Lamb House into *Lloyd's Bank, Rye*. For this proceeding I am greatly obliged, & the Bank will have testified to you to receipt.

The good words ("charm & comfort") that you apply to the aged structure cause me greatly to rejoice, & I am glad your life goes so smoothly on there.

Yes, I am homesick & I even yearn at times a little for curtsying Mrs. P. — no one curtsies to me here! But the heartbreak is nearest when I think of poor sweetly-pawing little Max, for all of your patience with whom I effusively thank you. I hope he isn't too constant a burden.

I have at any rate, however, my mitigations here as well as my pangs. My native land is interesting to me & I am seeing much — & many! All thanks for the Florida tip, for which, later on, I may have blessed use.

Howard S. is still here, & we have just spent ten days together at Lenox. I cling to him as a sort of sign & token that there be an alternative world.

I send a greeting to your sister, to Boit, & am yours all most truly

HENRY JAMES

JEFFERSON HOTEL,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

2. 2. 1905

DEAR MRS. BOIT,

I have been too long thanking you for your letter of Jan. 4th, telling me that you had just deposited 40 pounds for Lamb House, at *Lloyd's Bank*, a proceeding of which I must not delay another hour to express my deep appreciation.

I am engaged in the formidable business of "seeing," in some detail, my "native land," & my general sense of this business has now for some time been that it may serve, while it direfully goes on, as an excuse for any irregularities, aberrations, desperations, of practical conduct.

I am on my way to Florida. I have lately come

from Washington, & the genial but bewildering Philadelphia, & I have been living in a whirlwind of conversation which has caused me to neglect everything but the effort to keep up with it.

My wits are still sufficiently about me however, to enable me to request you, lucidly, to regard this as an acceptance of your discharge in full of your last pecuniary obligation in respect to L. H. If its of the least convenience to you to stay on there, at the last, day by day, don't stand on the letter of your date, but take your time to wind up comfortably. I willingly "throw that in"!

If the English country winter has tried you, console yourselves — all this southern land is under snow, — it has been a dismal season. But I wish you a happy time abroad, & am, with all greetings to your husband & sister,

Yours, dear Mrs. Boit, most truly

HENRY JAMES

After leaving England that spring of 1905, we sailed from Genoa for Yokohama — on the way, playing hide and seek with the Russian fleet, which was hurrying to its destruction. During the summer we sent Mr. James some old Imari plates to replace several of his which had been broken, and this, his last "landlord" letter, reached me in Washington, the "District," which had found favor in his eyes. The "Miss Lane" mentioned was Miss Marion Lane, a bookbinder, pupil of Sangorsky, with whom my sister and husband worked that winter, in the "studio," a little old chapel overlooking the garden, which Mr. James had bought to protect himself. She has been in Washington ever since.

LAMB HOUSE
RYE, SUSSEX

Nov. 2. 1905

DEAR MRS. BOIT,

The beautiful pinky-green plates announced from afar (by the cunning Yokohama forwarding agent, & then again by his correspondent here) arrived in due course, after, I must also add, your own most kind letter.

They ought sooner to have been very gratefully acknowledged, but the mountain of arrears into

which Lamb House seemed to convert itself for my return, has loomed like a perfect Fujiama above me till this hour, & I have only "got round" to you, so to speak, tonight.

But please don't take my delay as the measure of my appreciation. The plates are divinely fair, & I delight in them & I am greatly touched by the graceful benevolence of your so thinking of me. I never thought to have affixed a plate to a "parlour-wall" again (I flattered myself that it was a deep-lying human need that I had outlived;) yet I have clapped on three of the pink ones to the *paroi* of my dining-room, as trophies of the Japanese year; where they are a sweet match to the ruddy cheek of the paper & the green light of the garden.

I hope that by this time your nomadic life is over & your tent struck for good & all in the large Washington oasis. I say this from a combined inaptitude to wander myself (the inaptitude of weight of years & infirmities) & friendliness of memory in respect to the District of Columbia. If I hadn't settled at Lamb House I should certainly settle in the District.

As I write the light of the studio window shines large into the nocturnal garden, & I have to correct myself as I instinctively take it for a sign of Miss Lane rioting in midnight labour (ere departing for the District). It is really only the curate larking with the leisurely youth of Rye. I hope Miss Lane has caught up with you by now, & I send her a kind remembrance. Only, she is not, please, to like the District better than she liked what Mrs. Ralph had left her of the studio.

Great things are going on here now, great & terrible. I have been moving the greenhouse from the front garden to the back, & the unearthly beauty of the old wall uncovered & laid bare by the process is almost not to be borne.

Also, Mrs. Paddington is on a month's round of country visits. I bear that better strange to say, for Alice of Peasemars has come back to cook for me, very well indeed.

But the small hours draw on, & I am, with kind regards to your husband & your sister, yours, dear Mrs. Boit,

Most truly

HENRY JAMES

THE NEW TESTAMENT

A New Translation

by W. RUSSELL BOWIE

IN influence upon the mind and heart of our Western world one book has been supreme. That book is the Bible; and this year there appears the first part of a new translation of it, which will be known as the Revised Standard Version.

As everyone knows, the Bible was written originally in Hebrew and in Greek. The most famous of the early translations was the so-called Latin Vulgate, made by Jerome at the end of the fourth century. For an appreciation of the extent and variety of existing translations one has only to look at such a catalogue as that of the American Bible Society, which is circulating the Bible or portions of it in 1064 tongues, to the number of more than 12,000,000 copies a year.

The translations in English began with the work of John Wycliffe in the late fourteenth century; they came to their great flowering in the sixteenth-century England of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. Then William Tyndale, who was afterward put to death as a martyr for his evangelistic courage, brought out his version, which was inspired, as he said once to an ignorant cleric, by the desire to bring it to pass "that the very peasant who drives the plow shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." Matthew Coverdale shortly followed Tyndale and based much of his own work on what Tyndale had already done.

Following in the footsteps of these two men and repeating often their phraseology, there appeared soon afterward the so-called Great Bible of 1539 and the Bishop's Bible of 1568. Then in the early part of the seventeenth century a company of scholars brought together by King James I produced their translation, which they thus described: "The Holy Bible containing the Old and New Testaments translated out of the original tongues; and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, by His Majesty's special com-

mand." As the title suggests, they referred to and often incorporated much of the wording of their predecessors, which had now stood the test of more than two generations' use. But they brought to their task also great abilities of their own, and they were writing in a period when English prose reflected the richness and beauty which had become instinctive to the speech of men who were the contemporaries of William Shakespeare. This translation of 1611 is familiarly known as the King James Version or the Authorized Version.

Over the years the King James Version has come to suggest a kind of sovereign authority, as though this version were the only fully accepted one for Protestant churches everywhere. Officially, of course, that is not true, but it assuredly has won a place in the use and affection of the English-speaking world which no other Biblical translation and, indeed, no other book has equaled. Its language has colored all subsequent English literature, its phrases have echoed in all our popular speech, and the whole message of the Old and New Testaments as therein expressed has been made into a leaven that has permeated the culture, the personal and social convictions, and the religious consciousness of all the English-speaking world.

Why, then, has there been and why is there now any need for a new translation of the Bible when the King James Version, with its many superlative excellences, is as available as it ever was?

I

THE answer is a twofold one. In the first place, there are important manuscripts and fragments now available to scholars which were not known in 1611, and some of great importance which were not known when the American Standard Version of 1901 was published. Among these are an old Syriac version of the Gospels found in a monastery on Mount Sinai and dating probably from the second century. Another is a fragment of Tatian's Harmony of the Four Gospels which was found at Dura on the Euphrates in 1933. Most important of all are fragments of twelve manuscripts, three of

Rector of Grace Church in New York City from 1923 to 1929 and now Professor of Practical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary, W. RUSSELL BOWIE was one of nine American scholars selected for the revision of the New Testament by the International Council of Religious Education. The work on the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament was begun in 1937.

them from the New Testament, now known as the Chester Beatty manuscripts, which may be as old as the first half of the third century.

A comparison of these has led to more exact conclusions as to what the original form of many passages in the Bible must have been — passages in which there are variations among the manuscripts and as to which it is important to know which form has the strongest attestation. This fact had become so evident in the latter part of the nineteenth century that many Biblical scholars in England felt that a new translation should be undertaken. Consequently, a group of scholars in that country, associating with themselves also an Advisory Committee in America, brought out the English Revised Version. Some years later the American Committee, whose opinions had differed in many details from those of their English colleagues, produced their own translation, which was called the American Standard Version of the Bible. High hopes were entertained for what these new translations, both in England and America, might represent.

Both of these versions, however, were marred, especially in the New Testament, by a too pedantic literalism in exactly following the order of the Greek words instead of putting whole sentences in their natural English idiom, so that the result fell liable to the acid indictment that it was "strong in Greek, weak in English" and to the more specific criticism that the revisers had distorted the meaning of many passages "by translating in accordance with Attic idiom phrases that convey in later Greek a wholly different sense, the sense which the earlier translators in happy ignorance had recognized that the context demanded."

In addition to the two versions just referred to, there have been other widely circulated translations, perhaps the best known in America being those by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed and Dr. James Moffatt. Both of these have set out to put the Bible into modern speech. Often they are brilliantly suggestive of homely meanings which had been hidden in the more elaborate and dignified language of the earlier translations. But they have never supplanted the King James Version, because that great product of Elizabethan England possesses such dignity and beauty and has gathered to itself such immemorial associations that no work of any single man, no matter how able, can supplant it.

2

As said above, the first reason which led to new translations was the discovery of Biblical manuscripts better than those which had been used before. The second reason has been the discovery in very recent years of a great wealth of Greek writings contemporary with the New Testament. These have nothing directly to do with the New

Testament so far as their material is concerned, but they have a great deal to do with New Testament translations because of the evidence they have furnished as to the meaning which Greek words and phrases actually had in those years when the New Testament was written and when it was first read.

Some of these discoveries are in the field of inscriptions, but mostly they are made up of a vast number of Greek papyri or papyrus fragments unearthed in Egypt. Some of them are official reports, business accounts, wills, petitions, and other recordings of the commonplace activities and interests of everyday life, and many of them are private letters which show us with intimate and unpremeditated simplicity just how people of that first century thought and spoke. Because of these, the text of our New Testament has been set in a wholly new perspective. It is possible to see much more clearly than before just what many of its phrases and references meant to the men and women who were contemporaries of Jesus Himself and to those who listened to the preaching and read the letters of the Apostle Paul.

So the matter sums up that there are available today new sources of knowledge concerning the Bible not possessed in 1611, some of which were not possessed even a generation ago; that the King James Version, noble as it is, is yet not always accurate in its reflection of the original, and that its Elizabethan prose, although classic in its beauty, nevertheless seems sometimes archaic and therefore a little unreal to twentieth-century men; that no existing modern versions have wholly satisfied the continuing desire for a translation that will be as nearly as possible exact and authoritative and yet will attain, if that be possible, a literary distinction which may reflect for our own age its truest and most noble speech, to some such degree as that to which the King James translators reflected theirs. Consequently, the time seemed ripe for a new translation of the Bible, to be produced under the aegis of some agency that should command the loyalty and respect of all Protestant churches, and to enlist in its production representative Hebrew and Greek scholars of the United States.

Consequently, in 1928 the International Council of Religious Education, with which the educational boards of forty-four of the major Protestant denominations of the United States and Canada are associated and to which the copyright of the American Standard Version had been transferred, appointed a committee of fifteen scholars to have charge of the text, and authorized them to make further revision if it should be deemed necessary. The process of study and revision was begun, but was suspended in 1932 for lack of funds. Through the next five years the project was at a standstill. Then in 1937 sufficient money was advanced to cover the travel expenses of members of the committee and for living expenses during the days when

they should be together in their work. (Other than this, the members of the committee served through the years following without compensation, except for the happy satisfaction of companionship in the work itself.)

The committee, with its original personnel somewhat enlarged and, in a few instances, changed, was divided into two sections, one for the Old Testament and one for the New. It is the work on the New Testament only that has now been finished. Since the books in the Old Testament are more numerous than those of the New Testament and, on the average, are longer also, the amount of material with which the Old Testament revisers have had to deal was far greater than that of their colleagues. Consequently, their work must go on for probably three or four years more. The whole committee considered the advisability of withholding all publication until the entire Bible should be complete; but it was decided that when the New Testament was finished it should be brought out separately — to be combined, of course, later with the Old Testament when that, too, shall have reached its conclusion.

The chairman of the whole committee and of both of its sections has been Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, and the secretary until his death in 1944 was the beloved James Moffatt.¹

Here, then, was a task, and here was a group of men assigned to try to do it. How was the work organized and pursued?

3

EACH book of the New Testament was assigned originally to one or two members of the committee for a preliminary translation. This draft was then typewritten and a copy sent to all the other members of the New Testament group to be read and studied before the meeting in which it would be reviewed. At that meeting, with all the men sitting around a table, it would be discussed word by word, verse by verse. A new draft prepared by Dr. Moffatt and embodying whatever changes the whole group had agreed upon was then mimeographed and distributed for further study. This revision was again studied and amended at a subsequent meeting.

When all the books of the New Testament had thus been translated into preliminary form, then

¹The other seven members of the New Testament Committee were as follows:—

Millar Burrows of Yale Divinity School

Henry J. Cadbury of Harvard Divinity School

Clarence T. Craig of Oberlin Divinity School

Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago

Frederick C. Grant, formerly President of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary and now of Union Theological Seminary in New York

Abdel R. Wentz, President of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg

W. Russell Bowie, formerly Rector of Grace Church and now of Union Theological Seminary in New York

twice reviewed by the entire membership of the session, copies were sent to the committee's colleagues of the Old Testament section and their opinions were invited. Other scholars not on the committee, widely representative of different churches, were also invited to read the manuscript and submit their criticisms and suggestions. With these in hand the entire work was reviewed for the third time at a two weeks' session in Northfield, Massachusetts, in August, 1943; and after that, still further editorial examination and correction was carried out by individual members and subcommittees of the New Testament group.

These are the bare facts. The recollection of those who were privileged to have part in the translation is more pleasant and more picturesque. The meetings were in various places at different times of the year. They amounted to thirty-one separate sessions, ranging from three days to more than two weeks and covering 145 days. Some of the meetings were at Union Theological Seminary in New York, among the crowded bookshelves of Frederick Grant's study. Many of them were in New Haven in the delightful buildings of the Yale Divinity School. In two successive summers the committee met as guests of Dr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Goodspeed on Paradise Island, Plum Lake, Wisconsin. And the final meeting of the whole group was held in the ample spaces of that extraordinary structure known as the Chateau, which is part of the Inn at East Northfield, Massachusetts.

In these meetings of the committee, for most of the time, there was just plain hard labor. Ordinarily, the first session began at nine o'clock in the morning and lasted until lunch. Then came an afternoon session which continued until about an hour before dinnertime, and after dinner there was a third session until it was time to go to bed. For a total of about nine hours every day the men sat about the long table, in front of them the typewritten manuscript of the particular New Testament book which was being studied. In the middle of the table or somewhere else near at hand were the lexicons, reference books, and other translations, old and new, which from time to time someone would pick up to consult.

At the head of the table, presiding, was Luther Weigle, round-faced, hearty, and genial, endowed with what seemed to be an inexhaustible and unflagging energy, holding the committee to its work. Dead in earnest, he transmitted his sense of compelling responsibility to all the others. Along with that, he had a quick sense of the ridiculous that would break out every little while in a delighted laugh. The only times that he grew vexed were when the proceedings seemed to him to drag unreasonably. Then the harvest moon of his usual countenance would cloud and he would explode, "Come on, fellows, *can't* we quit this discussion and begin to get ahead?"

At his side would be James Moffatt, sucking his

pipe with a serene obliviousness to the rank smoke which puffed from its ancient bowl, or else, if his pipe were laid aside, rolling a pencil abstractedly between his palms. All his life he had been a person of prodigious industry. He knew everything there was to be known about the Bible, and his mind had ranged over wide areas of history and general literature. In spite of a critical heart ailment, which he inflexibly ignored, he took more than one man's share in the labor of every meeting of the committee; and in addition to that, he would carry an armful of books, including detective stories, to his room every evening and read late into the night. Tall and frail and soft-spoken, he embodied always an Old World courtesy. Sometimes in the discussion of a suggested translation he would urge his own long-considered judgment with animation and force, but at other times he would fall completely silent, and no urging from the chairman could get a word of opinion from his lips. Then somebody would reach for a familiar book on the table, open it, and say, "I observe that a certain unnamed reviser has translated it as follows," thus disclosing that Moffatt himself in his own New Testament version had anticipated the choice of a word at which our committee had now arrived. There he would sit, however, like a gentle sphinx, refusing to throw his weight toward a particular decision lest it might seem that he was trying to introduce his own personal rendering too much into the verdict of us all.

At the table would be Henry Cadbury, a scholar of the most implacable patience, never content to let any decision be reached until every imaginable point of doubt as to the exact text to be preferred among variant manuscripts and the exact shade of meaning to be attributed to each Greek word or phrase had been pursued to the ultimate. Frequently a point would seem to have been settled, when Cadbury, getting up from the table and searching in some book, would find a new query which would stop the whole proceeding and turn the discussion back to its starting point. "Where is Cadbury?" somebody asked one day when he had gone for a moment out of the room. "Oh," came the answer, "he is out relining his brakes."

More than most members of the committee, he moved in an eternal world of knowledge where time meant nothing, and to him conspicuously and to his placid Quaker resolution may be attributed the fact that nothing the committee ever did was casual or careless or in haste. Nearly always next to him at work, as they were also roommates in some of the places where we met, was Clarence Craig, and the two were well matched in thorough scholarship, in exact knowledge, and in clear expression of what they thought.

Millar Burrows of Yale was taken away from the New Testament committee late in the period of its work and transferred to the Old Testament section, for his knowledge not only of Greek but of

Hebrew made him equally valuable in both. Another authoritative Greek scholar in the company was Frederick Grant, ranking with Moffatt and Cadbury and Craig in his mastery not only of the language of the New Testament, but also of its background of Greek and Aramaic influences, a large man, quiet and unruffled, with exact opinions always advanced with considerate courtesy, and with the fine literary sense native to one accustomed to the liturgy of the Anglican Church.

Off a little to one side usually, because the lights directly over the table bothered his eyes, would be Goodspeed, a scholar of wide learning and confident mastery, a ready fighter in linguistic battles, with a razor-like incisiveness of thought and speech, an aroused and formidable protagonist for a particular view, especially when this fell within the area of evidence drawn from the recently discovered papyri, to which he attached immense importance.

When Weigle was not present, his place as presiding officer, by everybody's consent and choice, came to be taken by Abdel Wentz, the member most recently added to the committee, but one of the most energetic and helpful, who had opinions of his own which he defended with great tenacity, yet who, as chairman, could be as impartial as he was prompt. As a member of the committee he had one pet aversion. He hated what he called "backing into an idea." By that phrase he was expressing a general dislike for any kind of sentence that did not follow the most obvious and straightforward order. Any inversion for rhetorical emphasis or for rhythm seemed to him unnatural. In most of his objections he would be outvoted, but he would come up to the next contest fresh and undismayed; and for the terseness and simplicity which may often be found in the new translation, part of the credit is due to him.

Altogether, it was a happy and memorable fellowship. Whatever may be the result of our joint work, the process was its own reward. Long hours around conference tables, with eyes shifting between the typewritten English manuscript and the Greek New Testament, were often physically and mentally exhausting, but they were also immensely stimulating and informing, as the minds of different men played upon the same problems.

When we met at the Yale Divinity School, we generally had our meals at the Faculty Club. The recollection of the talk and banter that went on around the table will linger in our memories as long as the more serious associations. Still more vivid are the recollections of the two summers when we met on Paradise Island, Wisconsin, in the gay and generous hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Goodspeed. There was a temptation always to spend time on the lake or in it, or to lie in the sunlight that filtered through the white birches of the island. But the unsparing routine of the appointed labor went on regardless.

4

WHAT now are the results? What particular qualities and what particular value may the new version of the New Testament represent? To begin with, it represents unflagging effort for accuracy. No source of information or of comparison which was known to members of the committee was left unsearched or unconsidered in the desire to find the most authoritative text and the most certain meaning of the Greek words and phrases to be translated. The work of the committee proved ultimately to be more searching and more significant than was foreseen in the original action of the International Council of Religious Education. What emerged is not merely a revision of a former version but a translation that in its total effect is new.

Perhaps the quality of the new translation can be indicated by a few comparisons between it and the King James Version and the American Standard Version of 1901.

Here, for instance, from the 14th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, is the description, according to the King James Version, of the killing of John the Baptist:—

At that time Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus.

And said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.

For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife.

For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her.

And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.

Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.

And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.

And the king was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her.

And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison.

And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother.

And here is the same description in the new translation—in which the reader will note the substitution of a contemporary word for *charger*, which, like a number of other words in the beautiful old translation of 1611, has now grown obsolete; and will note also the shorter expressions in place of more roundabout ones, such as “she, being before instructed of her mother”:—

At that time Herod the tetrarch heard about the fame of Jesus; and he said to his servants, “This is John the Baptist, he has been raised from the dead;

that is why these powers are at work in him.” For Herod had seized John and bound him and put him in prison, for the sake of Herodias, his brother Philip's wife; because John said to him, “It is not lawful for you to have her.” And though he wanted to put him to death, he feared the people, because they held him to be a prophet. But when Herod's birthday came, the daughter of Herodias danced before the company, and pleased Herod, so that he promised with an oath to give her whatever she might ask. Prompted by her mother, she said, “Give me the head of John the Baptist here on a platter.” And the king was sorry; but because of his oaths and his guests he commanded it to be given; he sent and had John beheaded in the prison, and his head was brought on a platter and given to the girl, and she brought it to her mother.

Or consider the narrative of the Book of Acts, as embodied this time not in the Authorized Version but in the American Standard Version of 1901, and with it compare the effort of the new translation to put this same account into words that are swifter and more direct. The elders in Jerusalem are advising Paul before he goes into the Temple, where he will be watched by some of the Jews who hate him; and the American Standard Version gives the counsel of the elders thus:—

What is it therefore? they will certainly hear that thou art come. Do therefore this that we say to thee: We have four men that have a vow on them; these take, and purify thyself with them, and be at charges for them, that they may shave their heads: and all shall know that there is no truth in the things whereof they have been informed concerning thee; but that thou thyself also walkest orderly, keeping the law. But as touching the Gentiles that have believed, we wrote, giving judgment that they should keep themselves from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from what is strangled, and from fornication. Then Paul took the men, and the next day purifying himself with them went into the temple, declaring the fulfilment of the days of purification, until the offering was offered for every one of them.

Here is the new translation:—

“What then is to be done? They will certainly hear that you have come. Do therefore what we tell you. We have four men who are under a vow; take these men and purify yourself along with them and pay their expenses, so that they may shave their heads. Thus all will know that there is nothing in what they have been told about you, but that you yourself live in observance of the law. But as for the Gentiles who have believed, we have sent a letter with our judgment that they should abstain from what has been sacrificed to idols and from blood and from what is strangled and from unchastity.” Then Paul took the men, and the next day he purified himself with them and went into the temple to give notice when the days of purification would be fulfilled and the offering presented for every one of them.

Or turn to the comparative translations of a quite different kind of New Testament writing. Here is

the American Standard Version of part of the 11th chapter of II Corinthians, in which the Apostle Paul is expressing the spirit of his ministry to the Corinthian church:—

Or did I commit a sin in abasing myself that ye might be exalted, because I preached to you the gospel of God for nought? I robbed other churches, taking wages of them that I might minister unto you; and when I was present with you and was in want, I was not a burden on any man; for the brethren, when they came from Macedonia, supplied the measure of my want; and in everything I kept myself from being burdensome unto you, and so will I keep myself. As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this glorying in the regions of Achaia. Wherefore? because I love you not? God knoweth. But what I do, that I will do, that I may cut off occasion from them that desire an occasion; that wherein they glory, they may be found even as we. For such men are false apostles, deceitful workers, fashioning themselves into apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for even Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light. It is no great thing therefore if his ministers also fashion themselves as ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works.

Here is the new translation:—

Did I commit a sin in abasing myself so that you might be exalted, because I preached God's gospel without cost to you? I robbed other churches by accepting support from them in order to serve you. And when I was with you and was in want, I did not burden any one, for my needs were supplied by the brethren who came from Macedonia. So I refrained and will refrain from burdening you in any way. As the truth of Christ is in me, this boast of mine shall not be silenced in the regions of Achaia. And why? Because I do not love you? God knows I do!

And what I do I will continue to do, in order to undermine the claim of those who would like to claim that in their boasted mission they work on the same terms as we do. For such men are false apostles, deceitful workmen, disguising themselves as apostles of Christ. And no wonder, for even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light. So it is not strange if his servants also disguise themselves as servants of righteousness. Their end will correspond to their deeds.

Through either translation the great spirit of Paul will speak; but perhaps there will seem reason to trust that for the man who hears the Scripture lesson read aloud in church the new translation may make the meaning easier to understand.

One possible challenge to the new version, however, remains. In the original charge of the International Council of Religious Education it was enjoined that the new revision should "be designed for use in public and private worship and be in the direction of the simple classic English style of the King James Version." That was a difficult assignment. On the one hand, the committee abundantly recognized the extraordinary beauty of the King James translation. Again and

again in its pages there sounds the melodiousness, and in the greater passages, the majestic diapason, of the English of Shakespeare's time. For three hundred years English literature and instinctive English speech have been deeply influenced by the sound, as by the sense, of that great work. Any present-day committee endeavoring to produce a translation that might satisfy religious folk who have been accustomed to the King James Version could not do otherwise than feel themselves accountable to its great example.

But, on the other hand, it is unmistakably true that we no longer live in Elizabethan or Jacobean times. Our English speech has changed since then, and a translation which simply repeated the forms and phrases of three hundred years ago would be archaic. The task of present-day translators cannot be merely to echo what was supremely expressed in the idiom of another day, but to try with earnestness and devotion to use the language of the twentieth century as richly and as worthily as the King James translators used the language which belonged instinctively to them.

Our vocabulary and our grammatical forms have tended to become more clipped and more nervous. For graphic narration this is an advantage, but it is not an advantage when what we want is to feel that the "numinous" is drawing near. We have lost something of beauty when we left behind us some of the more intimate personal pronouns and the weak endings of our verbs. "What are you doing?" lacks the gentleness of "What doest thou?" "Where did you come from?" sounds harsh beside "Whence camest thou?" Reluctant recognition that a lovely word once instinctively used is no longer part of current speech, changes "There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field" to "In that region there were shepherds out in the field"; but, so saying, it is as though for a moment a glory seems to fade.

Nevertheless, it is true that there are different kinds of beauty. A translation which is native to the forms of speech of our present world cannot have the same qualities as a translation that came at the climax of the Elizabethan age. But there can be a new kind of beauty, as the creators of the best of modern music and of the sheer upsoaring and triumphant lines of modern architecture have made evident. Let it be said for the makers of this translation that they have tried to make it a sensitive transmission of the immortal themes of the New Testament to this generation's mind and heart and ear. It is to be hoped that Christian folk in whose recollection the tones of an older version always instinctively echo will be patient to test the somewhat different accent of the present one. Indeed, the translators will dare to trust that, in the words of the preface to the first American Book of Common Prayer, the work may be received, as it has been fashioned, "with a meek, candid and charitable mind."

THE CRITIC AS STATESMAN

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

THE title *Physics and Politics* has become so apt, since our deafening by the atom, that publishers would probably like to forget the man who first coined the caption for his own use seventy-five years ago. But they are not forgetting him, or at least his book; they are, on the contrary, bringing out two new editions of it. The work is a classic, as the reviewers are bound to say; yet it is seldom read, and Walter Bagehot, its author, has never become a familiar name. Not six months ago he was identified in a very reliable book catalogue as "banker and shipowner, joint editor of the *National Review* after 1855, and editor of the *Economist* from 1860 till his death." This is of the order of "Shakespeare — Realtor at Stratford-on-Avon"; not quite, perhaps, for Bagehot was indeed notable as banker and editor. But he was so far greater as a political thinker and a literary critic that he deserves the title of genius in either kind.

It is good to have occasion to restate this conviction, though Bagehot's hold on the public mind will probably not be strengthened by the reappearance in print of his *Physics and Politics*. For with this, as with all his books, one needs special orientation toward his thought and character to understand, not what he is saying, — since he is the clearest of prose writers, — but what he is driving at. I remember first reading *Physics and Politics* some twenty years ago and being at once entertained, outraged, and not enlightened. The impression I carried away was the one produced by his answer to the question he somewhere raises: "In what respects is a village of English colonists superior to a tribe of Australian natives who roam about them?" Indisputably, says Bagehot, the English are superior "in one, and that a main sense. . . . They can beat the Australians in war when they like; they can take from them anything they like, and kill any of them they choose."

Bagehot goes on to speak of other superiorities, in

comfort, culture, and practical knowledge, but that "one and main sense" of the white man's eminence stuck in my throat and prevented for a time my swallowing anything else of Bagehot's. I classed him as an unrepentant social Darwinist: was not the very book an inquiry into the law of progress by considering the light that Darwinism (physics) shed on human society (politics)? True, it was more concise and more perceptive than Darwin's own attempt in *The Descent of Man*, but I could not reconcile myself to the apparent complacency of a critic who put the slum civilization of London or Manchester above Australian culture, however primitive. All my admiration of boomerangs rose against it.

Today we have lost a good deal of the post-Darwinian passion to find out who is superior to whom; we have lost it, that is, as a speculative interest, but we have hardly escaped as yet from the consequences of its earlier form. We have in fact just emerged from a struggle with powers whose first principle was belief in their own supremacy, and who were making it good by "taking what they liked and killing whom they chose." So we may be readier than I was in the twenties to judge with fairness Bagehot's chapter on "The Use of Conflict." We can appreciate the exquisite accuracy of his remark that "the progress of the military art is the most conspicuous, I was about to say the most *showy*, fact in human history."

And when Bagehot proposes as a generality that "in every particular state of the world, those nations which are strongest tend to prevail over others; and in certain marked peculiarities the strongest tend to be the best," we must concede that he is at least dealing candidly with an inescapable problem. In modern jargon, he is dealing with power politics, and if he heard us he would point out that the phrase says the same thing twice over: politics is for power; that is its connection with physics, whether physics be symbolized by the tiger or by uranium 235.

If this is the simple unpalatable point of *Physics and Politics*, what can we learn further from reading the rest of Bagehot — his *English Constitution*, his *Lombard Street*, and his essays on political, economic, and literary subjects? The answer is: we can learn something which seems to be very difficult to convey accurately through definition or example — the true

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character of political man. This character is, in its turn, important to discover, because on it depends the possibility of leading a life above "physics," a life better than that of the jungle.

2

THOUGH not himself a practicing statesman, Bagehot lived and worked in the very center of England's politics, finance, and social struggle. As lucid in exposition as he was gifted in observation, he had besides that special temperament which marks off the potential ruler from the ordinary citizen. His strangeness therefore defines that temperament. Looking on such a scene as Bagehot saw, the ordinary citizen takes it for granted that a statesman is simply a man with a good head for details, who is given enlarged powers and responsibilities. The common man does not see, is not enabled to see, that these powers are as fluid as water, and these responsibilities as massive as mountains; and that consequently the ruler cannot act as if he were an honest motorman driving a streetcar. The workaday virtues, the black-and-white morality of good and evil, the easy personifying of groups, classes, and nations as if they were single entities with one will and one mind — all this suddenly becomes childish and frivolous when applied to affairs of state. In that realm the practical and even the superior mind must undergo re-education, as if called upon to cipher in an utterly foreign system of numbers, or to survey a field of non-Euclidian dimensions.

Some men are born with the intuition that this is so, that the common analogy between a good man, a good ruler, and a good nation is false. Bagehot, from the age of fifteen — the time of his earliest essay — had this perception. He was born political, like Alexander Hamilton, Dr. Johnson, Rousseau, Burke, Machiavelli, Lincoln, Hobbes, Tocqueville, or Bernard Shaw; and like them of course he has been called hard and cynical. He is quoted, and correctly as we have seen, on the side of power. When other words of his, equally characteristic, are quoted on the side of freedom, public instruction, and democratic diversity, he is put down (like Shaw) as a paradoxer — or worse, as an inconsistent trifler; for again like Shaw, it is Bagehot's misfortune to be witty.

In short, the difficulty of the political man in making himself understood is that he tries to bring together what the common man has decided must be kept asunder. The good man of commerce will accept a saint and understand his concentration; will shudder at a cynic and grasp the point of *his* specialization; but how few can — particularly if contemporary with the events — fully share Bagehot's feelings when he says: —

"Look back to the time . . . when the Socialists, not under speculative philosophers like Proudhon and Louis Blanc, but under practical rascals and energetic murderers like Sobrier and Caussidière,

made their final stand; and when against them, on the other side, the National Guard (mostly solid shopkeepers, three-parts ruined by the events of February) fought, I will not say bravely or valiantly, but furiously, frantically, savagely, as one reads in old books that half starved burgesses in beleaguered towns have sometimes fought, for the food of their children; let any sceptic hear of the atrocities of the friends of order, and the atrocities of the advocates of disorder, and he will, I imagine, no longer be sceptical on two points: he will hope that if he ever have to fight it will not be with a fanatic Socialist, nor against a demi-bankrupt fighting for his shop; and he will admit that in a country subject to collisions . . . no earthly blessing is in any degree comparable to a power which will stave off, long delay, or permanently prevent . . . such bloodshed."

In this paragraph we can see at every turn what must be called the double vision — the cool awareness of everything at once — of the man destined for statecraft: that rascals and murderers can be practical and energetic; that defenders of property fight for their children's food, like the others — he will *not* say bravely, but savagely — whence atrocities on both sides and the need of a power to quell or neutralize this fury of waste. There is the root idea of government itself in this account, which contrasts so completely with our familiar moral views. For "we" are partisans first; we have "principles," loyalties — to socialism or to shopkeeping — and we ascribe virtues accordingly. The socialists, or any progressive group you like, are heroes dying for freedom; the property owners are rational defenders of law and order; and the power that would stop civil war by an even greater show of force is tyranny incarnate.

The tragedy of man is that there is a sense in which these last statements are just as true as Bagehot's. The political improvements we most venerate in the past were in actuality riotous, fanatical, and atrocious. But the political thinker or statesman cannot give in to this spectator's view of history. He must act for a greater interest than improvement itself; he must perpetuate order, which he does by keeping the multitudinous aggressions of men in balance against one another. His task is paradoxical because through order he intends that moral force, which always does have the last word, shall not be a last word spoken from beyond the grave. This is why *immediate* morality is not his concern. Bagehot felt this so intimately that in his youth he performed what is perhaps the most symbolical act of statecraft on record.

Aged not quite twenty-six, handsome, spirited, with a very arresting intensity of eye, he was vacationing in Paris and also reporting, as correspondent for a Liberal and Unitarian paper, the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. To the dismay of his friends and his editor, his seven long letters were an elaborate defense of the approaching dictatorship. He explained — and the paragraph I have quoted was part of the explanation — the necessity of order in France at

whatever cost. But by a singular yet characteristic turn of mind, he was at the same time risking his life to help the Republicans build barricades against the usurper.

This conscious self-contradiction, akin to the maturest political wisdom, has many meanings. It can signify for us the statesman's conflict between his own ideal allegiance and what he deems the present public interest. It can also symbolize the permanent need for checks and balances — nothing must triumph absolutely lest absolutism result. It can finally typify Bagehot's own conviction that dictatorship has only a crude and temporary use. When, fifteen years later, he reviewed the state of France in his essay, "Caesareanism as it now Exists," he did conclude to this effect. The Second Empire "is an admirable government for present and coarse purposes, but a detestable government for future and refined purposes . . . [because] it stops the *teaching apparatus*; it stops the effectual inculcation of important thought upon the mass of mankind . . ." and it will end by corrupting the nation.

3

THIS "teaching" and this important thought that Bagehot is worried about is not the formal instruction of the people, and even less the activities of professed intellectuals. It is the business of keeping "the mass of mankind" alive to their own changing needs, so that statesmanship can devise and bring about changes in established institutions. The nineteenth century had discovered, and was not allowed to forget, that the world does move, politically as well as cosmically. This fact confronts us with the second great paradox or contradiction that Bagehot explored and explained. The first was the *moral* paradox that the public good is not to be achieved by following the rules of private good. Now we face the *psychological* paradox that stability and change are equally necessary though diametrically opposed. But are men capable of being at once quiescent and active, habit-ridden and original?

Bagehot's answer cannot be digested; it must be read in nearly everything he wrote on "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present one." Whether he discusses Shakespeare or Bishop Butler or the governors of the Bank of England, Bagehot is scrutinizing men and he always starts from their concrete diversity: "Men are formed, indeed, on no ideal type. Human nature has tendencies too various and circumstances too complex. All men's characters have sides and aspects not to be comprehended in a single definition." Training and the "cake of custom" solidify this flexibility: "Take the soft mind of the boy, and (strong and exceptional aptitudes excepted) you may make him merchant, barrister, butcher, baker, surgeon, or apothecary. But once make him an apothecary and he will never afterwards bake wholesome bread; make him a butcher,

and he will kill too extensively even for a surgeon. . . ." Now just as acquired habit makes the professional man, it makes the sober citizen of a particular state. Upon this miracle rest the stability and the comfort of good government; gently drilled by habit, everybody knows what to do and, as we say, "behaves."

This fact leads Bagehot to the enunciation of his unforgettable thesis that the true source of strength in the government of England is the stupidity of the population. Britain's freedom has the same roots, though it flowers in the not quite so dense atmosphere of the people's chosen representatives. There are in Parliament "the few invaluable members who sit and think," but the "'best' English people keep their mind in a state of decorous dullness. . . . Take Sir Robert Peel — our last great statesman, the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived, an absolutely perfect transactor of public business. Was there ever such a dull man? Can anyone, without horror, foresee the reading of his memoirs?"

This stolid attention to business, however, makes for astonishing steadiness, and when combined with a free government, keeps the nation (as Tocqueville hoped for the United States) in "a rut of freedom." One of these ruts is party organization, essential to majority rule. "If everybody does what he thinks right," says Bagehot, "there will be 657 amendments to every motion, and none of them will be carried or the motion either." The strictly irrelevant feelings of party interest must be aroused and used to push forward the real and complex enterprises of state. "There never was an election without a party. You cannot get a child into an asylum without a combination. At such places you see, 'Vote for Orphan A' upon a placard, and 'Vote for Orphan B (Also an Idiot!!!)' upon a banner, and the party of each is busy about its placard and banner."

Abstractly put, Bagehot's view of the psychological stuff of good government is that men in the mass are not, as is wrongly said, ruled by their imaginations, but rather "by the weakness of their imaginations. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly . . . are complex facts, difficult to know, and easy to mistake." Government therefore needs symbols "to impose on the common people — not necessarily to impose on them what is untrue, yet less what is hurtful; but still to impose on their quiescent imaginations what would otherwise not be there."

But do not be alarmed — or indignant. Plausible as this description is, it tells only half the story — else there would be no paradox. The other half consists in the second great need of government after stability: the need of change; which in turn requires Bagehot's "teaching apparatus," defined by him in the single word Agitation. The stupid, steady, sensible, unimaginative people must be stirred up, made to think and to alter their ways, though not suddenly or spastically, for then they might jump out of the rut of freedom altogether and their acquired wis-

dom be lost. "It is agitation, agitation alone, which teaches. . . . With our newspapers and our speeches — with our clamorous multitudes of indifferent tongues — we beat the ideas of the few into the minds of the many."

Though he wrote seventy-five years ago, Bagehot saw the dangers of the short cut, variously represented by the dictator with a doctrine, the single party with a doctrine, the palace revolution with a doctrine: "Having ideas, they want to enforce them on mankind, to make them heard and admitted and obeyed before, in simple competition with other ideas, they would ever be so naturally. At this very moment, there are the most rigid Comtists teaching that we ought to be governed by a hierarchy — a combination of savants orthodox in science. Yet who can doubt that Comte would have been hanged by his own hierarchy. . . ?" For Comte substitute the name of any doctrinaire you prefer, and for his hypothetical hanging think of any purge, trial, or scapegoat sacrifice that comes to mind, and you have before you the dilemma of the twentieth century.

Bagehot's own system, in so far as he has any, comes to rest on the ever more instructed consent of the governed. One might contrast this instructed consent with the dogmatic *conceit* that he so much reproved in the French. Against them he quotes their own saying that there is somebody wiser than Napoleon and Talleyrand, and that is Everybody. This "many-sided sense," adds Bagehot, "finds no microcosm in any single individual." Yet this common wisdom is made up, as mysteriously as the common will, of single individual convictions. "Very few people are good judges of a good constitution; but everybody's eyes are excellent judges of good light; every man's feet are profound in the theory of agreeable stones."

This is egalitarian enough, but it implies that statesmanship, political theory, and even abstract ethics, though affecting the happiness of men, nearly always seem to them remote from their living concerns. Agitation may turn their eyes toward new matters to be settled, but the gap cannot be permanently closed because abstractions are not facts. "The selling of figs, the cobbling of shoes, the manufacturing of nails — these are the essence of life. And let whoso frameth a constitution for his country think on these things."

Writing at the height of the Victorian epoch when, in his own words, "the middle classes were the despotic power in England" and public opinion ruled, — "the opinion of the bald-headed man at the back of the omnibus," — Bagehot could reasonably count on a certain acceleration of the teaching apparatus to keep pace with the steadily increasing demands on government. Teaching the new enfranchised masses after 1870 might in time make an isocratic (i.e. equal-voting) community workable with the aid of "diffused intelligence." Hence Bagehot remained, like Burke, a great respecter of Time — time for teaching,

for change, for the solidifying of new habits and the preparation of new changes.

But to this eternal process, modern mechanics has imparted an alarming twist that neither Burke nor Bagehot could imagine. Mechanical advance has removed the old obstacle of Space and substituted for it the new obstacle of No Time. The old Roman Empire was unavoidably floppy at the edges: it took so long to cover the mileage from Rome. Now we can flash the photo of an absconding banker to the Antipodes, but this same power means that we are subject every few seconds to a political or economic spasm which may disrupt the maturest plan or paralyze the quickest political brain.

Even if we discount emergencies as nothing new, the living cells of our civilization keep growing and moving by themselves while we sleep. Nationalism, crime, technology, insect pests, and the output of books overtake us at a rate which would fire the imagination of a stone sphinx. The wise "stupidity" which feels that all reform should be like the Grecian urn, the "foster-child of Silence and slow Time," seems irrecoverable. In its place we have contracted the nervous twitching, the mental knee-jerk, which serves as a response to the barrage of stimuli without actually reaching as far as the mind. Accordingly we have begun again to ask for order, and strict rule, and fixed principles, backed up of course by "controls," drill, regimentation, force. We reach this point only to face again Bagehot's conclusion of 1865 about dictatorship in France: an admirable government for coarse purposes, a detestable one for the future and for any life worth living.

4

WE CAN leave the moral to the sagacity of the reader and, as a more fitting conclusion, follow Bagehot into his last stronghold as a person, critic, and philosopher at large. Not that he abandons his statesmanlike character even in these recesses. His double vision continues to perform its office and it brings us, as we might expect, a very special brand of irony. The ordinary irony states a thing and means its opposite. Bagehot's kind intends both the thing and its opposite, relishing the simultaneity.

Bagehot himself, I imagine, would have enjoyed the discovery I recently made, that the only copy of his love letters owned by the Columbia University library is in the School of Business reading room. The fact would have struck him as showing men's careful carelessness and as administering a rebuke to him for daring to seem so volatile. He would similarly have found it natural that the first collected edition of his works should have been made by the president of an American insurance company and issued to the policyholders for their good.

Whatever they thought of the five solid volumes, those so happily insured must at least have agreed with Bagehot's explanation why so few good books

are written. It is that "so few people that can write know anything . . . an author has always lived in a room, has read books . . . but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears." Bagehot used his, unquestionably, and was inclined to praise Shakespeare most of all for his "experiencing mind," just as he deplored the incapacity of Gibbon's prose to deal with the lower reaches of truth: "He cannot mention *Asia Minor*."

Yet even these critical distinctions must be "read double," as comments that imply something about Bagehot himself and establish his range, from low to high and from the commonplace use of eyes and ears to the subtler turns of mind's eye and ear. "Don't think," he handsomely adds, "that I wish to be hard on [journalists]. I am not going to require of hack-writers to write only on what they understand — if that were law, what a life for the sub-editor!"

For his own pleasure he usually saw to it that he understood, since what he treasured most in life was the very thing he pointed to as an admirable lack in his compatriots: they have "no notion of the *play* of mind; no conception that the charm of society depends upon it. They think cleverness an antic, and have a constant though needless horror of being thought to have any of it." In Bagehot's play of mind, clearly, words take a leading part, precisely because they can accumulate meanings, give off wave after wave of combined and conflicting connotations, as a vibrating string does harmonics. So good prose is a sensation and some writers "believe that their words are good to eat, as well as to read; they [enjoy] rolling them about the mouth like sugar-plums and gradually smoothing off any knots or excrescences."

Yet mind does not bring pleasure alone, any more than imagination feeds the heart with agreeable fancies. On the contrary, the developed imagination

recreates reality, which is often disagreeable; and the rational mind discovers that the essence of things is the opposite of rationality. "People who have thought know that inquiring is suffering." For — notice the double-edged adverb addressed to the hasty rationalist — "unfortunately, mysticism is true." The process of truth-seeking itself is not all bliss: "Deduction is a game, but induction is a grievance"; which may be an added reason why the fruits of thinking should be set forth lightly and the body of truths form a gay science.

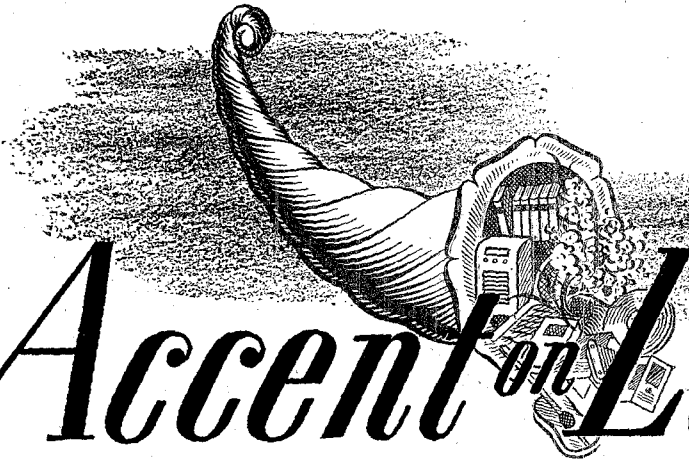
Bagehot had an inkling, moreover, that democracy, for all its dependence on enlightenment, might increasingly discredit mind. "People are so deafened with the loud reiteration of half-truths that they have neither curiosity nor energy for elaborate investigation. The very word 'elaborate' is become a reproach." He comforted himself with the fact that great communities have scarcely ever been ruled by their highest thought, and that perhaps there might exist in future what he called "deferential nations" — nations that would acknowledge an educated minority as its surrogates in elections. With this suggestion, we are once again in politics, Fabian and Shavian politics, in a world that has by anticipation mastered "physics" for worthy purposes.

In such a world as the present, Bagehot, though occasionally lapsing into gloom, did his best to reduce the din of half-truths by presenting us with his double ones. This, long before Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw, was his chosen function, and it remains his glory and perpetual challenge. He almost always graced it with high-spirited humor, conscious that to be great is to be difficult and misunderstood. He speaks and shocks us, then adds: "As St. Athanasius aptly observes, 'for the sake of the women who may be led astray, I will this very instant explain my sentiments.'"

THE READER'S CHOICE

by HELEN BEVINGTON

For solace, look to Master Rabelais,
The blithe Montaigne, the frolicking John Gay,
And look to Chaucer, affable and mellow,
To tranquil Horace, that lighthearted fellow,
The revelers. I love a cheerful man,
Content with fortune and with rimes that scan
To praise retirement or the gaudy town,
Or quick with prose to set a pleasure down,
Above whose disquisition I can hear
Consoling answer in the atmosphere
For you and me, my darling. Look to them
Who wore no grievance like a diadem.



Accent on Living

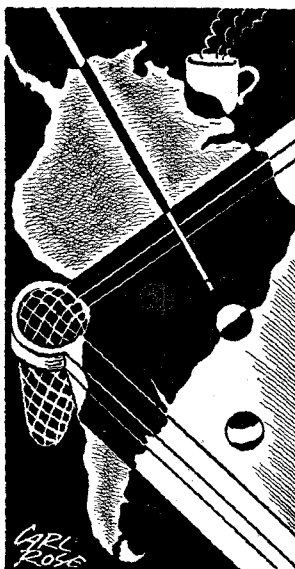
This Month

We note in real-estate advertising an increasing reference to the "rumpus room." It's a new essential in the American household. Paneled in pine, floored with a spirited linoleum, the rumpus room is supposed to be a gathering place for all sorts of family high life: the twins playing ping-pong; older daughter flailing the piano for an admiring cluster of young men; Junior hammering out a ship model at his workbench; Dad showing off his rifles and fly-books to several genial cronies or busy at his built-in bar; Mother with a few friends in for bridge; the old folks in great big chairs by the fire, reading like mad.

We have not yet encountered this scene in real life. Some of the rumpus rooms of our experience have been painfully neat and unused, like the front parlor of a farmhouse. The others have served more as storage places, a handy spot for hibernating summer garden furniture, old magazines, and disused toys. In both cases they convey to the visitor only the impression of a dream that never paid off. The father would rather issue his drinks in the library. The children have gone to the movies.

A sound family comprehension of cue games would convert a rumpus room to a genuine utility. It would also do away with the term "rumpus room." The place would become the billiard room or the pool room. We leave it to Franklin P. Adams, on the following page, to argue for pool. Our own preference is for billiards. But either game, we believe, holds large and perhaps unsuspected values for any household with a sizable room to spare and the price of a first-rate table and equipment.

F.P.A. is quite right in talking up the conversational merit of pool. We note his omission, however, of the classic Kelly pool line, heard from the principal whenever a money ball is sunk. It comes jubilantly from the shooter who has just sunk his own money ball, ruefully from a participant whose money ball has just been pocketed by the shooter. The line, which was likewise omitted by Jacques Barzun in "Mencken's America Speaking" (January *Atlantic*), is: "That's me."



Our illustrator, Carl Rose, turns to writing in this issue of the *Atlantic*. Random House is bringing out this fall a book of his drawings for which he has written his own text. The book will be called *One Dozen Roses*, and our excerpt is one of the twelfths into which Mr. Rose divides himself.

Ray Josephs has been giving us a few pointers from South America which seem worth attention in some of our own cities. For those who find taxis too scarce or too expensive, he recommends the "micro-bus" of Buenos Aires (page 137). Our transit authorities can probably think up countless reasons why the micro-bus would not work in New York or Chicago, but it sounds like a good scheme here in Boston, especially if a \$5000 life insurance policy were issued with each cut-rate micro-bus ticket. Next month Mr. Josephs will report on the fabulous subway system of Buenos Aires, whose trains appear to need only a rumpus room in each car to round out the pleasure of underground travel in B.A. These hints of urban development in Latin America make us wonder whether the Lexington Avenue line is really the last word in transportation or whether it isn't just about the same last word that it was twenty years ago.

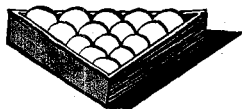
Are we quite the nimble masters of Change, and is the rest of the world still gaping at our innovations?

A Middle Western businessman dropped in at the *Atlantic* recently with another odd bulletin after a trip to Brazil. A little experiment is afoot down there, he said, which would turn the world coffee industry inside out and upside down. The coffee would be roasted on the plantation or at the dockside and be made immediately into an essence

of coffee of maximum strength, which would then be quick-frozen. The export product would be cubes of the frozen essence. The ultimate consumer would simply add boiling water.

We realize that "prepared" coffee is to the coffee enthusiast as "processed" cheese is to Crosby Gaige, but our informant believes that the quick-freeze treatment may be the answer. A coffee bean is full of crotchets but, after all, so is a ripe raspberry.

C. W. M.



Pool

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

DEFINITION No. 2 in Thorndike's Dictionary, which has a better definition of poolroom than either Webster's or Funk & Wagnalls's, is "A place where people bet on races"; and it should have added, "illegally."

Definition No. 1 is "A room where pool is played." And Thorndike's inclusive and exclusive definition of pool is "A game played on a special table with 6 pockets. The players try to drive the balls into the pockets with long sticks called cues." There are, as Funk & Wagnalls have it, "15 object balls and cue balls, the object being to get certain balls into the pockets, and to avoid getting the cue ball into a pocket." The lexicographers don't play pool, though the definitions are good. The balls are numbered from 1 to 15.

Now, owing to the fact that the vendors of pool tables — notably the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company — found that "poolroom" got to mean a joint where possibly objectionable fellows bet on races, Section 352 of the Penal Code of New York reads:—

The word "pool" shall be discontinued as a descriptive word referring to a pocket-billiard room or place. Wherever the word "Pool" appears on any window, sign, building, or stationery, used for or in connection with a billiard or pocket-billiard place, it must be changed to read "Billiards" or "Pocket billiards."

Well, I have seen the good players, or Cue Wizards, play. And I have seen them play long after Section 352 of the Penal Code was in effect. And they have played marvelous pool — Greenleaf, Taberski, Mosconi, Caras — most of them. I've seen them make marvelous shots. Shots? Runs. They play what we who play Crazy Pool, Kelly Pool, Bottle Pool, and other variations, call Straight Pool. The break is a safety break, and the object is to put 14 balls, designated by the shooter, into the pockets, and to leave one ball up. Then the 14 are spotted, and the Wizards try to leave that ball in

such a position that when hit it will scatter the 14. I have seen Greenleaf, for one, take three deliberate scratches, and then run the 128 necessary to win. Championship games are played for 125 points.

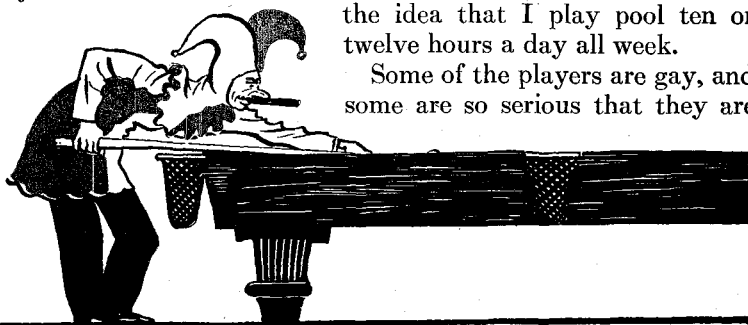
Where I — and my young cronies — play pool, there is only one table, so little Straight Pool is played. Years ago Kelly Pool was played exclusively, but for ten years Crazy Pool has been played all day, and most of the night.

Crazy Pool is popular because there is a lot of luck in it, and the better players are not always the winners — the luck tends to equalize things. Anything goes. We usually play partners — two against two. The break is "open" — that is, you hit the 1-ball as hard as possible, and if any ball goes into any pocket it counts as many points as the number on the ball. The balls have to be hit in rotation, and if the cue ball scratches or the object ball fails to be hit the penalty is the number of the ball you are trying to hit. The game is 150 points, and simple addition of the numbers 1 to 15 totals 120. Nobody plays pocket billiards. We shoot pool.

The life of the club centers about the pool table, as the kibitzing gallery, including a quartet waiting to play, often is large. For there is a vast amount of raillery, repartee, hobbledehoy, and calling upon the Deity, particularly when a scratch is made on a high-numbered ball.

The club has dozens of pool players of various degrees of skill; and there being only one table, nobody is likely to play more than one game consecutively, as there are too many players waiting for the table. Yet, though I average not more than two days a week, my wife — and she is not alone in this — has the idea that I play pool ten or twelve hours a day all week.

Some of the players are gay, and some are so serious that they are



nicknamed in honor of one of the non-playing members, Ernest Poole.

The game of Crazy Pool has given rise to many a daily wheeze. Rollin Kirby, when his opponent makes a succession of good shots, says, "He was born with a silver cue in his mouth," or "He plays like one of the Poolist Fathers." Also, once when somebody "playing position" failed even to pocket the ball he was shooting at, he said, "Position, heal thyself!"

A miscue is known as member of the Rumanian Embassy. One day, as Rea Irvin was playing phenomenally, I said, "You're very, very good." To which he countered, "And be it understood, I command a right good cue."

Now and then an actor who has played Shakespeare is in the game — James Rennie, Herbert Ranson, to name two. Whereat somebody always says, "See what a shot the envious Casca made." And sometimes, "Ones are made by you and me, but only Gordon Stevenson can make the three." A particularly soft shot, ten years ago, was a Shirley Temple. Two excellent players, when pitted against a pair of mediocrities, are known as Frank and Jesse James.

How old the game of pool is I don't know, but billiards was brought to this country by the Spaniards who settled St. Augustine in 1565. And speaking of billiards, your billiard player has considerable contempt for pool; there is, except for the great pool players, less skill, and less concentration in it.

Easily worst of our pool players is Thomas Chalmers, who was Polonius in Maurice Evans's *Hamlet*. He is now known as Poolonius, and the other day when John Cecil Holm was so anxious to play that he forgot to remove his overcoat, it was said that he kept on his "poolo" coat.

When Straight Pool is played, as it is in the club and inter-club matches, there is less noise than there ought to be even at a championship golf match. Most of the time, however, the comment is so noisy that in summer, when the windows are open, there are complaints from the adjoining coeducational club.

There was a time when I chronicled some of the pool matches I played. Often I mentioned that I had been playing with Dr. Richard Hoffmann. His adoring mother said to him one day, "Listen, Richard. It's all right getting your name in the paper for playing pool. How about getting it in once for winning the Nobel Prize?"

In 1938 I was in the operating room of a hospital. While under the anesthetic, I yelled, as I yell in the pool games when an unusually unlucky scratch is made by me, "NO!" A woman about to have an appendectomy rose, put on her clothes, and went home. She said that she refused to stay in a hospital where inordinate cruelty was practiced.

And one touch of sentiment: Over the portrait of Mark Twain hangs the cue that he played with. . . . And any little male reader in the vicinity of Gramercy Park that wants to watch is welcome. The Collector of Internal Revenue tells me that is chargeable to Entertainment.



Cartoonist's World

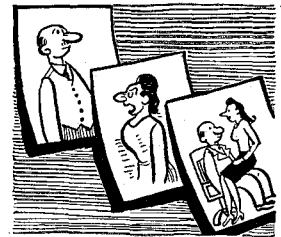
By CARL ROSE



SOME years ago, there was buried in Flushing, Long Island, the Westinghouse Time Capsule. This was a plastic case presumably able to withstand for five thousand years the earth's corrosive chemistry. From the objects encased within it, the scientists due to dig it up on that distant day will deduce the way of life on earth (at least *our* section of it) in 1939. The gesture presupposed that enough will be left of civilization in 6939 to make the whole thing worth while, and that the good will accruing to the Westinghouse Company, sponsors of the project, will stand them in good stead then.

It's a fascinating prospect, and I say more power to it. But, I'd have liked to see enclosed within that tube about five thousand gag cartoons dealing exclusively with the domestic scene — the husband-wife-children-house-car combination. How close to truth could a perceptive archaeologist get from an examination of such material? If I shut my eyes hard, sweep my mind vacant, and if the telephone doesn't ring, would his deductions read something like this?

Life in the mid-twentieth century, it would seem, was middle-class, for rarely does great wealth figure in these drawings, and not much oftener are members of the proletariat depicted. It was an urban or a suburban existence. The rural note is all but missing. A study of the male or husband-father character shows him to be of medium build, partly bald, possessed of a mustache and an ineffectual expression. During one or more of his family meals, he would hide himself behind a screen labeled "Times" or "News" while at table.

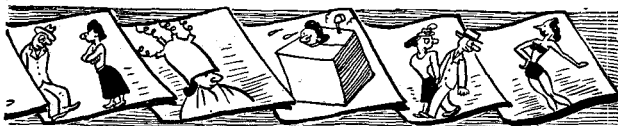


He spent his day at an "office," in the anteroom of which numerous people waited to see him. He himself would hide in an inner room and conduct his "business" at a desk while a pretty office habitué sat upon his lap. At day's end, he would hie to a tavern where, in the company of other men, he drank strong liquors until he became "drunk." At this point he would call his wife on the telephone to inform her (a) that he would be late for dinner, and (b) that he was bringing a friend home for dinner. Upon arrival he would be greeted (a) if he were young and recently married, by a tearful wife and burning pans upon the kitchen stove, or (b) if he were older and longer married, by a tearful wife who complained about the children. These latter were badly behaved, mal-adjusted youngsters unwilling to take lessons on one of the limited number of musical instruments available at the time.

On the whole, it was the wife-mother who dominated the domestic scene. She was of dull intelligence, constantly at odds with her husband, her children,

and her environment. She spent much time in "beauty shoppes," her head in a large mysterious metal contraption, or her body in an equally mysterious square cabinet. Withal, she remained an unattractive woman, shapeless and dowdy. There seemed to exist, however, pretty females whom the husband ogled, usually within sight or hearing of his distressed or angered wife. Relations were rarely pleasant between the two. Not one representation of connubial bliss is shown, although they slept in the same room and often in the same bed. They quarreled continuously, frequently to the point of violence and sometimes literally to the death. A curious circumstance in this connection is that while many times the wife is shown killing her husband, usually with a "pistol," a popular lethal weapon of the time, the reverse is *never* shown. Since we know from collateral research that uxoricide was not unknown, we can only conclude that this one-sidedness was the result of some quaint chivalric notion on the part of the artists.

There was little, if any, gaiety in the couple's lives. For sport, they played "cards" with a like couple, but these interludes ended either in acrimony or in homicide. He laughed at her hats but he allowed her to pick out his outer raiment. Their occasional picnics were beset with ants, and their "golfsings" had more of pain than of pleasure in them. She had him wait long periods before a social evening while she attended to her toilet, but she was as frumpy after her labors as before.



Machinery baffled them both although the machine age was pretty well along. Especially prevalent was an inefficient little instrument of surface locomotion called a "car"—a four-wheeled vehicle with an internal-combustion engine driven by a crude form of gasoline. The woman, especially, showed an almost incredible ineptitude in its operation, but she did not hesitate to pour forth a stream of admonitory words when the man was driving.

Their house was jerry-built. Slight external pressure would punch a hole in the plaster ceilings or walls. Plumbing was in dreadful disrepair, for when it broke down, there was never a gentle leak, but a deluge which inundated a room with one to five feet of water. During the cold months, heating was inadequate; it was customary to pound upon "radiators" to evoke an extra degree or two of warmth. When the house burned, it burned completely. Mishaps were epidemic, catastrophes common.

The most trivial actions were attended by inconvenience. The telephone rang only when one was in the bathtub; visitors dropped in at moments least conducive to pleasant social intercourse; there was no hint of—

Excuse me, the telephone just rang.



Garden Stuff

By CROSBY GAIGE

MIDSUMMER tidal waves of vegetables rising in millions of American gardens beat against our tables in such surging profusion that bewildered housewives, cooks, and just ordinary eaters have difficulty dealing with the flood. A breaker of string beans crashes in the kitchen, and its green ebb has scarcely disappeared before it is followed by a comber of peas, another of carrots, of corn, cauliflower, and tomatoes.

Authorities differ as to the birthplace of string beans; but wherever they came from, they came aplenty. Untold billions of them are served every year on our tables like so much soggy ensilage. When frost puts a fortunate stop to their proliferation in Northern gardens, string bean connivers in other parts of the country take up the task and ship whole trainloads to places already sated with their monotony. Some cooks serve them whole; some cut them lengthwise; some cut them squarely across; and some, with a real flair for nuance, cut them on the slant. It makes no difference how you cut them, they are still a pain in the palate.

One Saturday afternoon I found that the gardener had thoughtfully provided a nice, brimming basket of string beans. I put the basket beneath the kitchen table and tried to ignore it, but you can't ignore string beans. There are too many of them.

I decided to do something drastic, and here is what I did. The beans, about two pounds of them, were washed, sliced, and put to boil with a small sprig of summer savory in a kettle of salted water, where they were allowed to cook for about 25 minutes, or until they were tender. While they were cooking, I melted 4 ounces of good butter in a saucepan. (Of course if you can't get butter, exercise your own judgment as to what sort of vegetable fat you use in this and the following recipes.) I sliced a dozen scallions, tops and all, into the hot butter, along with a cup of finely sliced mushrooms, and let them stew slowly until soft. Then I added a pint of milk, and allowed the mixture to come nearly, but not quite, to the boiling point. As a final touch, when the pot was removed to the back of the stove, I added salt and freshly ground white pepper to taste, a cup of cream, and a tablespoon of freshly grated cheese. The beans were served in hot, individual earthen dishes, swimming in the rich sauce. You should eat them with a spoon and ask for a second helping.

Author of many cookbooks, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. He is the chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society. This is the sixth in a series by Mr. Gaige.

For the past dozen years or so I have acted in the capacity of Adviser on Flavor to the American Spice Trade Association, a federation of importers, grinders, and purveyors of spices and herbs. The activities of this association are benevolent, and upon them depends the tastiness of our daily food. And so it is that most of the problems of seasoning have come to my attention and have been examined in my laboratory. A little touch of spice or herb makes all the difference between routine fare and high cuisine.

As new potatoes are still being unearthed in some parts of the country from their tidy rows in the garden, here follow a couple of suggestions for the treatment of these tiny tubers. Peel 12 small, uniform-sized potatoes and cook them in a covered saucepan along with a bay leaf, in enough chicken stock to cover them. Let them simmer slowly for about 15 minutes, or until they are done. In another saucepan, sauté 2 teaspoons of finely chopped onions in 2 ounces of butter until the onions are a soft golden color. Strain the onions from the butter and pour it over the young spuds and garnish with chopped parsley. Another treatment is to boil the new potatoes in their jackets in the usual manner. Peel them and sauté them in a frying pan in melted butter to which a bay leaf has been added. Shake them gently in the pan until their curves are crispy and nicely flecked with gold and brown. Then serve with a sprinkling of mixed chopped chives and parsley.

Corn on the cob has carried its message all over the world. Keen amateur gardeners like Jonel Jorgulesco tell me that it is a good idea to get your seed corn from some place far away from home. He said the best corn he ever grew in his garden in Westchester County, New York, came from seed grown in Hawaii. In any event, in my own garden I have at least five successive plantings of maize. The earliest planting gets its start in small pots in the greenhouse. By this sly practice I beat the neighbors by a week or two.

Sometimes I make special butter balls for corn on the cob. Soften half a pound of butter, just enough so that it can be easily worked. Blend thoroughly with the butter a level teaspoon of paprika, form into butter balls, and store in the refrigerator against future use.

When you are tired of corn *au naturel*, corn fritters, or corn soup, try a dish made as follows: —

I take 15 good, fresh ears and cut the kernels from the cob. Into my saucepan I put 3 ounces of butter. Next, I clean, seed, and mince into small pieces a large green pepper and a large red pepper. These I sauté in the hot butter for about 10 or 12 minutes. Next goes in a pint of milk, and when this is hot I add the corn and a cup of finely diced mushrooms. The dish is then seasoned to taste with salt, white pepper,



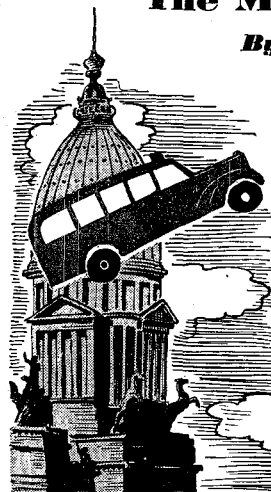
and a half teaspoon of chili powder, and allowed to simmer, but not boil, for about 10 minutes, or until the corn is tender. Five minutes before the corn is ready to serve, the saucepan is removed to the back of the stove and the final touch of perfection blesses the pot in the shape of a half pint of cream.

Green peas are one of the fine treats that summer affords to us. As a known vegetable the pea is older than antiquity itself. The Greeks called it *pison* and the Latins settled for *pisum*. I will settle for green peas as I occasionally have them prepared at home.

In a heavy casserole or stewpan melt a quarter pound of good, sweet butter. Shred into this a head of fresh lettuce and slice in three or four young scallions. Add a half teaspoon of sugar, a teaspoon of chopped parsley, a good, big pinch of grated nutmeg, and a tablespoon of cold water. Let this mixture simmer for five minutes and then pour in a quart of shelled peas. Cook quickly for about 20 minutes. The lettuce and the peas will furnish their own cooking liquid. Then remove the pot to the back of the stove and add a cup of light cream — and do not allow to boil.

Fine things may be done with melons when they ripen upon the vine or within the grocer's bins. Select ripe melons such as cantaloupe, honeydew, or watermelon, either singly or in combination with each other. Scoop out the tender, fragrant flesh into balls with a round spoon or with a gadget made for the purpose. Into a glass bowl go the melon balls with a bath consisting of 2 tablespoons of preserved ginger, a pinch of ground ginger stirred up with the juice of 1 lemon and 1 orange for each person to be served. Chill this well in the refrigerator for an hour and present in generous, individual glasses buried in chopped ice and decorated, if you go in for decoration, with strawberry leaves.

TRAVEL The Micro-Bus of B.A. By RAY JOSEPHS



GETTING my first *colectivo* ride in Buenos Aires was no easy job. I had seen these brightly colored, fifteen-passenger micro-buses that seemed to combine the intimacy of a private car with the thrills of a roller coaster, the speed of a Glenn Campbell racer and the nimble dodging of a bullfighter. They stream round the central Plaza de

A Philadelphia newspaperman for ten years, RAY JOSEPHS went to Argentina in 1940 and became the first daily columnist on a Buenos Aires newspaper. He is the author of *Argentine Diary*.

Mayo, which is their downtown loop, and then race out the tree-lined Avenida de Mayo, past the rows of gayly awninged sidewalk cafés or out the smart new Diagonal Norte. But I never had the courage or skill to try getting on.

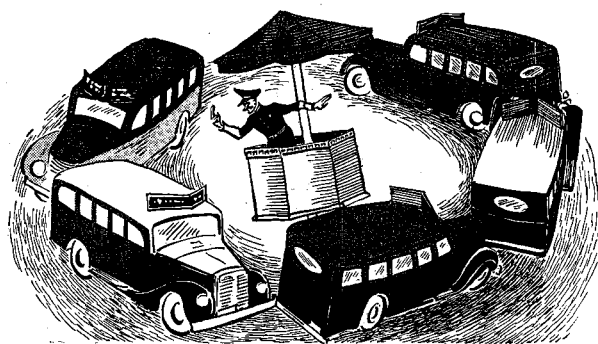
It takes special knowledge and courage. For the *colectiveros* — a special breed of *hombres* who make the self-assertive Manhattan hackmen or the independent London cabbies seem like milksops — never stop save for women or the blind. Men are expected to get on and off while the micro is in motion. You board the micro by running alongside as it slows down, grasping the handrail at the left of the lone narrow doorway, then bounding on.

When there's a crowd and a sign indicates space for only one more, jumping aboard becomes as precarious as catching a ring on the merry-go-round, with the added thrill that you might be bounced in the path of another *colectivo*. Waiting in line for anything or taking a little ticket with a priority number as on the Paris buses has always been scorned in the Latin capital.

But Buenos Aires *porteños* consider the sporting side of *colectivo*-riding only one of its inducements. Its chief advantages are the speed and low cost with which — without the need of transfers — you can get from the center to almost any part of a city whose physical area is greater than sprawling, far-flung Los Angeles itself and whose population is close to 3,500,000. In no other city in the world do people get up earlier or go to bed later, dash home for a two-hour lunch and siesta or go to cafés, cinés, restaurants, and clubs more. And since Buenos Aires subways and major bus lines follow only direct main thoroughfares and stop running at 1.00 A.M., the *colectivos*, which double back, twist and turn, to get to every part of town, attract every type of rider from the wealthy *estanciero* to the lowly stockyard worker.

No ride costs more than 40 centavos — about ten cents U.S. — and that would take you all the way out to the Tigre, a green-grown Venice where Buenos Aires rows and boats of a week-end. Most rides within the city require only a one-zone, ten-centavo fare, which is two and one-half American pennies. With the speed and maneuverability of the *colectivos* intown trips usually take five to ten minutes. And if you miss, or can't push your way on one, there's always another in two or three minutes, since size and economy of operation make it possible to run many small units instead of concentrating on larger ones as in U.S. cities.

Comfort and peace of mind, if you're the type of rider who worries, are of course sometimes lacking. *Colectiveros*, rather than regarding their cars as vehicles, often consider them as weapons, particularly if the drivers of rival lines try to cut in. Some non-*porteños* who haven't been able to stand the pace have also reported that any driver caught going around a corner on all four wheels is automatically suspended.



After I learned how to get on and how to shout "*Esquina!*" (corner) a block before I was to jump off, and discovered that no *colectivo* ever returned on the street down which it started, but followed a circuitous route home, my favorite rides were Route 42, which went down through the flower-gardened docks to the Costanera along the wide Río de la Plata, or Route 59, which whisked out the Diagonal, past the smart shops of Calle Santa Fe and the Palermo Race Track out to suburban Olivos in just about twenty-two minutes. The vehicle for Route 59, although like all other *colectivos* a standard-size job built on an American Chevrolet chassis, offered a premium ride with double fare and a seat guaranteed.

In order to get to know Buenos Aires in all its cosmopolitan complexity, I once planned to ride every one of the 330 routes. Each one is run by an association of fiercely individual owner-drivers who jointly determine their own schedules and routes and design their own elaborately decorative schemes and safety rules with only the slightest control from the federal district of Buenos Aires. The multi-million Municipal Transport Corporation has taken over the British trolleys, the German and Spanish subways, and the French buses, but has never been able to make much headway against the *colectiveros*.

My plan failed when I was bogged down by other business. But the *colectivos* were always the prime source when a cable on public reaction was demanded by editors. Once aboard, you didn't even have to ask questions. The *colectivero*, beholden to no one but himself, would repeat the latest political story every few blocks, volunteer a commentary on international events, and report the sentiment of riders on the previous runs. If the authorities were up to some new scheme affecting the little man, the *colectivero* knew it and had the details. And if anything was stirring at the Foreign Ministry, he could tell by the movement of the white-license-plated diplomatic cars.

But in one respect the *colectiveros*, whose voice was powerful enough to keep Buenos Aires from getting traffic lights, who defied the colonels' ban on political demonstrations by driving pro-democratic marchers free, were the same as all other drivers I've met. Hand them a big bill to change and the same stream of choice language would be forthcoming, only this time with a Buenos Aires accent.

THEATER

Grade-Labeling in the Theater**By RUSSELL MALONEY***Where Do Prizes Come From?*

The awarding of a prize or citation by the Pulitzer Prize committee or the Critics' Circle is, of course, a good thing for the play thus honored; or so we must suppose. To be sure, the play is always a hit of long standing (prize committees shy away from worthy failures) and the seats are selling four months in advance anyway; but presumably there is for the management a certain amount of innocent good fun in the fact that there now are twice as many people futilely queued up in the lobby.

At the risk of making an obvious remark, I'd like to point out that the people in the lobby are not only seeking out this prize-winning play: they are by the same token shunning other plays. The custom of awarding prizes may just possibly be a bad thing for the theater, in that it substitutes one certified good play for half a dozen unofficial good plays.

In imagination I buttonhole these eager playgoers and ask, "Why so anxious to see this particular play?"

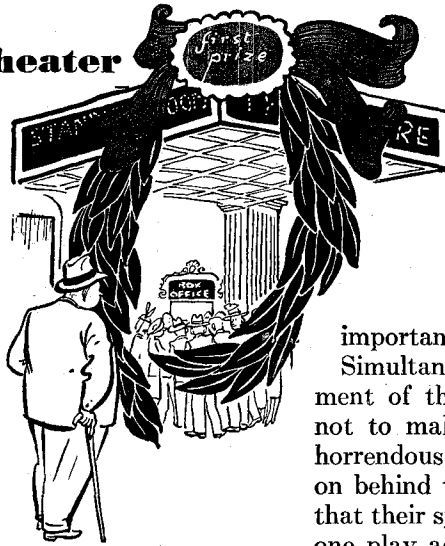
"Because it won the Critics' Prize," they tell me. Or sometimes, "Because it won the Pulitzer Prize."

"But did you ever see a critic?" I ask them. "Do you know who is on the Pulitzer Prize committee? Can you, as a matter of fact, name even one person who has ever been on a Pulitzer Prize committee?"

They just look at me with their mouths hanging open.

Here is a strange situation. There is an absolute value attached to the verdict of the prize committees. The "best" play of the season flaunts its unqualified superlative unchallenged by anybody in or out of the theater business. To be sure, there may be another "best" play doing business up the street, if the critics and the Pulitzer people happen to have disagreed, but that's all right; competition is the life of trade. The strange thing is that the open disagreement among the people who award the prizes has done nothing to discredit the prizes. This state of affairs might, without intentional irreverence, be compared to the occasional disparity between the private lives of clergymen and their unquestioned authority on Sunday.

Having done their best to disqualify the Pulitzer



Prize clique, the critics are now doing their best to destroy themselves. It is a dull season indeed in which a New York critic does not write a review of a play he hasn't seen, get himself accused of plagiarism from the work of a brother critic, or show up staggering drunk at an important (to some people) opening.

Simultaneously with the announcement of their award, or their decision not to make one, the critics release a horrendous news story about what went on behind those locked doors. It seems that their system of testing the merits of one play against those of another is to

ballot themselves into insensibility, like a hung jury or the delegates to a political convention, until some play, any play, gets the necessary majority. Thus it is possible in theory for a play which was not the first choice of even one critic to receive the majority vote and become the best play of the season. For all I know it may have happened.

The Most Delicious Ham Sandwich in the World

Viewed in various theater lobbies during intermissions, the ticket-buying public does not strike the observer as an assembly of intellectual aristocrats. Just home folks, you'd say—pretty well heeled, but no different otherwise from a movie audience. Matter of fact, they *are* the movie audience—part of it—just as they are part of the reading public and the radio audience. They are the people who read detective stories because they damn well *like* detective stories; who listen to one or two corny radio programs for the solid satisfaction that is to be gained from corn; who like movies with Myrna Loy and William Powell in them. But, considered purely as playgoers, what feels and addepatates they are, to be sure!

Theater audiences today are, as a matter of fact, hardly worth the powder to blow them up. They have lost all vestiges of self-respect. As an element in the success or failure of a play, the audience is negligible; playgoers bear the same relationship to show business that bees bear to the wholesale beef business. A Cook's-touring school-ma'am scuttling through the Louvre is a more potent and dignified figure in the world of art than a playgoer in the New York theater. And all because these same people who choose their own books and movies and radio programs and magazines are for some reason unwilling to choose their own plays.

Whatever else you want to say about them, radio programs and movies and popular publications are produced on the basis of a predictable

This is another in a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

demand. The dreadful little members of the intellectual underworld in some manner make their wishes felt, and they are obeyed. Occasionally, the creative people working within these fields have been driven by public pressure to improve the quality of their product—the contemporary detective story is a case in point. A Broadway play, however, is simply something that somebody thought he might produce, and some other people thought they might act in, and that somebody else thought he might invest in, and that another man thought he might rent his theater for, and that the critics decided might be praised without loss of face. This much being true of a play, you can always count on an audience; the audience is the least of anybody's worries. What we have here is a smoothly functioning conditioned reflex; say "hit" or "prize play" and the people line up outside the theater.

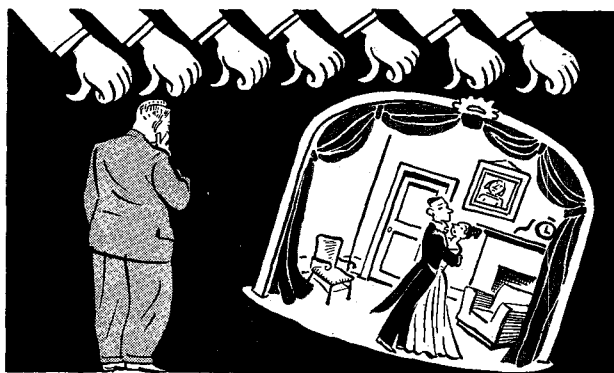
The superlative is peculiarly twentieth-century American—the champ, the world's record, the prize-winner. In this milieu athletics (as several people have doubtless pointed out before now) becomes a matter of twenty-two men playing a game and seventy-five thousand people watching them. This is passive athletics, and it's silly. Passive aesthetics is just as silly, but try to tell that to this generation of playgoers. I go around buttonholing producers and Shuberts and all suchlike, telling them, "The best play is the play with the best audience," but all I get in return is some mighty funny looks.

The only possible answer to a committee which announces to you that it has just picked out the best play of the 1945-1946 season is: "And who, during that time, made the best ham sandwich?" In no time at all, you will have your committee spouting arguments against this idea—it's impossible, it's too subjective, you can't even remember exactly how a ham sandwich tasted, two or three weeks afterwards. Then it would strike the committee, in a giant delayed take, that all this applies to plays, too. Audiences have been bullied and badgered until they lost all their self-respect, but they are still the only measurement of a good play. Objective standards don't exist.

Get in There and Fight

Today's theatergoers have never been to a bad play. They don't even know what a bad play is, bless their hearts. To be sure, they have seen plenty of empty plays; they have indeed had a surfeit of inanity. But the bad plays, the technically imperfect plays, are briskly killed at birth by the critics. For some reason or other, we must have technical perfection in the theater or the reviewers are unhappy. And we can't have the reviewers unhappy, can we?

Some years ago Philip Barry wrote a good play called *Here Come the Clowns*. Since even the pot-boilers Mr. Barry writes—*Holiday*, for instance,



or *The Philadelphia Story*—are very good, his good plays are really something. This one was about the problem of good and evil. Well, the problem of good and evil is something that the human race has been puzzling over for a good many centuries, and the fact is that Mr. Barry's dramatic discussion of it offered no solution. The critics pointed this out. Good try, they said in effect, but no cigar. The play closed—can't have a play which poses a problem and doesn't solve it. Hence the present-day capillary-caliber play, the play which, so gracefully and with such an air of accomplishment, solves the tiniest possible problem.

The possibility that a bad play might be in some way as rewarding as a good one has yet to be explored by the theatergoing public. Indeed, the elasticity of the words "good" and "bad" remains a secret known only to a select few. What can we make of the fact that a percentage—a minute, fractional percentage, to be sure, but a percentage—walks out onto the street after seeing *Oklahoma!* full of simple wonder that all that hoo-rav has been made over an ordinary song-and-dance show? Might not some of these malcontents wander into a non-hit and like it? And if enough of them liked it, might it not become sort of a hit? What thoughts!

Head of Ikhnaton

By HOWARD RAMSDEN

OUT of the welter of dispersing time
Some angel in destruction, some blind grace
That saves the lovely fragment, the torn rhyme,
Has kept the dauntless flower of your face.
The lips are young and poised to soft desire —
Yours are the eyes that sought an unseen god,
The being past a meaning in this fire
That burned across your shoulders like a rod.

The temples crumble and the fanes go down;
The desert gates let in the drowning sand
To these who wore the cobra as a crown;
The cliff tombs gaze upon another land.
But still the nations fall before the One
Whom grave Ikhnaton saw beyond the sun.

FACTS

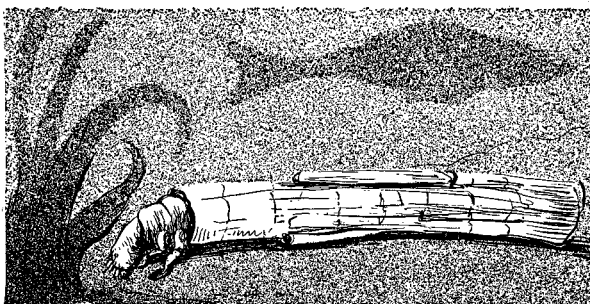
House of LeavesBy **LORUS J. MILNE**

AMONG the litter of vegetable debris on the bottom of a slow stream, a caddis larva is searching out materials for a portable house. The insect had a fine tube until a few moments ago, but on the very briefest notice, she was required to vacate her snug quarters. A homeless relative had simply entered her back door, bitten her from behind, and chased her out the front door. She hadn't given up without a struggle, or decided to build without exhausting other possibilities. But she must have a covering for her naked body, and every house within her ken is either too small to enter or is occupied by a formidable tenant.

There are no new building materials either. Except for waterlogged fragments scattered at intervals, the bottom of the stream is just clean sand. Hurriedly the insect crawls about, lifting bits of bark, testing tips of twigs, seeking substances she can use. From time to time she finds a fragment of a leaf. These pieces she drags with her, and finally gathers a number of them into a little pile beneath the hinder part of her body. There she protects them while she stretches out with black exploring legs, searching for still more.

Finally she stops amassing particles from the debris around her. She backs up enough to be able to reach a leaf from her collection. With her head as a measuring guide, she uses her jaws as shears to cut out a neat rectangle from one edge. The leaf fragment is large enough to provide a second rectangle of about the same size. But while it is being trimmed to shape, the rest of that raw material drifts away as waste. Still standing over the untouched pieces in the leaf collection, the insect holds the two rectangles below her mouth-parts. By careful maneuvering, with legs and jaws she brings together the long edges of the two rectangles. The crack between their butting sides she fills with cement from her mouth. The cement hardens quickly on exposure to the water and forms a plastic thread sewing the leaf pieces into a continuous sheet.

Working swiftly, the caddis larva snips out an additional rectangle from her hoard of leaves and adds the new fragment to the long edge of one of the preceding pieces. By rapid repetition, she extends the original pair of rectangles into a series of similar sheets, forming a ribbon one rectangle length wide and perhaps six rectangle widths long. With the hinder part of her body still securing the store of untouched leaves, the insect manipulates her ribbon under her forefeet until she is standing on



one end of it, with the series of stitched strips extending to one side.

Very dexterously, she draws forward one of her hinder legs on this side and slips her foot under the ribbon — between it and the sandy bottom. Then with great care she stretches her leg backward and at the same time raises it. This motion elevates the free end of the ribbon and wraps it over her back in much the same way that a man puts on a belt. Holding it in place, she reaches up with a hind leg from the opposite side of her body, catches the free end of the ribbon, and draws it down below her to form the beginning of a tube. The loop of ribbon is not drawn tight, although it corresponds closely to the contour of her body. She backs through it until she can apply her mouth-parts to the free edge, and can cement it to the end of the ribbon, on which she has been standing throughout this delicate operation.

The caddis larva has a tube, but it is too short. She must lengthen the tube so that it covers her completely. This she does by cementing piece after piece to the front edge of her loop, adding the rectangles of leaf one at a time. She finishes the attachment of each fragment before shearing off another from her shrinking supply of sodden foliage. At last it is complete.

The new house is slightly larger than the one she lost some hours ago. It fits her body better and provides more space for water currents, which bring her dissolved air to breathe. She extends her head and black-legged shoulder region from the doorway and crawls along the bottom, hitching her house after her to shield her soft hinder parts.

The debris on the bottom offers also much invisible food. Whenever a leaf or a twig settles to the bed of a stream, microscopic plants and animals begin to grow on it. Many of them feed on the multitude of bacteria and water molds which slowly decompose the dead vegetable matter. She creeps about in search of such nourishment, always pulling her tube with her. Occasionally some suitable morsel is in her path, and she drags it into the front door with her, where she can chew on it in peace, protected by her case from the eyes of any hungry fish which might pass her way. When she has cleaned a leaf fragment of all living matter, she may cut it into rectangles and add them to her house.

Two months ago, the caddis larva was a tiny, caseless creature, hatched in the stream a few yards nearer its source than the little bend in which she lives at present. For a week a slender bracelet of translucent jelly had hung gracefully over a submerged twig. The sun had sparkled from many small whitish eggs imbedded in the soft matrix. When first the ring had been affixed to the twig,

LORUS J. MILNE is a teacher, biologist, and biophysicist at the University of Pennsylvania and Beaver College.

it measured scarcely half an inch across, but within a few hours it had swollen in the water which buoyed it up, until it spread fully four inches in diameter.

During the week, the translucency of the jelly had been obscured gradually by a thin green film of algae colonizing its surface, and a passing fish had broken the circlet so that it hung limply as two ropes of different length, each still glued to the submerged twig. The ends had swung to and fro with the shifting water. From minute to minute one night, small openings had appeared in the green surface of the ropes. Out of each hole a tiny caterpillar-like animal clothed in long fine hairs had stared awhile into the dark water. Then each had wriggled away from the maternal jelly in which its eggshell was still imbedded. Each had squirmed out into the stream and sunk slowly to the bottom. Because of their hairy coating and small size, the newborn caddis young took minutes to reach the stream bed, and water movements spread them over many square yards of debris-covered bottom. There each one set about building a case after the pattern of its parents.

During her two months on the stream bed, the caddis larva has encountered a number of distant relatives, but only a very few of her own kind. The latter gave her trouble in trying repeatedly to steal her tube. Her other relatives concerned her little, although they competed with her for the few food-covered leaves and twigs which the current brought to her general vicinity. Some of the other caddis larvae live in cases made of sand grains from the bottom, cemented together into slender conical tubes, or into miniature turtle shells, or into flat spirals like a snail shell.

The caddis larva has reached the limit of her growth. Beneath the skin along her back are pads of unused muscles and tissues which some day will be wings. Her period of feeding is past. Her plump body has a store of fats and oils to give her energy for the remainder of her life, a sort of retirement fund to feed her through the exciting days ahead when she will fly and find a mate.

Today she is preparing her tube for the resting period during which she can change over from a crawling feeding animal into a flying breeding one. She

is weaving a net across each end of her tube, the meshes consisting of the same tough cement she had used so often to sew together the rectangular leaf pieces which compose the case. Water can pass through the gratings, but her enemies will be kept outside. She will be able to breathe and yet be safe in spite of her future lethargic



to have her silk grating destroyed, her privacy invaded.

Within her case, protected by the meshes at either end, the caddis larva sheds her skin to become a helpless pupa. She rests quietly while internal changes proceed rapidly. The details of her future adult form can be seen clearly — her legs, wings, and feelers all in protective sheaths wrapped around her body. Day after day her color changes, from a pale yellow to a dark grayish brown. Mottled patterns appear on her folded wings as the fine hairs grow and the pigments take final positions.

Two weeks have passed since the caddis larva wove her gratings and stretched out within her case to change her form. She is much shorter now, and broader. The muscles which will move her legs and drive her wings have reached their full development and are ready for use.

Her covering fits snugly but has two features which she will use once and then discard. From her mouth-parts, fleshy lobes extend into long, slender, amber-colored jaws — special scissors on the pupal skin, with which she can snip her way through the silken net at the end of her tube to gain her freedom into the water of the stream. Along her back, the covering is set with several broad, brown, oval disks bearing tiny spines. These allow the insect to creep by wriggling through the case.

Now that her emergence time has come, she squirms her way to the grating, cuts its strands with her pupal teeth, stretches and strains through the ragged opening into the stream, and floats at once to the surface. There, if no fish or bird interrupts, she spreads her shoulders to split her pupal skin along the back and crawls quickly out on the raft it forms to extend her legs, her feelers, and finally her wings. She springs into the air above the stream and flies away as expertly as though she had been using her new wings for many months.

The caddis fly, for such she is, alights on a leaf of a near-by tree. She rests awhile to allow her body to harden in the dry air, and her eggs to complete the final steps in their development. Other caddis flies alight near-by, and by dusk hundreds of them hover over the stream and gather in mating dances above the treetops. These phases of an active life are not so easy to observe as those which occur in the streams and ponds throughout our land. Few indeed have watched a caddis mother creep cautiously down a slanting branch into a stream, to lay her eggs like a jelly doughnut over the tip of a terminal twig.



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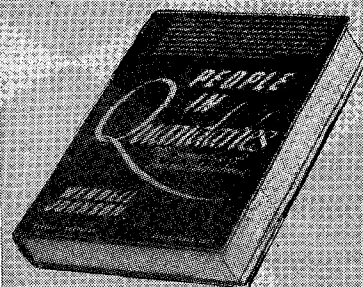
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THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I WAS fourteen when I made my first long cruise on the Barnegat. There were four of us in a 23-foot catboat, the oldest a freshman at Cornell. The cabin was so small that two of us slept with our heads out in the cockpit, hearing the gentle *slap, slap* of the water as we turned in our sleep. We stopped at Seaside Park for the famous buns; off Beach Haven we ran into a school of weakfish which kept us in chowder for two days; we swam in the inlets, we peeled until our noses were raw, collected enough mosquito bites for pleasant scratching; we ran free before a steady wind; and when finally we made the entrance to Atlantic City, we committed the fatal mistake of tying up at the Yacht Club just as a three-day northeaster was coming over the horizon. The seas that came scudding in smashed our tender to kindling and nearly rolled the stick out of the cocky little cat. We were marooned ashore (our total purse \$5.77); humbly we slept in the lee of the Clubhouse porch.

Gastronomically I always associate those early cruises with a burning heart. It may have been the canned tomatoes, which were a repeat (I use the word advisedly) item on our menu. Or it may have been the canned beans and the fried potatoes which were never quite fried through. Whatever the cause, the result was certain: I burped my way along with what was then politely known as a *burning heart*. Perhaps that is why, unless I am sailed by a skipper who is also a good cook, like Llewellyn Howland, I prefer today to do my cruising by land or by plane.

A cruise Down East on Route 1 can be very inviting in the early summer, especially if there is a Maine lake with smallmouthed bass awaiting your

fly rod over the horizon. North of Portsmouth the shore road threads in and out of the inlets and bays, through the tiny green-sloped harbors, past the white maritime mansions, anchored so serenely in their elms, past the trim, thrifty farmhouses whose paint has a sun-washed newness. Slow down at Brunswick to enjoy the Bowdoin pines; pause for ten minutes at Freeport to climb up the two floors to Mr. Bean's heavenly emporium for anglers; and then, as you resume, note how your curiosity is quickened and relayed by those enchanting names, Wiscasset, Damariscotta, the Camden Hills, Searsport, and Winterport. You see, without noticing, the slacks and shorts, the uplift bras, and the garish colors of the summer folk, but your thoughts are attracted by the living which goes on down the green and white shaded streets that lead off the highway. Is the Maine stock, you wonder with envy, as durable and untroubled as it looks? Would you change places?

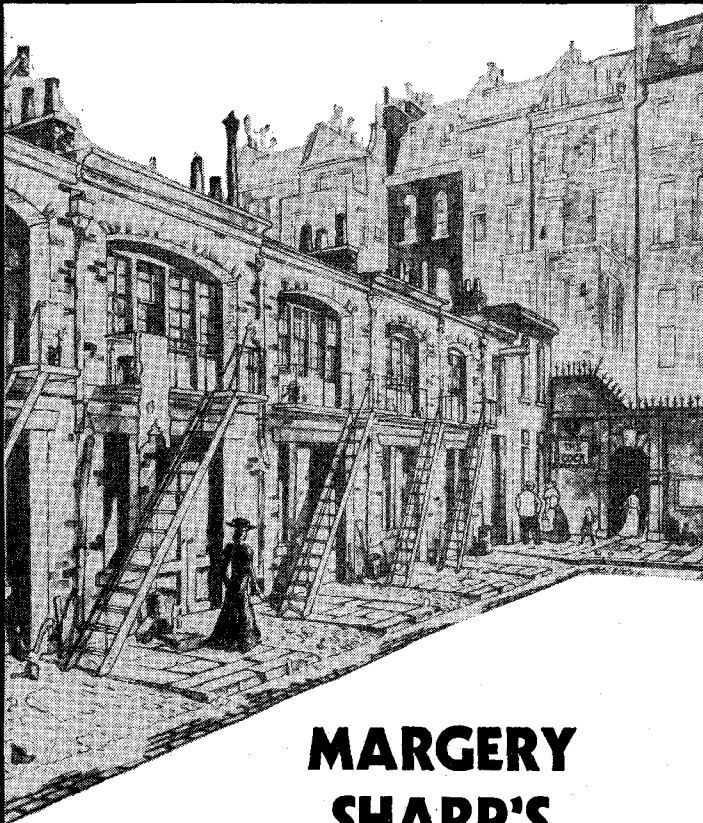
England to New England

From the secure havens of the Maine coast it is not a far cry to England; yet in the delight of rediscovering our own country this summer it is easy to forget old friends abroad. This realization prompts me to quote from a letter written to a friend in Hamilton, Massachusetts, who had sent food to an unknown Londoner: —

DEAR FRIEND: —

I had no idea my name had been sent in through the WVS for a parcel, and if you knew what these "extras" mean to the harassed British housewife, you would be able to realize how very grateful I am to you for your kind thought and generosity. We have always had enough to eat, but throughout the war we have had so little variety and been so short of fats — our ration still is 3 oz. butter, 3 oz. margarine, 21 oz. of lard each, a week — which is very difficult to manage on when all the fat is taken off the meat before we get it.

I am glad to say there is very little grumbling about it, though we did all hope rationing would have been decreased this year.



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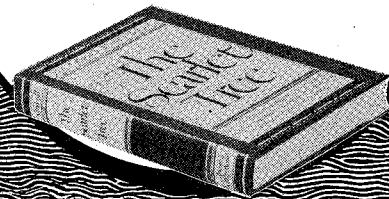
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**LITTLE, BROWN AND
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At the risk of boring you, I will tell you about our family life in the last few years. My husband's business, which was men's clothing, died with the beginning of the war, and he became Deputy Chief Air Raid Warden for Camberwell, which Boro has been one of the worst bombed in London. He had nearly as many nights *out* of bed as *in*, which the many bombing incidents around here were the cause of, as he always went to any incident in this Boro, to see that the wardens' service was operating properly. Now that the war is over, his job is ended, and as he is sixty-five, so far has not obtained fresh employment.

I was WVS District Leader for East Dulwich. There were six Air Raid Precaution Posts manned by ARP wardens and I had a WVS Post Leader for each (which covered twenty or thirty streets). The Post Leaders had Street Leaders in each street, so that when the incidents occurred through bombing, V-1's or V-2's, I called on the Post Leader in whose area the trouble was, and she got helpers, and we went to the scene of the trouble, to help the bombed-out people, and assist the other services in any way we could. . . .

The last incident we were on occurred three minutes from this house, on January 6, 1945, Saturday afternoon, at 4.45. We had heard explosions several times during the day, without any warning! They were V-2's. My daughter and I were in our lounge, when suddenly the whole house seemed to jump in the air and all the windows crashed in! (It was the fourth time our windows had been blown in.) In the front of the house all the window frames were hanging outside.

Fortunately the rocket had fallen almost on the spot where we had two mines in 1941. The houses had been cleared away from that, or there would have been more deaths. As it was, there were six buried under the ruins, and two killed in the street, and about twelve injured. It was dark by five o'clock and there was a thin sheet of ice on the roads. All the rescue and warden services were there within four minutes, but had to send for the big cranes to move the debris. Two searchlight vans arrived, and played the light on the ruins on which the rescue parties worked, assisted by the RAF men with their Alsatian dogs — trained to find people buried under the rubble. I knew that two friends of mine were under the ruins of their home — they were both dead when they were got out. The WVS opened up an Enquiry Point in one of the less ruined houses and we were soon very busy, serving out American Red Cross chocolate, which we made in the American thermostat urns, helping people to get some of their belongings out, and getting cars from our Volunteer Car Pool to take them to friends, and answering a thousand questions from anxious friends and relatives, and giving information.

The pluck, patience, and spirit of the people were wonderful. I have never ceased to marvel at

it. I have stood by families whose broken furniture was standing out in the road because the house was unsafe. All the things they had lived with and loved — and we watched the heavy rescue men take long poles and push the sides of the house in because it was unsafe to let it stand! All the terrific dust would come showering out over everything in the road, and they have said, "Oh, we are the lucky ones!" — thinking of their dead and injured neighbors. The war has taught me to admire my fellow beings.

Though we have had an oil bomb, a phosphorus bomb, a shower of incendiary bombs, mines, high explosive bombs, V-1's and V-2's all around here, none of this family ever had a scratch. . . .

My elder daughter remained at her office in the City throughout the war and after office hours during that time did work at a First Aid Post, in the ARP control room at the Town Hall, and fire-watching at the office at night. My second daughter went to India and was in Calcutta, and then on to Siam, and was in Bangkok. She flew home from Karachi just after Christmas this year.

My elder son was a territorial before the war, so went straight into active service when the war started. He was in North Africa, in the landing in Sicily, also in the landing in Italy. He is now a Major in the Royal Engineers. He has been home from Italy for twenty months. He had malaria and dysentery, but was not wounded. He went to Germany last July and is still there — he is thirty.

My younger boy was a Flying Officer, Pilot on a Lancaster bomber, and his plane was shot down in the last raid on Boppard in Germany. He was twenty-three — full of life and love and promise. I feel that part of me has died with him.

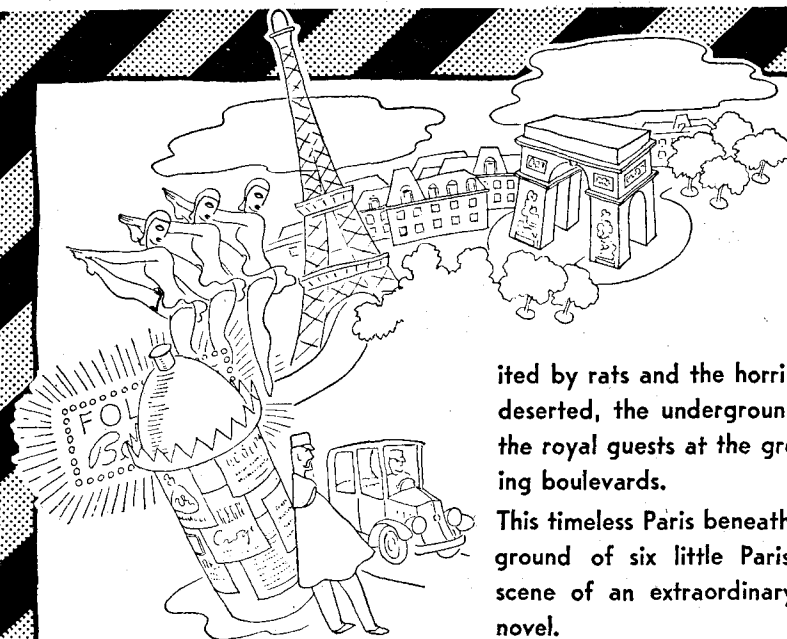
Please don't think it is in any spirit of boasting I tell you of our life. It is just that I believe that if we, on each side of the ocean, knew more of the personal side of each other's lives, we should have a better chance of understanding. Again, I thank you for your great generosity and kindness and assure you that all the things you have sent will create quite a "party" atmosphere here. My son comes home on leave next week, and we shall think of our very kind friend in Hamilton when we are enjoying the good things.

Yours very sincerely,
V. N.

From town to country

Anyone now mulling over the problem of retirement will find plenty of incentive and much practical advice in a homely book fresh-laid from Vermont — *This Country Life* by Samuel R. Ogden.

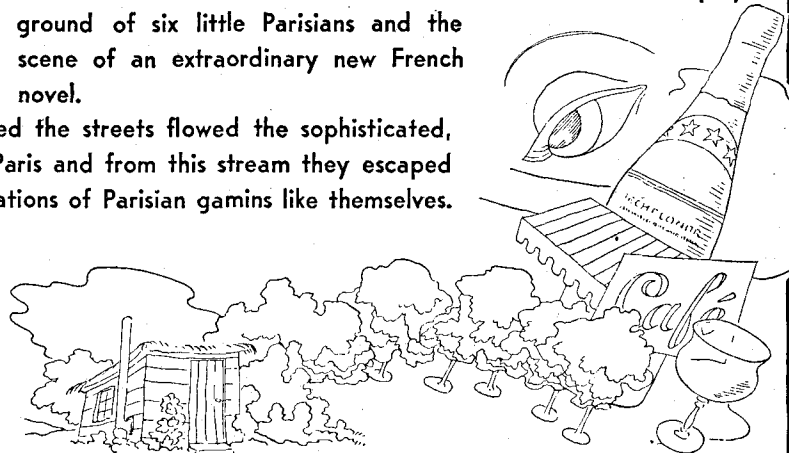
Sam Ogden was of my own vintage in Elizabeth, N. J. We went to school together, and together we watched as the tentacles of New York closed on what had once been live Jersey countryside. Sixteen years ago Mr. Ogden, his wife, and their two



The gay Paris of the 20's was built on the Paris of centuries of Frenchmen. The walls built a century ago still stand and underneath are the sewers of Victor Hugo, deep in slime, and inhabited by rats and the horrible refuse of a great city. Echoing and deserted, the underground railroad built for the convenience of the royal guests at the great Exposition twisted below the swarming boulevards.

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But these things of themselves do not make fine poetry. The quality which more than all else makes good verse

into greater poetry is the faculty for emotional expression. This quality, deeply and maturely rendered, threads through every line of Mrs. Case's poetry giving a still vitality to every line and a warm anxiety for men and women and all they must suffer. \$2.00

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youngsters pulled out of Suburbia in search of a country home. They scouted through Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia, through Pennsylvania, and finally in the Green Mountains they chanced upon a deserted village which cried out for rehabilitation. They purchased all the properties, chose one of the eight houses for themselves, and then one by one restored and sold the other places back to life. It took hard doing, and of course its greatest drawback was the problem of education for the children. But the Ogdens persevered, and now after four terms in the Legislature and his service with the State Board of Conservation, Sam is a Vermonter to the bone, wishing only that he had made the move earlier. The quiet life, so beautifully delineated in the photographs, has proved both rich and full.

"Mister Roberts"

A native of Iowa who graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1941, **Thomas Heggen** emerged with the rank of Lieutenant after four years' service in the Navy. While aboard an assault transport, he participated in the campaigns of Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. In his first book, *Mister Roberts*, he is writing not about amphibious warfare and bloodshed, but rather about the long frustration, the boredom, nostalgia, and despair of men cooped up aboard ship. *Mister Roberts* is racy, man-made, as natural as sunlight, and full of those sardonic grunts with which men live through inexpressible boredom. The stories he tells all concern the U.S.S. *Reluctant*, a Navy cargo ship which for two years has jogged back and forth between the dreary little islands of Apathy, Ennui, and Tedium and back again, Tedium to Ennui to Apathy.

The crew of the *Reluctant* have a hearty and very expressive loathing of their captain; the officers have applied again and again for transfer—the Captain always forwarded their letters with the endorsement "Not Recommending Approval." One and all, they are ready to tear up any town out of sheer good will when at last they are granted shore leave. The chapter depicting their leave, and that other on their binocular excitement when they were forbidden to enter the harbor, are high points of hilarious writing.

Mr. Roberts, the most likable officer aboard, dominates the chronicle in a subtle, friendly way, but the lesser men, the doctor, Ensign Pulver, and QM Dolan are drawn to the eyes and unforgettable. This book is vivid, unimpeachable narrative, with no holds barred. But elders with a distaste for the frankness of the sea and profanity should keep out.

Prize poet

Elizabeth Bishop's first volume of poems, *North and South*, is a prize book, the winner of a \$1000 award from Houghton Mifflin Company, judged the

best in a field of 850 manuscripts, and like any prize book, must stand up to that extra severity with which we read prize winners. Her poems may be roughly divided into two categories, bizarre fantasies which can be interpreted pretty much as the reader chooses, and straight descriptive verse, much of it growing out of the author's experience in Florida, to which she has added a moral or emotional fillip.

But in spite of the well-turned lines, the descriptive phrases which are sharply effective and the metrical skill, I cannot find much satisfaction in this verse. What confounds me is the author's difficulty in finishing what she begins so well. In poems like "Wading at Wellfleet" or "The Colder the Air," she does not follow up her brilliant beginning. She can picture a nightmare, as in "Sleeping Standing Up," she has a clear eye for the look of the world, as in "Florida" and "Roosters," but, in sum, it seems to me that she is afraid to risk pure lyricism, and is rather shy of ideas.

THE CONFUSED CASE OF UPTON SINCLAIR

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE distinguishing trait of Mr. Upton Sinclair as a writer is a sub-literary belligerence conditioning all he produces. I call it "sub-literary" because Mr. Sinclair is likely to insist that the moral (and sociological) righteousness of his end is more important than the aesthetic failure of his means. As for the belligerence, has any American pamphleteer been more apt to scent the battle afar off? Life with him is a constant warfare. A fugitive broadside appeal to end poverty in California shares with *The Jungle* this quality of attack. Arguments for diet, health, socialism, divorce, new methods of publication, and mental telepathy are attacks, but so are "novels" like *Boston, Oill, 100%*—*The Story of a Patriot* and *Mountain City*.

The same defiance colors *The Brass Check*, *The Goose-Step*, and *The Profits of Religion*. Indeed, it is curious how persistently Mr. Sinclair wears the chip on his shoulder. A prefatory note to a reissue of *King Midas* admits that the book confuses the *Appassionata* and the *Fifth Symphony*, but he lets the confusion defiantly stand, apparently on the ground that "what I have written I have written." Most books of reminiscence are mellow, but not Mr. Sinclair's. The brief preface to his *American Outpost* says that "after a spell of over-work, I feel myself temporarily old, and seeking a light and easy occupation"—autobiography. If the reader doesn't care for this covert insult, let him lump it: "well, there are forty serious books of mine which he can read." All his life Mr. Sinclair has been unable to see what is wrong with this attitude of his.

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Mr. Sinclair's eagerness to combat evil led him some years ago to explicate current history through the easy method of fiction. He began the Lanny Budd series, the latest volume of which has just appeared. Lanny Budd is a combination of the Count of Monte Cristo, Sherlock Holmes, Harry Hopkins, and the Archangel Raphael, always appearing at the right moment and at the right spot, always international yet always American, now a socialist, now a millionaire, now an art dealer, now a mystery man, the master of encyclopedic knowledge, irresistible to women, yet pure as Galahad, and forever capable of drawing out confidences from Laval, F.D.R., Hitler, the British government, Stalin, Hearst, the underground, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, fascists, communists, Republicans, Democrats, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, Italians, Hollywood stars, and, for aught I know, Esquimaux.

Does this seem harsh? Consider this veracious paragraph on the dust jacket of *A World to Win*¹: —

At the opening of this story — in Vichy in 1940 — Lanny Budd has been the intimate of the world's great — famous and notorious — for more than twenty years. Outwardly the friend and confidant of the Nazi and fascist gangsters, this secret agent of Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the most amazing figures in modern fiction. Between his visit to Laval in 1940 and his interview with Stalin in 1942, his encounters with history in this book involve him in a series of unparalleled adventures. He is captured by French patriots who think him a Nazi agent, and has a narrow escape. He is thrown out of England because of his involvement in Hess's flight to Scotland. In America, too, he ferrets out fascist activities and even uncovers a plot against the life of the President. . . .

Is not this reminiscent of Superman, Dick Tracy, and other elementary productions of the kept capitalist press manufacturing opiate for the masses?

But the half has not yet been told — and this is merely one volume out of seven. The blurb goes on: —

A high spot . . . is Lanny's concern with the beginnings of the atomic bomb. After preliminary study with Einstein himself — including some delightful interludes of Mozart duets with the physicist — he departs on his most dangerous mission, which ends in the icy waters of the Arctic. A fabulous cruise through the Pacific on a luxury yacht (!) brings him to Hong Kong on December 7, 1941, where he is once more in the center of the whirlwind. There follows a laborious journey through China, a stay in war-torn Yenan, and refuge in friendly Russia. The book concludes with a vivid personality sketch of Stalin, and with Lanny's audience with that not-so-inscrutable leader.

Neither Captain Nemo nor Phineas Fogg got around with the speed of light like Lanny Budd. Not even Eugene Sue rose to this height of romantic claptrap. But if you say to Mr. Sinclair that all

this has nothing to do with the art of literature, that not even printing the circulation figures for the series and listing the translations, as he does on pages 626-627, make this nonsense credible or his characters interesting, Mr. Sinclair instantly springs upon you. And his attack is interesting.

Mr. Sinclair's general argument is that the smugness of the upper classes, including literary critics, college professors, the owners of publishing houses, and the editors of magazines, creates a tacit conspiracy against a "radical" like himself. These people, he says, do not want to listen to his honest plea for a better ordering of human affairs. Therefore they deny him importance as a "writer" because that is the quickest and subtlest way to get rid of the problems he raises. Next, Mr. Sinclair makes two contradictory assertions. The first is to argue that the test of art is irrelevant because his heart is pure. The second is to hint that, a hundred years from now, honest critics will return to his books, exclaim at our blindness, and declare he had been turning out unacknowledged masterpieces all along.

What critics will say a hundred years hence is anybody's guess. But if we survive as a race, I suspect there will still be a difference between literature as an art, and mere prose. Within limits that have nothing to do with imaginative valuation, Mr. Sinclair's prose has a certain low order of competence. It is competent in the sense that it is transparent. It immediately reveals what little it has to say — and I say "little" merely because Mr. Sinclair has cultivated a trick of being so simple that the result is endless monotony. By and by the trained reader comes to feel that, from Mr. Sinclair's point of view, he belongs in the seventh grade. As a problem in sociology the reader may, indeed, belong in the seventh grade, but the art of literature does not consist in assuming that there is where he belongs. It consists in coming as close as possible to lifting him up to the seventh heaven. Mr. Sinclair is uplifting by intention, but he does not lift up.

Once or twice he has achieved imaginative dignity. In *The Jungle* his meritorious indignation fused with imaginative vision and produced a minor masterpiece. In the opening pages of *Oil* the little boy's ride across the country in his father's car is a rewarding thing to read. There are moments in *Mountain City*, there are moments in *Boston*, there are moments in other writings by him, that do achieve imaginative autonomy. But for the most part Mr. Sinclair's belligerent desire to expose, persuade, and convince so conditions his prose that his cardboard figures do not interest, his style is tiresome, his thought by sheer iteration grows more and more shallow.

At this point Mr. Sinclair (in the last two pages of *A World to Win* and in previous publications) enters one of the most extraordinary demurrers ever made in a critical problem. His statement is

¹The Viking Press, \$3.00.

that he has been translated into many foreign tongues. Therefore he must be a truly great writer. But the argument is fallacious. In the first place, translation proves almost nothing — what has not been translated? In the second place, the history of prose translation shows how often works flat in style translate very readily. Cooper, for example, mainly a bad stylist, has been widely translated — even more widely than Mr. Sinclair; whereas Hawthorne and Henry James, both excellent stylists, enjoy no comparable bibliographies. Finally, Mr. Sinclair's foreign vogue has not been due to his imaginative splendors, but to his sociological simplicity. He has made the iniquities of American capitalism very, very clear, and there has been no time in the twentieth century when foreign readers have not wanted to read about the iniquities of American capitalism.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sinclair is a major figure — and I make the statement ungrudgingly. He is a thoroughly American personality. A fluent — a fatally fluent — writer with an unconquerable desire to preach and teach, he has a heart honorably moved by human suffering. He has written indignant pages about the old, unreformed Packingtown, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, fascism, the kept press, oil, real estate, the churches, and the refusal of poetry lovers to take George Sterling at Mr. Sinclair's loyal valuation of an old friend. His expository writing is sometimes admirable, never more so than when he is explaining a mechanical process like the sinking of an oil well. In that case the necessity of following the process step by step confines his didacticism and his loquacity. His insight into society is sometimes shrewd, and his prophecies are occasionally correct. Above all, his courage is the admirable courage that Mr. Granville Hicks rightly celebrated in *The Great Tradition* and that President Conant of Harvard called for in his celebrated article, "Wanted: American Radicals." It is the courage of American individualism, which has nothing to do with the socialism of Mr. Sinclair's dream.

But when Mr. Sinclair explicitly or implicitly demands that one's sympathy for his courage be translated into one's admiration for him as a literary artist, one can only deny the confusing plea. A pamphlet novel can occasionally rise into art — mostly, Mr. Sinclair's do not. Propaganda can rise to high literary level, as in the case of Paine, whose style is a joy forever, even when his ideas are shallow and contradictory.

But propaganda equally valuable from Mr. Sinclair's point of view can also sink (as most of his writing does) to the sub-literary and the belligerent. Two instances are Harvey's *Coin's Financial School* and Helper's *The Impending Crisis*, both clever documents, both without literary merit. What Mr. Sinclair does not understand is that persons who do not like his "radicalism" would still oppose his ideas, even if he wrote with the pen of Burke or Milton; and that competent literary judges, however "radical," would still have patiently to declare that most of his prose is essentially vulgar prose — that is, prose that does not lift into the perfection of literature, however righteous the intent of its maker may be.

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—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY,
Book-of-the-Month Club News

INDEPENDENT PEOPLE

by Halldór Laxness

The August Selection of the
Book-of-the-Month Club

For sale at all bookshops at \$3.00,
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ALFRED · A · KNOPF

By RICHARD E. DANIELSON

Does your morning newspaper give you "the sensation of dry leaves rustling in your stomach"?

READ

HARRISON SALISBURY'S RUSSIA on the WAY

"Your morning newspaper will give you less of the sensation of dry leaves rustling in your stomach," says Joseph Barnes in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "if you read what Harrison Salisbury has written . . . What would be at any other time a modest, interesting and useful book about the Soviet Union acquires a special importance in the spring of 1946. There are great gaps in every American's knowledge of the changes war brought to Russia. Filling some of these gaps may not eliminate suspicion and fear for every reader, but it will take a large part of the hysteria out of the feelings with which we watch our war-time ally."

Harrison Salisbury, one of the few correspondents to accompany Eric Johnston on his visits across the Soviet Union, provides an excellent picture of the land and the people behind the much-publicized "iron curtain."

No ONE, so far as I know, has ever accused our friends and fellow toilers in the vineyard who publish the *Reader's Digest* of commercial obtuseness. If such an accusation has been brought, it has never resulted in a true bill of indictment. The facts are too eloquent. The millions of readers of the *Digest* are living testimonials to the fact that the right goods have been delivered to the right market — which, after all, is the essence of merchandising. The circulation figures of the *Reader's Digest* demonstrate beyond question or qualification that the editors and publishers of that impressive pocketful of monthly wisdom know what the American public likes and wants. They *must* be right. All the rest of us are just living in a dreamworld. Those boys in Pleasantville know the facts of American life. It is not impossible to conceive the high amusement with which they regard the antics of other editors.

When, therefore, the editors of the *Reader's Digest* roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands, and produce a selection of the most personally helpful articles published in the *Reader's Digest* during the past twenty-five years, you may be sure that something significant in the history of American culture is being produced for you in a big way. I suppose that this volume, *Getting the Most Out of Life*, will sell on an unprecedented scale. It has behind it all the wisdom and "know-how" of the *Reader's Digest* staff, their unmatched understanding of the American mass mind, and their fundamentally honest and constructive approach to living.

The book is horribly virtuous and oh so true. It is based on the assumption that we — all of us — want to be a little better than we are. This is a fair assumption. I want to be a little better than I am. I am well aware that there are several ways in which I could be improved. Therefore I turn with avidity — which I am sure will be shared with millions of others — to this brisk anthology of recipes for ersatz happiness.

I was somewhat discouraged by my first dive into the volume. The article "I Owe My Career to Losing a Leg," by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, seemed somewhat severe for an earnest self-improver who hadn't really begun to eat his breakfast oats and flex his knees at 8.00 A.M. So I turned to another article. This was "Building a Personality." I have always longed to be a personality, but somehow I have never quite been able to be one. All around me, men with goatees and wearing jodhpurs go walking up and down being personalities. And I am zero. Harry Emerson Fosdick, D.D., wrote this one: "A consulting psychologist told me recently that most cases of emotional maladjustment are due to the fact that people will not accept themselves. They resent their limitations. They want to be someone else." That is no help to me. It is true that I want to be someone else. Almost anyone else. I should like to be Casanova, but there seems little likelihood of it. Nothing about me reminds people of Casanova, try as I will.

Then there are all sorts of articles about physi-

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MACMILLAN

cal culture. One of the best of them is "Take a Deep Breath." I didn't read it because I was afraid that I might take a deep breath, the effects of which would undoubtedly have been lethal. There is an article about William Muldoon, who helped some 18,000 men back to health when they were in a fine way to die of inanition and other things. Many of these men were of the Wall Street broker class, and Mr. Muldoon by preserving them probably made the 1929 crash and the depression inevitable. I do not mean that he ought to have shot them, but at least he might have let them stew and simmer in their own juices.

I didn't read "What Are You Really Fitted For?" because the question discouraged me. And "Women over Forty" left me just a little cold.

There is an article called "You Can Sleep." I passed that up, as I did the piece by Gene Tunney, "It's More Fun to Be Fit," which had diagrams in it of men bending over. Suppose you bent over in one of those exercises and then couldn't unbend! What would you be? Practically a cripple.

There's a good deal about religion and how not to be a bore, and there is a perfectly frightful chapter called "Wake Up and Live!" It begins: "Two years ago I was a failure. Oh, nobody knew it except me." And so on. "How to Win Friends and Influence People" by Dale Carnegie is presented in condensed form. I didn't read this because I was afraid that I might go out and win a lot of friends. I don't want any more friends. And if I developed a new technique of kicking people in the ribs and shouting, "Hi-ya, Mac!" I might find myself encumbered with cloying personalities.

In this fine volume, sex rears its ugly head only once, and then in the very nicest way, having to do with marriage. Everything is constructive and "personally helpful." Reading or self-education gets a very small play. The principal thing is to flex your muscles, your mind, and your bank account. Wake Up and Live!

Nothing is said about dying. "Getting the Most Out of Life" is the theme and the editors have omitted any discussion of a dignified method of getting out of life. Probably not a popular subject, but one which needs consideration in a book of this kind. "How to Die Decently" would be a good chapter to add to this anthology on how to live. But apparently we live forever, flexing our joints and improving our minds in an eternal and hopeless effort to become better and better. And then we die.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

\$4.00

Nathan Schachner

APPLETON-CENTURY

WHETHER Alexander Hamilton was the evil genius or the good angel of the American republic will no doubt be argued by Americans until some infallible party line enables us to recognize the saints and villains of our history for what they are. Almost from the moment he burst upon the American scene, Hamilton provoked dispute, and the controversy over his ideals and policies today shows no signs of diminishing.

During the Revolutionary War, Hamilton wrote propa-

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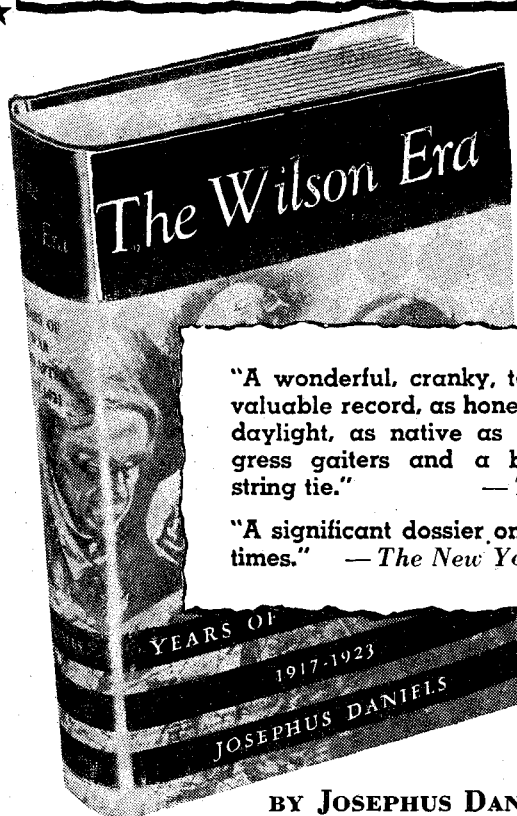
Mr. Logan is a veteran who served in France, Luxemburg, Germany, and the Pacific, and rose to the rank of Staff Sergeant in the Army. His manuscript was selected, from hundreds submitted by members of the armed forces all over the world, as first prize winner in non-fiction of the Macmillan Centenary Award.

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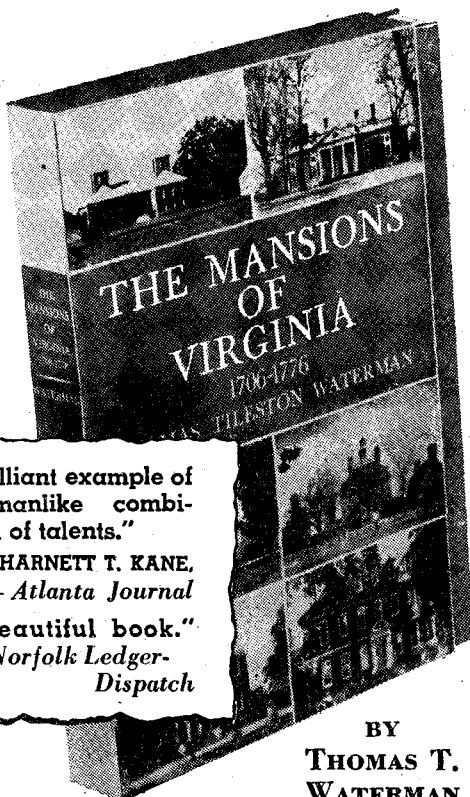


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ganda in support of the "sacred rights of mankind," but experience taught him that these rights must be reconciled to strong government and that private wealth must be converted into a buttress to the state. Yet it is a mistake to see in Hamilton the advocate of a superstate in which individuals go for naught: as Mr. Schachner abundantly makes clear in this biography, the impelling necessity of the period was to save the nation from the disintegrating effects of localism.

Likewise, Hamilton's program for the industrialization of the United States was designed to redress the balance of the agriculturally top-heavy economy of the United States. Hamilton's work was no doubt necessary to make the United States a power capable of resisting foreign aggression; nevertheless, it is true that he sought to effect his purposes without regard for the deep-seated prejudices of the American people against centralized government and state-aided capitalism. He understood the necessities of the time but he did not understand the American people.

Although it is almost as difficult to deal dispassionately with Hamilton as with Karl Marx, Mr. Schachner has succeeded in writing an eminently fair and impartial biography of the great Federalist. As an outline of his career, it can hardly be improved upon. The facts are all here, judiciously examined and weighed by Mr. Schachner's well-developed legal and historical sense. The book is less successful, however, as the portrait of a man. Mr. Schachner tells his readers in great detail what Hamilton accomplished, but the personality of the brilliant Secretary of the Treasury is not clearly defined. The inner man — beloved by modern biographers — is unfortunately neglected in this biography. Hamilton's character is worthy of a more penetrating analysis.

JOHN C. MILLER

PUSHKIN: POET AND LOVER

\$2.75

Lydia Lambert

DOUBLEDAY

THE publisher proudly proclaims on the face of the jacket: "A Biography of Russia's Greatest Poet." But the advertising copywriter, with perhaps more discretion than decency, tones this claim down on the inside flap of the jacket to: "Lydia Lambert has written a novelized biography . . ." It is Strachey strained through Maurois to emerge as the *reductio ad absurdum* of all impressionistic, romanticized biographies.

The author goes to work in the approved fashion to turn the poet Pushkin into a capricious Casanova. Seizing upon a joking remark attributed to Pushkin that his wife was his one hundred and thirteenth love, the author digs up from fact, fiction, and poetic allusions the other hundred and twelve, and gallops through these real and imaginary affairs at the rate of about one to every two pages.

The author gets her erotic hero off to an early start, for she pictures Pushkin at the age of nine or ten reading the licentious verse of the French eighteenth-century poets. This child read, the author writes, with "his cheeks burning, his breath coming short . . . The mysteries of love. . . . Obscurely he anticipated them with all his warm, muscular body. Women . . . Already their softness, their odor, the strange secret of their forms preoccupied and troubled him. Ah, to be big, to be strong . . . When would he ever reach sixteen?"

Poor Pushkin! He reaches sixteen in only another few pages, and then: "His new virility no longer tortured him as he lay on his dormitory bed through the nights of May, no longer made blue circles under his eyes. He had pressed a woman's thighs between his strong boy's knees,

still marked with black-and-blue spots and the scars of scratches."

Ho-hum. Still a hundred and eleven pages to go! If only this book does not find its way to the Soviet Union, where Pushkin is venerated as the Russian Shakespeare, we may be spared still another international scandal.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. Vol. IV

Ernest Newman

KNOPF, \$7.50

ERNEST NEWMAN completed the first volume of his *Life of Richard Wagner* in 1932. The fourth and last is now published, and its author may well sit back after his prodigious labors and preen himself on having accomplished a task which has long cried to be done and which no man these many years has cared to take in hand.

In each volume Wagner's English biographer tracks down with true German thoroughness a welter of mis-statements, born equally of adulation and of slander. His immense research is leavened with human understanding — and it must be added, sometimes with human fallibility. In the heat of the pursuit and the inditement he less resembles a judge than a combined detective and prosecuting attorney. In this last volume he goes deeply into the cases of King Ludwig II, of Nietzsche, of Bülow and Cosima. Ludwig, many times the savior of the "Meister," is seen as loyal, forbearing, and fundamentally wise in his relations with Wagner. He could not have held to that patient loyalty, in spite of some shabby and disingenuous treatment by Wagner, without the super-romantic, overriding faith in Wagner's works which his letters show again and again.

These letters betray no flaw of mental unsoundness in the "mad" king of Bavaria, who, as Mr. Newman demonstrates, was far from mad. The Bülow-Wagner-Cosima triangle is convincingly handled, particularly in regard to how much Bülow found out about the other two, and when. Cosima, as Wagner's partner and widow, was far from the wily schemer she has been called. Granted her assumption that Wagner's world was the only one and its master infallible, she stands a remarkable woman, heroic as adorer and protector. Mr. Newman's attack on Nietzsche and his sister, on the other hand, seems unnecessarily ill-natured, and he convicts neither of any towering deceit.

More judicial in his treatment of Wagner himself, he gives an over-all picture which is the true and inevitable one. Wagner the artist is a figure of pertinacity beyond belief; the man, his friends knew, could be calculating, even contemptible, in the furtherance of his nobler plans. Mr. Newman takes the man as he comes, neither flaunting dirty linen nor hastily covering it over.

The fourth volume depicts the most intense part of Wagner's battle to build a tradition of production for his strange new dramatic structures in an uncomprehending theatrical world. Even seeing them through into performance was not enough. His ambitions never ceased to expand, and at last aimed at the artistic regeneration of a sluggish German people. The first struggle he won at the cost of exhaustion. The second was doomed to a disheartening failure. Crowds came flocking to Bayreuth, but only a few idolaters remained to accept without reservation his *longueurs*, his exactions upon the deep understanding of his performers and of his listeners. He was bitterly disillusioned. His most serious mistake was his insistence upon a more complete devotion from the performing and listening worlds at large than those worlds, having other concerns, will ever give to him.

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THE FEVER BARK TREE

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DOUBLEDAY

"A TREE grows which they call 'the fever tree' in the country of Loxa (Peru), whose bark . . . made into a powder . . . cures the fevers and tertianas . . . it has produced miraculous results in Lima." With this comment by an Augustinian monk in a religious chronicle, published in Spain in 1639, is launched this narrative of the use of the Peruvian bark for malarial fever. It is a story told with enthusiasm and scholarly fidelity. The cause of the famous bark was well served by a succession of courageous men whose names will be new to the reader. He will be glad to remember them. They are the book.

Cardinal de Lugo, in 1649, with dignity and no thought of personal gain, had the vision to encourage study of the medicinal property of the Peruvian bark. Great quantities of it were sent to him in malaria-ridden Rome. Results were promisingly successful. But prevailing prejudices among physicians and anti-Jesuits were quick to capitalize on the inevitable failures of the remedy, and drove the "Jesuits' powder" into disfavor and scarcity. A generation later, another strong personality, Sir Robert Talbor, — in his earlier days known as "the Essex quack," — revived the use of the "Jesuits' powder" in circumstances that make particularly good reading.

The scene shifts to South America, where a French botanist, de Jussieu, spent years devoted to the arduous quest for and study of the fever bark tree, only to lose his data, specimens, and health. A young Spanish physician, José Mutis, came out to Bogotá in 1761. With great tenacity of purpose, he carried out a careful botanical study of the tree, now classified through his efforts as *Cinchona*. His Botanical Institute of the New Kingdom of Granada was the first institution for pure scientific research in the Western world. His lifework was crowned by the misfortune that seemed to beset Europeans most interested in the *Cinchona* trees.

When French chemists in 1820 isolated the anti-malarial alkaloids in the bark, giving to one of them the name quinine, the really decisive step had been taken towards greater use of the bark. Quinine sulfate was soon on the market, a much more reliable medication than the former crude powder made from a variety of barks. The bark highest in quinine content was found to come from *Cinchona* trees in a remote Andean district in northern Bolivia. There follows the account of the none too admirable penetration of this area by French, Dutch, and British adventurers and promoters, to secure young plants and seeds of various *Cinchonas* for transfer to Java and India. Perhaps the end will have yet justified the means.

The story proceeds more briefly with the development of the Eastern plantations, the machinations of those who would and did control the production of bark and quinine, and the efforts to produce in India an inexpensive "poor man's quinine." The intricacies of the Kina Bureau monopoly ("In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is offering too little, and asking too much") or the relative merits of atabrine and quinine are not for this story to dwell upon.

"By experience, man finds a short way by a long wandering." This is primarily the story of his early wanderings in search for knowledge of the Fever Bark Tree.

MYLES P. BAKER

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Leo Tolstoy



THE LATER YEARS



BY

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

CHAPTERS XLIV--LXIV

Foreword

Five years ago, after extensive research, Ernest J. Simmons began his two-volume life and appraisal of Russia's great writer, Leo Tolstoy. In the first half of this biography, chapters of which were serialized in the *Atlantic* in 1945, he traced the gusty, exuberant career of the young Tolstoy. Leo was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman. Leo's mother died before he was two; and he knew little of his good-natured but ineffectual father, who died when the boy was eight. Leo, his three brothers, and a sister were brought up by their aunts in a golden age on the family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs.

For the future novelist the road to wisdom lay through the valley of excess. Intensely passionate, vain, hypersensitive, Leo loved society and yearned to be *comme il faut* like his brother Sergei, but his coarse peasant features and his awkwardness did not make him popular with students and the well-bred girls of Kazan when he matriculated at the university there in 1844.

Young Tolstoy took pride in his physical strength. Studies interfered with his gymnastic exercises, and with sudden contempt he broke away from the university and returned to his estate, where for a time he played at being a bucolic philosopher and at reforming the serfs. But the serfs objected, and in the face of their recalcitrance the fleshpots of Moscow and Petersburg seemed more inviting.

He struggled against these temptations, mercilessly flagellating himself for weaknesses of the flesh. With sudden resolution he left the city wasteland and accompanied his Army brother, Nikolai, who was returning to his battery in the Caucasus. There, in the intervals of frontier

life, Leo found time to write his first book, *Childhood*, which was widely acclaimed on its publication in Petersburg. But in the rough-and-tumble life of the Army his spiritual resolution was as hard as ever to sustain.

During the Crimean War, Leo received a commission in the artillery and fought gallantly at Sevastopol. He wrote a series of *Sevastopol Tales*, and on his return to Petersburg after the war he was welcomed as a literary hero by Turgenev and other contributors to the *Contemporary* magazine. But Leo was too strident to fit with ease in a literary coterie.

Again Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana with reforms in mind. With great zeal he plunged into the work of educating peasant children. But in 1861, as he approached his thirty-third birthday, he reached the point in his struggle between spiritual perfection and material happiness when neither education nor work nor literature could satisfy the urge within him. In September, 1862, after a stormy courtship, he married Sonya Bers, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a childhood playmate. In the next fifteen years, Sonya bore him nine children, and Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*.

In 1876 he turned again to the spiritual quest from which he had been diverted during his fifteen years of happy marriage. Tolstoy's friends and admirers were shocked when he abandoned literature for religion, and his family resented his efforts to encourage the Christian life by personal example. *Confession* and *What I Believe* describe his religious struggle and the essence of his new faith. In *What Then Must We Do?* he stated the case of the poor against the rich, and predicted a "workers' revolution."

LEO TOLSTOY: THE LATER YEARS

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

44

TOLSTOY's fame abroad had already begun to bring foreign newspaper men to Yasnaya Polyana. Knowing his hostility to both the government and the Church, the newsmen no doubt hoped for some revealing copy about the Russian enigma. Besides, Tolstoy had now definitely become news for all the world.

But apart from foreigners and old friends like Strakhov and Fet, the most numerous visitors during 1890-1891, much to Sonya's disgust, were Tolstoy's followers. "The *dark ones* have arrived," runs one entry in her diary (December 17, 1890). "There is stupid Popov, an Oriental-looking, lazy, weak fellow; and stupid, fat Khokhlov, a merchant. And these are disciples of the great man! The wretched spawn of human society, chatterers to no purpose, idlers without breeding."

The heir apparent of the kingdom of the "dark people," Chertkov, also visited in the winter of 1890. In sharing their spiritual experiences and in conducting the affairs of the new faith, personal meetings of Tolstoy and Chertkov were less essential, for they maintained and even increased their voluminous correspondence over 1890-1891.

Hardly a work was undertaken by Tolstoy without writing to Chertkov about it, keeping him posted by mail on progress made, and sometimes sending him early manuscript drafts. Anything that came from Tolstoy's pen, however trifling, had now become sacred for Chertkov. At times he referred to Tolstoy in his letters as if he were already dead and among the immortals. In 1889 he had begun a systematic collection of all of Tolstoy's thoughts, which he referred to as his "Vault." He and several Tolstoyans worked at this task, selecting and arranging the thoughts under subject headings with the intention of publishing a work in many volumes. There was little friction now to disturb the harmonious business and spiritual relations between them.

Towards the end of 1890 exaggerated stories had appeared in the press of the gay holiday festivities at Yasnaya Polyana and of a ball there in which Tolstoy, advocate of the simple life, had danced, dressed in a frock coat. Incredulous letters from the faithful soon began to arrive. His exasperation over this state of affairs was primarily directed

against Sonya and was expressed in his aloofness from the family and in his frequent cold impersonal treatment of her.

As usual, Tolstoy's most intimate thoughts on his tribulations were set down in his diary. In June, 1890, he wrote: "... I live tied to a wife's petticoat and subservient to her, leading, with all the children, a dirty, despicable existence, which they all lyingly excuse by the fact that I cannot transgress love." His sincerity in wishing to live fully the life he preached can hardly be doubted, nor can his belief that his family prevented him from doing this. Despite the charges of his wife, he felt keenly his responsibilities to his family. His dilemma was to repudiate those responsibilities and live the life he yearned after, or accept the responsibilities and repudiate his own life of the spirit. His situation was further complicated by the belief that his family's way of life was morally wrong and would prove harmful to them, and that he ought therefore to do his utmost to save them, not by exercising authority, but by his own example. Finally, he always felt that to leave his family in order to live his own life would amount to evading a moral problem he ought to solve. In this situation his efforts amounted to a compromise, little understood by his family, and entirely misunderstood by the public. He endeavored to approach closer and closer to his ideal of life in an atmosphere that was quite alien and unsympathetic to it.

For some time Tolstoy had refused to have anything to do with his property, for he considered it an evil. He now decided that the idleness and moral sickness of his family were in part at least caused by wealth. And this wealth ultimately came from him. In the public press he was being called a "pharisee," and propertyless Tolstoyans living thriftily in communes wondered why the master remained the possessor of a large estate. To deprive himself and his family entirely of the property would have fulfilled the letter of his convictions, and this was what he wished to do. Had he attempted such a solution, however, he knew that his wife would appeal to the government, which would be only too eager to declare him incapable of managing his affairs. He then tried to persuade Sonya to

rid him of this evil by taking over all his property in full ownership. "So you wish to hand over that evil to me, the creature nearest to you," she said in tears. "I do not want it and I shall take nothing." His ultimate decision was a compromise — to rid himself of the property by dividing it among his wife and children, just as though he were dead.

This decision was hastened by an unhappy event in the winter of 1890. The bailiff of Yasnaya Polyana caught several peasants felling trees; they were arrested, sentenced to six weeks in jail, and fined. They had come to Sonya to plead for a pardon, but she refused to do anything for them. The incident shocked Tolstoy — here were peasants being punished for taking from him what he regarded as theirs and as necessary for their existence.

After this incident steps were soon taken to bring about Tolstoy's compromise decision to divide his estate among the family. There was no strong opposition to this solution. The official act did not become effective until September 28, 1892. The total evaluation of the property was 580,000 rubles (about \$290,000) and it was divided into ten equal parts to be distributed by lot between Sonya and her nine children. Although Masha refused to take her portion (part interest in Yasnaya Polyana and a money allotment), her mother kept it in trust for her.

45

TOLSTOY fully realized that to surrender the ownership of his estate was not a final solution of his dilemma. The struggle between truth and the material welfare of the family continued. A still more vexatious problem, and one that had troubled him for a long time, was the income from his writings. In particular, it pained him to think that the works produced since his change of faith, containing the very thoughts by which he lived, should be sold for money, which in turn was used to support and facilitate the harmful way his family lived. Since he had already given Sonya the right to publish his works written before his religious change, he felt at the time that he could not retract this permission.

Sonya vigorously opposed this latest "madness" of her husband. The income from his writing was considerable and the expenses of the family were constantly growing. Again stormy scenes, recriminations, weepings, and reconciliations. But he insisted, and on September 16, 1891, the announcement appeared in the newspapers as a letter to the editor. In it Tolstoy gave free permission, to all desiring to do so, to publish in Russia and abroad, in Russian and in translation, and also to perform on the stage, all his works written since 1881; and he gave the same permission for any of his works appearing in the future. Although she agreed, Sonya never became reconciled to this step, and even after her husband's death she complained

against this act which had deprived a numerous and not rich family of its rightful income.

The effort to defend the welfare of her children against what she considered the ruinous demands of their father's faith was only one phase of the emotional struggle that had long been going on between husband and wife. The family quarrels of 1890-1891 aggravated Sonya's growing hysteria, and no doubt another contributory cause was her physiological condition — her approaching "critical age." In these circumstances, her husband's aloofness was regarded by Sonya as a deliberate desire on his part to cast her aside as of no further use. With the lesson of *The Kreutzer Sonata* ever in her mind, she now understood all his attempts at intimacy as sheer physical lust. Her attitude towards him fluctuated between an overpowering desire for pure loving relations and a positive dislike.

In the summer of 1891 Sonya had already begun to plan for a winter in Moscow. It was time for Mikhail and Andrei to enter a *Gymnasium*, and Tanya, she felt, would never make a match in the country.

Before the time of departure, however, there were rumors of an approaching famine because of crop failures in central and southeastern Russia. Millions of peasants faced starvation. In a letter in July to his friend Leskov, who sought advice on what to do to aid the famine sufferers, Tolstoy wrote in part: "A good deed does not consist merely of feeding the hungry with bread, but of loving both the hungry and the satisfied. For it is more important to love than to feed, because one may feed and not love, but it is impossible to love and not to feed." Yet he concluded by urging Leskov, a distinguished author, to write something that would touch the hearts of the rich and obtain their aid for the famine-stricken.

Tolstoy visited his brother Sergei at Pirogovo on the edge of one of the famine districts towards the end of September, and shortly thereafter he made several other inspection tours. The conditions of the starving, disease-ridden peasants appalled him. During his travels he met I. I. Rayevski, a Tula official and friend, whom he advised to set up free food kitchens in the villages. Rayevski in turn invited him to settle at his estate, Begichevka, in the Ryazan Province, and help him organize relief in the surrounding regions. Tolstoy agreed.

The news came as a shock to Sonya. It had been such an effort to win his consent to go to Moscow for the winter; now he decided to spend it in a remote district a hundred miles from Yasnaya Polyana, and with his two oldest daughters. What would become of his indigestion and of the girls living in that wilderness? And she would be all alone in Moscow with the young children. He was even asking her for money to help the starving after giving away all his copyrights. Her first reaction was to oppose the whole undertaking.

But the cause was a humane one. Sonya's better

instincts prevailed. She finally consented, and her husband compromised by agreeing to spend some time in the city. Sonya went to Moscow with the young children, and on October 26 Tolstoy, with his two daughters Tanya and Masha, and his niece, Vera Kuzminski, set out for the village of Begichevka in Ryazan. He was to spend a good deal of the next two years there in humanitarian work that endeared him to the Russian people.

Before Tolstoy busied himself with the matter, the famine had remained a kind of state secret. The government did not desire to advertise the country's misery at home or abroad. At a gathering, Alexander III replied to a question on the existence of a famine: "In Russia there is no famine, but there are localities suffering from a failure of crops." And "failure of crops" quickly replaced "famine" in the newspapers. To Tolstoy it was a famine, and he persisted in using the word in his discussions of the subject. In fact, it was partly through his publicizing it that the Russian famine of 1891-1892 became known to the world. His humanitarian efforts strangely increased the hostility of the government, Church, and reactionary individuals.

On the basis of detailed information collected by Rayevski in the district that lay towards the southern part of the provinces of Tula and Ryazan, Tolstoy and Rayevski began to organize free food kitchens. They selected the centrally located hut of one of the poorest families in a village and offered to supply the householder with his food if he would bake bread and cook for the old, the weak, and the children up to the number of thirty or forty persons. Then provisions of flour, bran, potatoes, cabbage, beets, peas, lentils, oatmeal, and salt were collected. If one kitchen did not suffice in a village, a second was set up. A list was made of people who ought to be fed, and strict supervision was maintained over those who were admitted to the kitchens and over the quality of the food.

Within a month thirty kitchens were opened in twenty villages, and fifteen hundred people were receiving two meals daily. Although no meat was served, a special effort was made to keep the diet reasonably varied and yet inexpensive. This came as a surprise to the peasants, who firmly believed that rye bread was the most appetizing, wholesome, and the cheapest form of food. By serving bread in smaller quantities and accompanying it with dishes such as cabbage soup, porridge, potatoes, peas, and millet broth, it was possible to provide a cheaper meal than by serving bread alone in necessarily larger quantities.

With the varied menus, a peasant could be fed for an average of seventy-five cents a month, but on a straight diet of bread it would cost a dollar and twelve cents a month. The peasants were loud in their praise of the kitchen diet, and declared that they had never eaten better food.

As the winter came on, the increasing misery of the peasants and the widening of the famine belt

doubled Tolstoy's anxiety. His was only one small district. Reports of famine conditions were coming in from other regions. His two oldest sons, Sergei and Ilya, were organizing relief in Tula Province, and young Leo had gone to Samara to set up kitchens. Above all, large sums of money were needed to buy up quantities of food for distribution. At this juncture unexpected aid came from Sonya.

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SHORTLY after her arrival in Moscow, Sonya's attitude towards the relief work of the family changed, despite her chagrin at being left alone with the younger children in the city. She wrote her husband on November 1: "I am now entirely reconciled to your activities and I am in sympathy with them."

Sonya quickly found something to do. She wrote a letter to the editor of the *Russian Gazette*, a letter that her husband might have been proud of, and which seemed to follow his advice to Leskov to write something that would "touch the hearts of the rich." With unconscious art she described the efforts of her family, quoted a passage from a letter of her daughter Tanya about the unbelievable conditions that existed in the famine district, and concluded with a stirring appeal for help. The letter was published. Gifts of money, linen, clothes, and provisions came pouring in. Within a few weeks she collected a sum amounting to over twelve thousand rubles.

The letter had been reproduced in all the Russian newspapers, translations appeared in the European and American press, and inquiries and gifts came from abroad. Sonya was in her element talking with tearful donors and listing contributions. Soon she was sending money and materials to her husband and sons, and she busied herself buying up large quantities of foodstuffs for the hungry. Sonya had become a very important part of the relief work of the Tolstoy family.

From the outset Tolstoy himself had fully realized the need of arousing the public. The conspiracy of silence fostered by the government had left the cities partly unaware of the critical situation, and urban dwellers who had some knowledge of it were peculiarly apathetic. As early as September he had sent one article on the famine to a magazine. Learning at the end of November that his article had been definitely rejected by the censors, he instructed Sonya to send copies to English, French, and Danish admirers for translation and publication in their countries. He hoped by this means to bring the article to the attention of Russian newspapers and thus force them to reproduce it.

A translation of the article, with deletions permitted by the author, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* in London on January 26. Eight days later the "Moscow rats," as Granny called them, devoted the lead article of the reactionary *Moscow Gazette*

to Tolstoy, a violent attack consisting of an extensive excerpt from his article in the *Daily Telegraph*, translated back into Russian, accompanied by a commentary on the author and his purpose. In one place the commentary declared: "The letters [Tolstoy's article was in the form of letters] of Count Tolstoy do not need a commentary: they are frank propaganda for the overthrow of the whole social and economic structure of the world, which, with a most understandable purpose, the Count thinks of in terms of Russia alone. The Count's propaganda is propaganda of the most unbridled socialism, before which even our underground propaganda pales." Tolstoy's device had achieved its purpose, but in a manner he did not expect and did not wish.

This attack at once created a public furor. Government and Church circles in Moscow and Petersburg evinced alarm, and high society buzzed with excitement and with a breathless sense of something terrible impending. Conservatives were elated — at last, Tolstoy, the revolutionist, unmasked; the faithful were depressed. Newspapers were categorically forbidden to reprint anything in the *Moscow Gazette* article or to comment on it. The fantastic price of twenty-five rubles was offered for a copy of the issue containing the article.

Of course, the person most alarmed was Sonya. When the safety of the family was threatened, she lost all sense of perspective and was capable of going to any extreme to protect her nest. Her sympathies were naturally on the side of the authorities and high society, and now, fearing the arrest of her husband, she was quite willing to compromise him by protesting publicly, if need be, his usefulness to the government and his loyalty to the Emperor at a time when she knew he was writing a book — *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* — that condemned all governments.

Sonya, however, had genuine cause for alarm. What she did not know at the time was that the Minister of the Interior, I. N. Durnovo, had sent a report to the Emperor on the account in the *Moscow Gazette*. He wrote that the contents of Tolstoy's article "must be considered tantamount to a most shocking revolutionary proclamation," and since this might cause an "undesirable disturbance in certain minds," he advised that Count Tolstoy in the future should be forbidden to publish in the foreign press any article directed against the government. If Tolstoy refused to agree, the Minister concluded, "then unfortunately it will be necessary to take other means to prevent the harmful consequences of such propaganda." Alexander III scribbled on the report: "No action at this time."

Nevertheless, to Sonya came dark rumors that she could not fail to take seriously. Her sister Tanya in Petersburg had access to government circles through her husband, and shortly after the newspaper article, she wrote Sonya: "Did you know that the Council of Ministers had met and that they had

already decided to propose exile abroad, but the Emperor stopped it in time?"

That the danger of arrest was real may be gathered from Granny's account of the situation. When she heard the rumor that the Minister of the Interior designed to incarcerate Tolstoy in the dread dungeons of Suzdal Monastery, that graveyard of forgotten victims of the Church, she at once took action, resolved, she said, "to use all my influence to save him [Tolstoy]." A visit to the Minister brought no results; he was being deluged with denunciations of Tolstoy, he protested, and could no longer keep the matter from the Emperor. Granny next sought an audience with Alexander III. He graciously called on her instead. She immediately came to the point.

"In a few days a report will be made to you about shutting up in a monastery the greatest genius in Russia."

"Tolstoy?" he tersely remarked.

"You have guessed it, Sire," she answered.

"Does that mean he is plotting against my life?" the Emperor asked.

At this Granny inwardly rejoiced, for she realized that the Emperor would not accept the severe punishment suggested by the Minister for the offense that he would charge against Tolstoy. Such turned out to be the case, and she concluded her account by saying that the Emperor answered the report of the Minister by firmly declaring: "I ask you not to touch Tolstoy. I have no intention of making a martyr out of him and thus earning for myself universal indignation. If he is at fault, then so much the worse for him."

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MEANWHILE aid from abroad for the famine sufferers increased. Three shiploads of provisions were sent from the United States, and within two months American financial contributions reached the total of some \$500,000; in England a special committee was set up to raise funds, and a part of the money was specifically allocated for the use of Tolstoy; and an independent effort of the English Quakers resulted in a contribution of £26,000. The famine, partly through the efforts of Tolstoy, had become world news, and the Russian government could no longer ignore or soft-pedal it. The government now discreetly encouraged private and public aid, and it issued an order that the County Councils were to assist peasants who deserved help but to withhold it from those who refused any work offered them. A kind of "boondoggling" sprang up, and some of the peasants almost preferred to starve than perform the nonsensical jobs invented for them.

With his understanding of peasant psychology and of their conditions of life, Tolstoy avoided the mistakes of the County Councils in the task of relief. It was not merely the immediate question of

the famine; so many of these peasants were constantly undernourished and their diet hopelessly unvaried. They were also in rags: he was shocked at the sight of the children of a widow going around in the cold almost naked. They had little fuel to warm themselves in their damp, wretched, one-room huts, in which the whole family and the livestock lived in the winter. He noted that they literally got inside the ovens of their stoves to keep warm.

Then, there were drunkenness and laziness to combat, the ignorant opposition to improvements to overcome, and the need to explain, if not justify, the frustrations of those peasants who aspired to a better life. In the face of these conditions, he clearly realized that at best all his efforts amounted to a compromise, and he told his co-workers in relief that either the peasants would remain in a state of slavery or else they would revolt, and he prophetically declared that revolt was the more likely.

Tolstoy's guiding principles in his relief activities were two: to provide work for those capable of working, in order that the peasant economy should not break down entirely, and through his kitchens to feed the starving, young and old, the weak and the sick. Contrary to the fumbling efforts of government officials, however, he maintained that the work provided should be the kind that the peasants were used to, that the proper conditions for such work should be maintained, and when required, materials should be furnished.

On the whole, Tolstoy achieved a huge measure of success in abiding by these principles. By March, 1892, he and his helpers had organized 187 kitchens in four districts, which fed daily some ten thousand people. Huge quantities of wood for fuel had been bought and distributed. Large quantities of flax and bast were given free to the peasants for the manufacture of sackings and shoes. Separate kitchens were set up for children from one to three years of age, in which special nutritious foods were provided. Seed was distributed in preparation for the spring sowing. Clothes and material for making clothes were given out to the needy. A few schools were set up in villages and many small sums of money were supplied as gifts to individuals to take care of debts, funerals, the cost of books, and so on. It was a fine record of achievement for the less than six months of effort.

Throughout most of the winter and spring of 1892 Tolstoy remained at Begichevka to direct the work of relief. He returned to Moscow during this period for several short visits, at the insistence of his wife. Sonya worried over him and her two daughters, and with reason, for the famine district was ridden with disease. A surprising improvement in the relations between husband and wife may be observed in their correspondence during these months. The reason is obvious. Sonya had identified herself with her husband's work, and her own considerable efforts in raising funds and buying provisions contributed to the success of his enter-

prise. Here she was closely joined with him in mutual service to others — a Christian ideal of which he had often dreamed.

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SUCH visits to the city during the relief work were as brief as Tolstoy could make them. Back at his "general staff headquarters," as the Rayevski house came to be called, he would plunge into manifold activities. Much of his time was spent in listening to individual petitions of peasants — 125 separate requests, he reckoned, were made on a single day. Many were heart-rending. A peasant and his young son kneeled before him and begged for aid. Tolstoy himself kneeled and with tears in his eyes beseeched this poor muzhik, beaten by want, not to humble himself in this fashion. Another petitioner, a peasant woman, implored him not to let her daughter take food at the kitchen. Surprised, he finally drew from her that she feared her child would lose her soul to the devil if she received food from Antichrist. This belief was one of the major annoyances that Tolstoy had to contend with in his relief work. The Church grew alarmed over his activities among the peasants in the famine district, simply because he was Tolstoy.

Under the impetus of the priests, a whole folklore grew up in the region about Tolstoy as Antichrist. "What kind of a Count is this, dressed in peasant fashion, going about the huts?" one of the inhabitants demanded. "Has he no shame! Always on foot, or riding about on horseback in storm and blizzard! He's not a human being, he's Antichrist! Where does he get such power? He merely waves one arm — money pours down like rain! He waves the other — a cart with bread rolls right up to him! The bread he gives us comes from the devil . . . !" Tolstoy told with some humor that upon entering one of the villages, a youngster ran after him all the way down the road, shouting: "Antichrist! Antichrist!"

In general, however, the peasants were not deeply influenced by the whisperings of their priests. They were starving and Tolstoy gave them good food, and they blessed him for it. The devotion of the peasants to Tolstoy was openly manifested when a government commission for aid in the famine halted at Begichevka. The rumor quickly spread that this imposing, uniformed group intended to arrest Tolstoy. A crowd of angry peasants immediately gathered about the Rayevski house, determined to prevent the arrest, and they were dispersed only with difficulty. When he left Begichevka at the beginning of the harvest, the touching farewell of the grateful peasants, many of whom accompanied him along the road, convinced him that they appreciated his efforts.

In July, 1892, Tolstoy prepared for the press what he hoped would be a final accounting of his relief

efforts. In all he had set up 246 kitchens feeding 13,000 people daily, and 124 kitchens for children, feeding 3000 daily. Up to April of that year, the contributions that had come to him personally had amounted to 141,000 rubles. He returned to Yasnaya Polyana, feeling weary but curiously empty once he had relieved himself of the huge responsibilities he had shouldered.

This whole experience had morally wrenched Tolstoy. At the outset of his relief work he wrote to Granny that the months spent in feeding the hungry had been the happiest of his life.

But it was not in Tolstoy's nature to be satisfied with this kind of positive accomplishment. He was partly convinced that what he was doing was wrong; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he disapproved of the way that circumstances obliged him to feed the hungry. Had he not long since taken a stand against private charity? And here he himself was distributing the vomit thrown up by the rich, as he expressed it, in order to save the starving. Had he not condemned charity as corroding and debasing the moral nature of the poor? The more you give them, the less they will work, and the less they work, the greater will be their need.

With a genuine sense of guilt, he felt it necessary to write disciples and friends to explain that he knew what he was doing was morally wrong and actually harmful to the very peasants he desired to help. After all, he was not a saint, he declared. No, he was only a weak man. The discord between his words and acts might seem to the unthinking a lie or a hypocrisy, but in reality it was only a sign of weakness. What he was trying to be, he pleaded, was a good man, a worthy servant of God. And nearly always these letters of self-condemnation concluded with the firm statement that the starving must be fed, and he could not do otherwise than help. The cold theory that the only way famines could be ended forever was for the well-to-do to change their lives, draw nearer to the common people, and return to them what they had taken from them, he confined to his articles; the hungry he fed by taking money from the well-to-do. With all his doubts, Tolstoy could not deny his nature.

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FAME, insatiable fame, that is what he has always striven for and what he will continue to strive for." This was a theme that Sonya frequently harped upon now in her more hostile moods towards her husband. Tolstoy would have frankly admitted to the temptation of fame, but it was a devil that he constantly guarded himself against. In letters to friends during the famine relief work, he decried the public praise accorded his efforts. Whether he liked it or not, however, he had become a public, in fact an international, celebrity. One after the other the books and articles forbidden by the censor

appeared promptly in many foreign countries, both in Russian and in translation, and often copies found their way back to his native land by illegal means. Admirers pointed to him as not only the conscience of Russia, but the conscience of the world.

At the beginning of January, 1894, the annual conference of Russian scientists took place in Moscow. Young Zinger, son of the distinguished mathematician, gave Tolstoy an interesting account of the learned papers that had been read, and he urged him to attend a session the next day, when the elder Zinger, a good friend of the Tolstoys, would talk on geometry.

Tolstoy appeared at the meeting with his daughter Masha, and young Zinger ushered him through a side entrance to a room off the platform. Unable to hear the speech clearly, he edged onto the platform. He was recognized at once and a murmur ran through the whole audience. Zinger concluded his address with much difficulty, and at the end the distinguished scientist and chairman of the conference, K. A. Timiryazev, conducted Tolstoy to a place beside him on the platform. There he sat in his characteristic peasant blouse among the learned gentlemen in their frock coats. Bedlam broke loose in the audience and the cry rose: "Hurrah for Tolstoy, hurrah!" The roar grew louder and louder, and at last, frowning and obviously embarrassed, he was obliged to stand and acknowledge the tribute.

"My God, what are you doing to our old gentleman! Aren't you ashamed!" exclaimed Masha, standing at the end of the hall, shutting her eyes and holding her hands over her ears. "It's Leo Nikolaevich's own fault," shouted a friendly scientist at her side. "Why does he appear so rarely in public? Then you'll agree, Marya Lvovna, that there is something fine in all this. Is it not true?" She nodded agreement.

Any satisfaction Tolstoy may have obtained from such recognition was mingled with sadness over the persecution now being suffered by his followers. From 1893 both Church and government officials began to intensify their activities against Tolstoyans and others who had been only slightly influenced by his teachings. The refusal of army service was the chief offense in the eyes of the authorities, for this represented a potential danger to a great military power. But pretexts for persecution were not hard to find among government officials, who, afraid of making a martyr out of the internationally famous teacher, tried to reach him through his obscure pupils. The police were content now to keep the master under strict surveillance. Tolstoy deliberately made a friend of one of the police spies sent to watch him during the summer of 1894 at Yasnaya Polyana, and his arguments reduced the agent to repentance and to abandoning his sleuthing.

The government's intensification of its persecution of Tolstoy's followers may be attributed in part to the publication of his highly significant book, *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, which first

appeared in a Russian edition in Berlin at the beginning of January, 1894. He had started it four years before, intending to write merely an article, but as the work assumed greater importance in his eyes, it took on the proportions of a full-length book. Of course there was no hope of its being published in Russia. Strakhov wrote Tolstoy that the censor of foreign books declared, when *The Kingdom of God* had been submitted to him in a French translation, that this was the most harmful of all books that he had ever had an occasion to ban.

In this remarkable work Tolstoy carried his Christian anarchism to its ultimate development. The core of the book dealt with his theory of nonresistance to evil, which he now applied to governments. He reached the conclusion that they were all essentially immoral and existed for the advantage of the rich and powerful, persecuting the masses of mankind through their use of force in wars, in maintaining prisons, and in collecting taxes.

Tolstoy devoted much of the first part of the book to a consideration of criticisms of the doctrine of nonresistance to evil, which he had first advocated in *What I Believe* (1884), while at the same time he paid tribute to those who had preceded him in publicly professing this belief. Many of these criticisms came from foreign countries, but some belonged to native clerical and lay writers, although *What I Believe* had been officially banned in Russia. With some humor he pointed out that even the government encouraged the refutation of a book supposed to be unknown, and arguments against it were set as themes for theological essays in the academies.

All the critics, he maintained, had ignored the approach of *What I Believe* — Christ's teaching as a philosophical, moral, and social doctrine — and had persisted in regarding Christ solely as the founder of a religion of worship and personal salvation. And further, Tolstoy declared, the critics accused him of preaching moral perfection, whereas he had made it clear that every condition, according to Christ's teaching, is merely a stage on the path towards unattainable inward and outward perfection and is therefore of no significance itself; blessedness lies only in progress towards perfection.

He then condemned Christian churches of all denominations for perverting the true teaching of Christ in order to maintain their power over the masses upon whom their economic existence depended. Nor did he accept the conviction of many intellectuals of that time that the real import of Christ's teaching rested in its supposed advocacy of service to all humanity. Christian teaching, said Tolstoy, had nothing in common with socialists or communists or any preachers of the universal brotherhood of man which was based on the advantageousness of such a brotherhood. For the true Christian teaching had a firm and clear basis in the individual human soul, while love of humanity was only a theoretical deduction from analogy.

Tolstoy also considered the contradictions that exist between our life and our Christian consciousness. He asserted that the chief reason for all the misunderstandings was the belief that Christ's teaching could be accepted without changing our life.

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THE remainder of *The Kingdom of God* was concerned with an examination of the powers and activities of governments that enable them to prevent the masses of mankind from resolving, in favor of Christ's teaching, the contradiction that exists between their present life and their Christian consciousness. Force or violence he singled out as the chief instrument that governments employ to maintain themselves in power and the people in subjection to the un-Christian life thrust upon them. Every manifestation of governmental force was treated, but most extensively military conscription and war. The result was one of the most scathing denunciations of war ever written.

But Tolstoy did not accept revolution as a way out. The violence of revolution he abhorred, and history had taught him that in such forcible changes of government the masses are the sufferers and under the new government oppression in no way lessens but sometimes even increases. There is a further danger in revolution, he declared. The one sphere of human life on which governmental power does not now encroach, — the domestic, economic sphere, — "thanks to the efforts of communists and socialists, is being gradually encroached upon, so that labor and recreation, housing, dress, and food will all (if the hopes of the reformers are fulfilled) gradually be prescribed and allotted by the governments."

The only escape from the violence and oppression of governments, Tolstoy concluded, was for all mankind to live according to the true precepts of Christ. Man must understand that "his life does not belong to himself or his family or the state but to Him who sent him into the world, and that he must therefore fulfill not the law of his personality or family or state, but the infinite law of Him from Whom he has come — and he will feel himself absolutely free from all human authorities and will even cease to regard them as able to trammel anyone."

Tolstoy did not hesitate to blueprint the way of salvation for the man aroused to an understanding of true Christianity. His first precept was to remember that the only guide for a Christian's actions is to be found in the divine principle that dwells within him, which in no sense can be checked or governed by anything else. Man must not suppose that the amelioration of life would come about, as the socialists preached, by some spontaneous, violent reconstruction of society. The freedom of all men could be brought about only by the liberation of individuals separately.

Every man, hearkening to the dictates of his con-

science and abiding by the teaching of Christ, must quietly refuse to serve the government in any way: he must refuse to take an oath, to pay taxes, or to serve in the army. If he is persecuted for thus violating the law, he must not oppose violence by force. In short, Tolstoy anticipated a growing movement of civil disobedience based on the principle of non-resistance to evil, which he was convinced would eventually undermine the whole structure of government. He believed that such a forward movement of humanity towards a more conscious assimilation of the Christian conception of life already existed. This moral progress, he felt, ultimately would influence public opinion, and once such an informed public opinion gained the ascendancy, it would transform all the activity of men and bring it into accord with Christian consciousness. Then truly would the kingdom of God on earth be achieved by every man first realizing that the Kingdom was within himself.

It is impossible in a brief analysis to suggest the persuasiveness of Tolstoy's closely reasoned argument, which runs to almost five hundred pages. There is hardly any refutation of the many issues he raised that he himself did not anticipate. The fault he committed in all his didactic works, that of generalizing on the basis of special conditions that existed in Russia, is everywhere in evidence in this book. There was a manifest unfairness in his failure to give credit to the democratic progress of governments of Western Europe and America, although he bluntly declared that the only difference between a despotic government and the republics of France and America was that, in the former, power was concentrated in the hands of a small number of oppressors and the violence was cruder, whereas in the latter, power was divided among a larger number of oppressors and was expressed less crudely. The movement today among one or two of the most democratic governments to establish peacetime military conscription would have been regarded by Tolstoy as proof positive of his contention that they have no more essential regard for Christian conscience than the most autocratic governments.

In his arraignment of the abuses of modern governments—mere Genghis Khans with telegraph wires, he described them, using a phrase of Herzen—and in his condemnation of violence and the folly of war, he struck responsive chords all over the world and exercised a tremendous influence on various reform movements. He saw clearly that the whole history of the last two thousand years had consisted essentially of an alteration of relations between the moral development of the masses and the demoralization of governments. He placed his faith in this moral development of the masses as a final answer to the universal oppression of the many by the few. Progressive forces today tend to seek an answer in the organized political and material development of the masses. Tolstoy's critical

thought directed against nineteenth-century political, economic, and social institutions was entirely in the tradition of progressive critical thought that came after him. His extreme views on the complete abolition of property, the outlawing of war, the establishment of universal peace, and the economic self-sufficiency of the masses have been reflected later in the more temperate thinking on the need of public ownership of utilities, international disarmament, world peace through a United Nations, and universal economic democracy.

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At the conclusion of the famine relief work there also ended the happy and contented feeling in husband and wife that had resulted from their mutual efforts in this cause. During 1894 nothing occurred to divert the tense undercurrent of unpleasant relations. Sonya lived in the fast-fading happiness of their early married life, her husband in the present family existence, which prevented him from serving God as he wished. With masculine unfairness he posed the problem to himself in his diary: he wrote that if the views of husband and wife on the world and life did not agree, then it was necessary for the "one who thought less to submit to the one who thought more. How happy I would be to submit to Sonya, but this is really as impossible as for a goose to climb back into its own egg. She ought to submit, but she does not want to—there is no intelligence, no humility, and no love."

Throughout January and most of February of 1895 criticisms of her husband appeared in Sonya's diary with increasing frequency, obviously leading up to another of her hysterical outbursts. The immediate cause of it all was the publication of *Master and Man*, a brilliant short story, the first purely artistic work Tolstoy had written in several years. Three years before, the attractive editor of the *Northern Messenger*, Lyubov Gurevich,—"that scheming, half-Jewess," as Sonya called her,—had visited Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana. He had liked her and had agreed to give her something for her magazine. When he finished *Master and Man*, he instructed Strakhov to submit it to the *Northern Messenger* for publication, of course not taking any money for the story. Sonya wanted it for a supplement to the thirteenth volume of her edition. Tolstoy agreed to give her the story, and he also intended to give it to the *Intermediary* for separate publication. But her haste to obtain a copy of the manuscript so that she might publish it before or at least simultaneously with the others angered him.

One evening harsh words were exchanged on this subject, and in a fury Tolstoy ran up to his room, declaring that he would leave the house forever. The thought flashed through Sonya's mind that he wanted to abandon her for Lyubov Gurevich. Determined to leave the house before him, she dashed

out into the snow-covered street, although she was clad only in slippers and a dressing gown. With a dressing gown thrown over his drawers and waistcoat, Tolstoy ran after her, begging her to return. She kept screaming: "Let them take me to the police station or a lunatic asylum!" He finally managed to drag her back home.

The next day the quarrel broke out again, and she left the house, determined to lose herself in the woods or in the Sparrow Hills outside of Moscow and freeze to death, like the master in the story that had caused all this anguish. Masha followed and succeeded in persuading her mother to return. Another attempt two days later to run away was frustrated by the children. The immediate result of these adventures in the freezing, snowy streets was a severe cold. As she lay ill in her room, weeping bitterly, her husband entered, knelt down, and asked her forgiveness. "If only a drop of the love that was in him then could always remain, I might still be happy," she wrote. Calm descended on the household once again, and *Master and Man* was given to Sonya for her edition. She ended the account of this whole painful incident in her diary by writing: "I'm correcting the proof with joy in my heart and perceive with emotion the artistic greatness of the work. At times my eyes fill with tears of happiness over it."

Two days later (February 23) Sonya set down the following brief entry: "My dear Vanichka died at 11 o'clock at night. My God! to think that I am still alive!" More than two years passed before she resumed her diary.

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VANICHKA, the last child of the Tolstoy, died at the age of seven from scarlet fever. According to many accounts, he was a most unusual youngster. Of all the children he looked most like his father: he had the same bright, pensive eyes and the same earnest spirit. His whole appearance conveyed the impression of transparency. The thin little body, pale face, and long curly hair were offset by a radiant nature. His extraordinary sensitivity recalled this quality in Tolstoy as a child. Vanichka was always anxious for everyone's happiness, and he expressed his joy by freely giving away his prized possessions. With an understanding exceptional for his tender years, he would surprise grownups by talking quite intelligently on abstract and spiritual themes. All who came in contact with him were charmed by his joyous nature, a fact reflected in the many tributes sent to the family at his death. He was obviously his parents' favorite.

Sonya's grief over the death of this child drove her to the edge of madness. Her extreme devotion seemed psychologically unnatural in the light of the many children she had borne and raised. After quarrels with the older children or her husband,

she took refuge in her affection for Vanichka, an affection that he always responded to with almost mature understanding and sympathy. There had hardly been an entry in her diary or a letter to her husband over the last few years in which her endless concern for Vanichka had not been expressed. And time and again she sounded a note of foreboding that he would be taken from her, not simply because of his uncertain health, but because of her superstitious fear that so exceptional a child must inevitably die young.

Sonya's extreme anguish intensified her husband's grief. But quite characteristically he soon came to accept the death of his favorite child as the will of God and therefore a good. Shortly after the funeral he wrote in his diary: "They have buried Vanichka. It is terrible. No, it is not terrible, it is a great spiritual event. I thank Thee, Father. I thank Thee." He wrote Chertkov and Strakhov that the loss of one so dear to him was compensated by the spiritual ecstasy he experienced. More important for him: he cherished the hope that this family tragedy would reveal the path of truth to his wife and at last unite them spiritually in their declining years.

Their relations became warm and close after Vanichka's death. Like a spiritual father he watched tenderly over Sonya to detect the slightest religious change in her, and he joyously announced these symptoms and his hopes to disciples. "Especially during the first few days," he wrote to Chertkov, "I was blinded by the beauty of her soul revealed as a consequence of this loss." And in his diary he wrote: "The pain of bereavement at once freed her from all that darkened her spirit. It was as if the doors had been rent asunder and laid bare that divine essence of love that exists in our souls."

As the months wore on, Tolstoy's hope of a spiritual transformation in his wife after Vanichka's death gradually waned. Sonya's grief was not the kind that finds its outlet or compensation in a profound religious experience.

His first realization that the period of spiritual closeness with Sonya had vanished was recorded in Tolstoy's diary less than a month after Vanichka's death: "She suffers and especially because the object of her love has left her, and it seems to her that her goodness was in this object and not in the love itself. She cannot separate one from the other; she cannot regard life in general or herself from a religious point of view."

However deeply Tolstoy regretted the loss of this last hope of real spiritual unity with his wife, it did not lessen his love for her or his concern over her emotional and physical suffering. For her grief continued in an extreme form for months. When Sonya complained at this time that certain passages about her in his diaries were offensive, he read over all his diaries and dutifully eliminated these statements, for which she lovingly thanked him. "I have never felt myself so guilty and exposed," he

wrote at the conclusion of this task. "Oh, if this would only draw us still closer together. If she would only free herself from belief in trifles and would believe in her own soul, in her reason. . . . The events now are joyful to me. She saw and will see the power of love — the power of her love over me."

Tolstoy hastened to convey his exaltation in a letter to Sonya. He explained it as an entirely new love. "It is such a holy, fine feeling, that I ought not to speak about it, but I know you will be glad to hear it, and I know from the very fact that I express it that it will not change."

Sonya was grateful. She wrote of her joy over his letter, and she expressed her conviction that their quarrels had not been serious. "The very basis of our relations — an inner feeling for each other — remains serious, firm, and harmonious. We both know what is good and bad, and we both love each other. Thank God for this."

53

EARLY in 1897 disaster overtook the inner circle of the Tolstoyans. They had learned at the end of 1896 that persecution of the Dukhobors, a religious sect whose fate they were closely following, had reached an intolerable degree. One of the sect had been beaten to death in a disciplinary battalion; numerous families, dispersed among unfriendly villages of Caucasian hill tribes, were perishing from hunger and cold. Of the four thousand exiled in 1896, four hundred had already died from various privations. Horror gripped Tolstoy and he at once sent the sufferers a thousand rubles out of his "charity fund." The fund consisted of royalties from Tolstoy's plays performed by the state theaters. He did not wish to accept this income, after renouncing all financial rights to his works, although these royalties would have reverted to the government, of which he also disapproved. Upon the suggestion of his wife, who managed the affair, he agreed to accept money from this source and to use it solely for charitable purposes.

Chertkov and the disciple Biryukov, later joined by another disciple, Tregubov, decided to appeal to the authorities and the public on behalf of the persecuted Dukhobors. Tolstoy encouraged them and associated himself with the project by writing an epilogue. This appeal, entitled "Help!" was sent to many leading citizens, government officials, and the Tsar. The participants fully realized the risk they ran and they were prepared to accept the consequences.

They did not have long to wait for repercussions. Shortly after the appeal was circulated, Chertkov and Biryukov were arrested and exiled for five years. Chertkov was allowed to select England as his place of exile; Biryukov was sent to Bausk in Courland. Three months later the police arrested Tregubov in Tiflis and also exiled him to Courland for five years.

Tolstoy, as usual, escaped direct punishment. He and Sonya hurried to Petersburg to bid farewell to Chertkov and Biryukov. An exalted feeling of martyrdom well earned suffused the exiles, who gathered with a little band of the faithful at Chertkov's quarters each evening to hear the master's final words of wisdom.

The exile of Chertkov and Biryukov, the two most active of Tolstoy's disciples, caused a stir in various circles. The government's arrows of misfortune were striking closer to the master. The war between Tolstoy and the Russian government and Church was a matter of general public interest. Whatever the issues involved, there was something magnificent in the figure of this old, gray-bearded prophet standing alone against the whole organized force of a reactionary Church and State. At times his was the only voice that spoke aloud and unafraid for the cause of justice in a vast country shackled by an absolute autocratic despotism. His most powerful weapon was moral suasion acting upon Russian public opinion and — what was more feared by the government — on international public opinion.

During the summer of 1897, when Tolstoy was at Yasnaya Polyana, there was no Chertkov in a neighboring village to consult with daily on the spiritual empire they were building. Tolstoy also missed the frequent visits of the industrious and gentle "Posha" (Biryukov). Masha's marriage to Prince Nikolai Obolenski on June 2 deepened her father's sense of loneliness. She was the only one of his children up to this time to accept unquestioningly his way of life, and she translated her convictions into service for others. She was tireless in work in the fields, in teaching the village children, caring for the sick, and performing endless tasks for her father. The bond between them went deeper than the love of parent and daughter; it was a spiritual bond. And she knew that her marriage must inevitably weaken if not sever this bond. For her, it seemed like repudiating holy vows.

Despite the absence of dear and familiar faces, summer life at Yasnaya Polyana continued, on the surface at least, as of old, with its hordes of visitors, games, tennis, walks, music, and literary evenings. New disciples made the pilgrimage. The usual assortment of accomplished artists — musicians, painters, and sculptors — turned up. Hardly a day passed that twenty or more people — family and guests — did not sit down at the long table for dinner. And nearly all these visitors, as was so often the case, felt their contact with the great Tolstoy worth commemorating in letters, articles, or memoirs which were subsequently published.

In August, Tolstoy entered in his diary: "Lombroso was here — a limited, naïve little old man." This was the distinguished Italian anthropologist and psychiatrist — Cesare Lombroso. While attending a medical conference in Moscow, he had expressed a desire to visit Tolstoy. The head of the

police suggested that this would be disagreeable to the government, and, making small circles with his finger near his temple, indicated that Tolstoy was not entirely right in his mind. Seizing this lead, the quick-witted Lombroso said that it was precisely in his capacity as a psychiatrist that he wished to see and study Tolstoy. Mollified by such a scientific purpose, the head of the police, with a knowing look, smilingly approved of the visit.

Lombroso had preconceived notions about literary geniuses and their habits of work, but these were all contradicted by this meeting with Tolstoy. On the day of his arrival he watched the sixty-nine-year-old genius play tennis for two hours with his daughter. Tolstoy then invited his guest to go swimming in the Yasnaya Polyana pond and offered to race him. Lombroso almost drowned trying to keep up the pace, and Tolstoy was obliged to help him to the shore. "When I expressed surprise at his strength and endurance," Lombroso related, "he stretched out his hand and lifted me right off the ground, just as easily as though I were a little dog." Later, in one of their discussions, Tolstoy impatiently listened to Lombroso's exposition of his favorite theory concerning innate criminal types and the necessity for protecting society from them. "He remained silent throughout all my arguments," Lombroso wrote, "and finally, knitting his terrifying brow, he turned on me a threatening glance from his deeply sunken eyes and declared: 'All this is nonsense. Every punishment is criminal.'" Despite their disagreement, Lombroso formed a high opinion of the simplicity of Tolstoy's life and his unfailing kindness towards the scores of petitioners who daily sought his aid.

When Lombroso returned to Moscow, the head of the police asked him how he found Tolstoy. "It seems to me," he answered, "that this madman is infinitely cleverer than many of the stupid people here who possess power."

54

ART is modest, Tolstoy once said, but his theorizing on the subject in *What Is Art?* is perhaps the most immodest contribution to the study of aesthetics that has ever been written. He finished this famous work in 1897 and it marks the culmination point of fifteen years of thought and study, a fact unknown to or disregarded by captious critics who treated *What Is Art?* as something that had leaped full-born from Tolstoy's brain at a dyspeptic moment when he had arbitrarily concluded that there would be no more cakes and ale for the artists of the world.

With his radically new outlook on life, Tolstoy could not be satisfied with the theory of art that he had formerly accepted, and this dissatisfaction inspired his prolonged study of the subject. His main endeavor was to erect a system of aesthetics that

would accord with his new understanding of man and his relation to the world. In a real sense, *What Is Art?* may be regarded as the aesthetics of his whole moral philosophy of life. Yet he knew that any system he might set up must be comprehensive enough to justify all sincere works of art.

The problem turned out to be much more complicated than he had anticipated. His first effort in this direction, in 1882, left him entirely unconvinced. And over the next fifteen years, during various periods of time, he struggled with the subject, defining and redefining his position. In all his theorizing, however, one can detect a growing emphasis upon the ethical principle as the immanent organizing factor in the artistic process. And this view ultimately became the starting point for the aesthetic theory that he finally elaborated in *What Is Art?* The growing popularity of such movements as Decadence and Symbolism during the last decade of the nineteenth century offended both his artistic and his moral sense and provided him with a new impetus to finish his book on art. He worked almost exclusively on it through a large part of 1897 and finished it in December.

In this book, Tolstoy approached the subject as he approached the study of every human endeavor: art is a human activity and hence it must have a clear purpose and aim, discernible by the aid of reason and conscience. And as a human activity, he declared, art cannot exist for its own sake and therefore its value must be weighed in proportion as art is serviceable or harmful to mankind. Again and again in his researches he was confronted with that unholy trinity of the aestheticians — beauty, truth, and goodness, and of these the greatest was beauty. For he found that the commonest definition, repeated in various forms, was that art is an activity that produces beauty.

But just what was meant by beauty, no two theorists seemed to agree. The word was used subjectively and according to the variable tastes of the persons who employed it. In general, Tolstoy's study of aesthetics led him to conclude that there was no such science, because it failed to define the qualities and laws of art which in turn could be applied to artistic productions by way of accepting or rejecting them. This chaos has resulted, he maintained, because the conception of art has been erroneously based on the conception of beauty.

Tolstoy, then, propounded his own definition of art: —

"To evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced and having evoked it in oneself by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others experience the same feeling — this is the activity of art."

Before Tolstoy applied his definition as a kind of touchstone of true art, he felt it necessary to distinguish between the subject matter and the form of art. He realized that upon this distinction rested

the solution of what was for him the fundamental problem — the relation of art to morality. First he took art apart from its subject matter and pointed out that what distinguished real art from its counterfeit — and much that passed for art he condemned as counterfeit — was the infectiousness of art. If a person who is subjected to an artist's work experiences a mental condition which unites him with the artist and with other people who also partake of that work of art, then the object evoking that condition is a work of art. And the stronger the infection, the better is the art as art. From this point of view, he declared, art has nothing to do with morality, for the feelings transmitted may be good or bad feelings. But the one great quality that makes a work of art truly contagious is its sincerity.

Up to this point Tolstoy had been concerned with an internal test in appraising art. Next he applied an external test in an effort to determine whether a work of art is refined or genteel (the art of the few, the upper classes), or universal (the art of the people). Those who admire exclusive art, which is so often considered the only art, do so because they have trained themselves to admire it and not because it is necessarily great art. He pointed out that the majority of the art productions of the upper classes which are admired by them when first produced are never understood or valued by the great masses of mankind. This refined art is intended only for the pleasure of genteel people and is incomprehensible as a pleasure to the workman. For almost the only feelings, with their offshoots, that formed the subject matter of the art of his own class, he said, were three significant and simple ones — the feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire, and the feeling of weariness of life.

Tolstoy next made the point that as soon as the art of the upper classes separated itself from universal art, a conviction arose that art may be art and yet be incomprehensible to the masses. But all great works of art, he insisted, are great because they are accessible and comprehensible to everyone. The majority of people have always had the taste to esteem the highest works of universal art, such as the epic of Genesis, the Gospel parables, and folk legends, songs, and tales, because they invoke the simple feelings of common life, accessible to everyone, and yet they do not hinder progress towards well-being. Art of this kind, he said, makes us realize to what extent we already are members of the human race and share the feelings of one common human nature.

In applying the touchstone of feeling to art, it is essential to differentiate what are the best feelings and what are evil. Only in this distinction, Tolstoy maintained, will the intimate and inevitable connection between morality and art become apparent. For if art unites men, the better the feelings in which it unites them, the better it will be for humanity.

He candidly admitted that the definition of the best and highest feelings will differ from age to age. Each age, he pointed out, has possessed a dominant view of life which may be described as its "religious perception." And the true religious perception of the Christian age, he insisted, is Christ's teaching, which permeates the whole life of man today; and if we accept this religious perception, it must inevitably influence our approval or disapproval of the various feelings transmitted by art. The best and highest feelings of art, then, are those which invoke the precepts of Christ — love for God and one's neighbor. When this religious perception is consciously acknowledged by all, said Tolstoy, then the division of art into art for the lower and art for the upper classes will disappear, for art which transmits feelings incompatible with the religious perceptions of our time will be rejected.

As examples of this highest art "flowing from love of God and man (both of the higher, positive, and of the lower, negative kind) in literature," Tolstoy mentioned: Schiller's *The Robbers*; Hugo's *Les Misérables* and *Les Pauvres Gens*; Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, *The Christmas Carol*, and *The Chimes*; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; Dostoyevsky's works, especially *The House of the Dead*; and George Eliot's *Adam Bede*.

55

TOLSTOY did not limit the subject matter of art to these highest and religious feelings, as some of his critics supposed. Another division of art, the universal, which he had already described, conveys feelings of common life accessible to everyone — such feelings of merriment, of pity, of cheerfulness, of tranquillity, and so forth. The scope of the artist must in no sense be restricted.

The whole world of feelings, Tolstoy wrote, must be the artist's sphere of activity. Yet he did insist that a folk tale, a little song, or a lullaby that delights millions of children or adults is incomparably more important than a novel or symphony that will divert some few members of the wealthy class for a short time and then be forever forgotten. Almost untouched, he said, is this region of art in which the simple feelings are made accessible to all, and this region, like the highest religious art, tends to unite all mankind.

Tolstoy, the great author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, whimsically remarked in one place in the book that he knew that his theory of art would be considered an irrational paradox at which one could only be amazed. He did not understate the case. The critics quickly belabored it into an undeserved oblivion, although a few reviewers praised it highly, and George Bernard Shaw, with an aesthetic fissure in his brain as deep and wide as that of Tolstoy, hailed the work with delight.

Critics might be pardoned for a certain degree of asperity in the face of the sympathy that Tolstoy

expressed in his book for the truculent judgment that "critics are the stupid who discuss the wise." For the most part, the critics evaded his altogether excellent definition of art and concentrated their shafts on his withering application of it to certain generally accepted great works of art. For with his stubborn intellectual honesty, he did not shrink from the most extreme consequences of his reasoning. In his selection of examples of good and bad art, he did not claim for himself absolute authority. He humbly admitted that his own taste was probably perverted by false training. And he specifically asserted that he attached no special importance to his selection of examples. His only purpose in mentioning them, he said, was to make his meaning clearer.

With breath-taking execution he consigned all his own artistic productions to the category of bad art, with the exception of two stories, "God Sees the Truth but Waits" and "A Prisoner of the Caucasus." And when he placed Shakespeare's *Hamlet* or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in this same category of bad art, he did not imply that all the works of these artists are bad. We know from other sources that he ranked some of their works as great art.

Tolstoy never remained satisfied with *What Is Art?* He felt it to be weak in various places, and he returned to the subject often in his diary and in letters. There lurked in his mind a feeling that something in the "mysterious and important" matter of art had never found its proper place in his aesthetic theory. But in this book, as in so many of his controversial works, the current of his thought joined the stream of nineteenth-century liberalism that has flowed down to our own day. He clearly saw and condemned many of the abuses of art that were later condemned by progressive minds, and his blistering attack on the middle-class cult of unintelligibility in art has been echoed many times since.

Now, whenever artists gathered in the Tolstoy home, which was often, they were put through the wringer of *What Is Art?* and usually came out very flat and white. For Tolstoy was formidable in argument, though in his old age he quickly grew impatient with opposition, and, like Dr. Johnson, if he failed to bring his opponent down with a well-aimed shot, he would hit him over the head with the butt end of the gun.

At the very beginning of 1898 a group of distinguished artists sat on after dinner. Rimski-Korsakov and his wife were among them. They had come to Moscow to attend a performance of the famous composer's opera, *Sadko*. A discussion on art soon raged. Tolstoy kept thundering away at beauty and its futility as a fundamental touchstone of art. Rimski-Korsakov warmly opposed him. The dispute ended with Tolstoy condemning all the musical views of Rimski-Korsakov. When the frayed and irritated guests finally departed, Tolstoy pointedly and loudly replied to the usual polite amenities of leave-taking

uttered by the composer's wife: "No, you've not at all wearied or disturbed me but today I'm glad that I have seen *obscurity* with my own eyes." The next day, like a repentant drunkard, he jotted down in his diary: "When will I remember that *much talk is much bother*."

56

AFTER Vanichka's death in 1895 Sonya had acquired a passion for music as a kind of escape from her grief. Even her husband hoped that this new interest would help her regain her emotional equilibrium. The distinguished pianist and composer S. I. Taneyev, who had rented a wing of Yasnaya Polyana during the summers of 1895 and 1896, also became a frequent visitor at the family's Moscow house. Sonya could not see enough of Taneyev, and her partiality soon became clear to everyone except Taneyev, who seemed unaware of the deep feeling behind Sonya's pursuit of him. In general the musician was indifferent to women.

With growing anxiety Tolstoy watched the unbelievable behavior of his wife — her repeated invitations to Taneyev, the agitated way in which she pursued him with questions on the musical world, their frequent meetings at the homes of acquaintances and at concerts, from which she would accompany him to his carriage. Her husband knew that this was an extreme manifestation of her hysteria, that it was simply the case of an ill woman transferring a love for music to a representative of the art. Yet at times he wondered, and then he could not suppress a feeling of jealousy. It was a mere whim, he comforted himself, and would soon pass.

The children also were distressed over their mother's actions; servants, friends, and even strangers were beginning to gossip. Rumormongers were maliciously whispering of the ironic fate of Tolstoy, placed in the terrible position of the betrayed hero of *The Kreutzer Sonata*, whose wife had fallen in love with a musician. But the hero in real life was sixty-eight and the heroine fifty-two, and they had been married thirty-four years! It all seemed like a monstrous practical joke.

This intimacy, which had first become noticeable during Taneyev's stay at Yasnaya Polyana in the summer of 1896, increased during the next two years. Sonya defined her feeling as love. The bachelor Taneyev, carefully watched over by his old nurse, hardly looked or acted one of the masculine sides of an eternal love triangle, nor would one have imagined him capable of inspiring sinful thoughts in any woman. He was twelve years younger than Sonya. He was not attractive, having a small head with small eyes set in a red face trimmed with a small beard, the whole mounted on a fat body. And his thin piping laugh only served to accentuate a naturally cold and stiff personality. He no doubt valued his associations with the Tolstoy and

this fact perhaps encouraged the attentions he paid Sonya, whose endless adulation he also relished.

Though there is no concrete evidence that Sonya possessed sinful thoughts about Taneyev, she continued to give every indication that she was in love with him. She had been complaining for some time of weariness and the approach of old age, and now she suddenly felt a new "zest for life." With evident satisfaction she recorded in her diary the surprised comments of people on her youthfulness. She walked more lightly, her body felt healthier, and she found a renewed joy in gay evening parties or in skating with one of Taneyev's pupils. She noted in her diary her annoyance at the presence of other people when Taneyev visited, and then with the poetic mystery of a young girl in love for the first time she added: "S. I. [Taneyev] and I had no chance to talk to each other, but we exchanged a few phrases comprehensible to ourselves alone." When Taneyev was absent, she was inconsolable, and she contrived every imaginable pretext to call on him. Her whole being was transformed when he played. "His playing made my heart bleed," she wrote in the diary. "As he came to the end of the Polonaise, my eyes filled with tears and I nearly burst out sobbing." Here was love transforming with its magic touch a woman of fifty-three into an irrational girl of eighteen.

"Even the purest love finally leads to the desire for intimacy and possession," Sonya once observed in her diary. But nowhere in the records of her attachment to Taneyev is there any clear indication that she nourished such a desire. Besides, Taneyev at best was but a passive receptacle for her ardent feelings. Despite a pathetic attempt to observe all the proprieties in an attachment that she wished to represent as a sincere friendship and nothing more, her older children saw something deeper and soon resented the frequent visits of Taneyev. Their outspoken criticism of their mother's behavior pained and angered her.

Perhaps Sonya's unrequited passion deserved pity and understanding from her family rather than censure and harsh words. Though undoubtedly she was emotionally and psychologically ill, her temperament and extreme actions, like the failings of many sick people, constantly irritated those who most wanted to aid her. Her love for Taneyev clearly helped to fill the gaping void left in her emotional life by the death of Vanichka, a void that her husband could not satisfactorily fill because of their spiritual disharmony. Taneyev and Vanichka morbidly fused in her mind. She related in her diary how she talked with her dead son and asked him if there was anything evil in her feelings for Taneyev. "Today Vanichka seemed to turn me away from him. He must have felt sorry for his father; but I know he does not blame me, for it is he who sent me Taneyev, and he will not wish to take him away from me." The two were coupled in her dreams — Vanichka and Taneyev stretching their arms out

to her, and in another dream she saw her dear son sitting on Taneyev's knee.

During the course of this abnormal relationship, Sonya could not resist comparing her husband and Taneyev. With a suggestion of elation, she noted in her diary on June 10, 1897: "I've knocked over Leo Nikolayevich as my idol." She was still devoted to him, yes, but he could no longer bring her "real happiness." Had he been displaced by another idol? She did not say, but she made it clear how keenly she was missing the company of Taneyev that summer. In her loneliness, her thoughts turned to suicide, and she almost wept over the letter she composed in her mind to explain her untimely end to friends: "I don't wish to suffer any longer, and I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't!" she exploded. "I must either live without suffering, or die — and dying is the better course!" Then immediately following this outburst is a declaration that is pathetic in contrast. "And now I've got to write the menus again: *soupe printanière* — Oh, how I hate it! Every day for thirty-five years it has been *soupe printanière*! I don't want to hear any more of *soupe printanière*; I want to hear the most difficult fugue or symphony."

Unconsciously she contrasted the composer's pure relations with her to the physical passion of her husband. Tolstoy's cheerfulness during the day merely forewarned her to expect a night of passion, and obsessed with her own pure desires, she wrote: "It has an entirely different effect on me; I feel ashamed and sad, and I yearn for a poetic, spiritual, even a sentimental relationship with someone — only to get away from this eternal sex." Then in another entry she deliberately drew a comparison: "He needs me only at night, not during the daytime; I grow sad and cannot help longing for last year's dear friendly companion [Taneyev]."

57

IN Tolstoy's eyes marriage was a relationship that united people for life in complete fidelity to each other. Accordingly Sonya's feeling for Taneyev seemed to him an expression of infidelity. He tried hard to regard the affair in its proper perspective and to accept it as an affliction that he must bear in accordance with the moral and spiritual philosophy he professed. At times Sonya was puzzled by his polite and considerate behavior towards Taneyev, when she knew how intensely he disliked the composer. But she did not know the effort of will it had cost him to achieve this "love for one's enemies," an ineffable sweetness, he mentioned in his diary, "greater in proportion as the love is unattractive to you."

During 1897 and 1898, Tolstoy suffered intensely. He wrote to Chertkov, without mentioning any names: "I have tried everything: anger, prayers, expostulations, and lately, forbearance and kind-

ness. Yet things get worse. I suffer from humiliation and cruelty, though I am ashamed to admit it." The letter struck him as too indiscreet and he did not send it.

Far from being deterred by his remonstrances, Sonya invited Taneyev to visit at Yasnaya Polyana only a couple of weeks after he wrote her, pleading that she break off her relations with the composer. The visit resulted in another quarrel, although Tolstoy, to her surprise, behaved towards the guest with the utmost civility. Either misled by this or incapable of resisting the desire to see Taneyev, she invited him again about a month later. "I haven't told Leo Nikolayevich yet, in case it upsets him," she noted in her diary. "My God, will he be jealous again! . . . Wouldn't Sergei Ivanovich be surprised if he knew! But I can't help being delighted at the thought that there will be music and pleasant conversation with such a cheerful, decent man."

One of the children at dinner dropped a hint of Taneyev's impending arrival. Tolstoy's anger frightened Sonya, though there is just the suspicion, as she tried to calm him, that she secretly enjoyed what she interpreted as a jealous rage. On July 8, 1897, he wrote Sonya a letter in which he informed her that he was leaving her. But he did not give her the letter nor did he leave.

Tolstoy did not destroy this letter. He kept it, not among his papers, but hidden under the upholstery of one of the armchairs in his study. On the envelope he had written: "To be opened fifty years after my death." Ten years later (in May, 1907) when he heard that Sonya was going to have the furniture newly upholstered, he recovered the letter, put it in another envelope, on which he wrote: "To be given to Sofya Andreyevna after my death," and handed it over for safekeeping to his son-in-law. When the envelope was opened by Sonya after his death, there were two letters in it. After reading one of them, she remarked: "More foolishness and jealousy and reproaches," and she tore it into small bits. The second letter, also dated July 8, 1897, she at once gave to the press. In order to save his wife from public censure over the real reason for his desire to leave her, Tolstoy had written two letters, one intended for his wife alone and the other for the world, if she cared to make it public.

In the letter that Sonya published, he wrote:—

"I have long been tormented by the incongruity between my life and my beliefs. To oblige you to change your way of life, your habits, which I taught you myself, was impossible; to leave you has also been impossible up to this time, for I thought that I should be depriving the children, while they were still young, of the influence, however small, which I might have over them, and should be causing you pain. But to continue to live as I have been living these sixteen years, at one time struggling and harassing you, at another yielding to those influences and temptations to which I was accustomed and by which I was surrounded, has also been im-

possible for me at last; and I have now made up my mind to do what I have long wished to do, to go away; first, because with my advancing years this life grows more and more burdensome to me and I long more and more for solitude; and secondly, because the children have now grown up, and my influence is no longer necessary and all of you have livelier interests, which will make you notice my absence less.

"But the principal reason is . . . [that] I, who am now entering upon my seventieth year, yearn with all the strength of my spirit for that tranquillity and solitude and, though not perfect accord, still something better than this crying disharmony between my life and beliefs and conscience. . . .

"My leaving does not mean that I am dissatisfied with you. I know that you could not, literally *could not*, and cannot, see and feel as I do, and hence you could not and cannot alter your life and make sacrifices for the sake of what you do not believe in. I do not find fault with you; on the contrary, I recall, with love and gratitude, the long thirty-five years of our life together, especially the first half of it, when, with maternal self-abnegation which is characteristic of you, you bore so zealously and patiently with what you thought was your appointed burden. You gave me and the world what you were able to give. You gave much maternal love and self-sacrifice, and I cannot fail to esteem you for that. But during the latter period of our life, during the last fifteen years, we have fallen away from each other. I can believe that I am to blame, because I know that I have changed, not for my own sake or for the sake of other people's opinion, but because I could not help it. And I cannot blame you for not having followed me, but I thank you and I lovingly recall and ever shall recall all that you have given me. Good-bye, dear Sonya."

If Sonya had known the contents of this letter in July, 1897, it is doubtful if she would have, or even could have, given up Taneyev.

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WHEN Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana in the summer of 1898, ill and in need of a rest, he found his domestic situation unchanged. Much against his wishes, Sonya went off to visit her friends the Maslovs at their country estate Selishche on July 12. She knew that Taneyev would be staying there at the same time. Overwhelmed by this new overt act, Tolstoy once more thought of going away from home, but again he overcame the temptation of taking a step that might so easily prove to be irreparable.

Sonya returned by way of Kiev, stopped there with her sister Tanya, and finally persuaded her to come to Yasnaya Polyana for a brief visit. It had been a "pure delight" to listen to Taneyev's playing at Selishche, but now at home Sonya experi-

enced a feeling of guilt, which was increased by her sister's unsparing criticism of her pursuit of the composer. A few days after her return, she entered in her diary: "I walked through the woods alone and bathed and wept. At night the same talk of jealousy began again; and again there were shouting, abuse, and reproaches. My nerves could not stand it; something that kept the balance in my brain gave way and I lost my self-command. I had a terrible attack of nerves. I trembled all over, sobbed, raved, and kept starting up in fright. I do not well remember what happened to me, but it ended in a kind of numbness."

The conversation that brought about Sonya's violent attack of nerves that night was actually written down by Tolstoy in the form of a letter which he intended for her sister but never sent. He called it "A Dialogue." Tolstoy began by saying that he had gone to bed with his wife that night in a "good and pleasant frame of mind," consoled by what his sister-in-law had told him during the day and by her belief that all this unhappiness would soon end. As they lay in bed together, Sonya soon began to accuse him of talking about her and Taneyev to her sister. He begged her to drop the matter since he did not wish to discuss it and hoped that it would quiet down and be done with.

The argument continued. Tolstoy kept insisting that she recognize her feeling for Taneyev for what it was, until Sonya, with some justification, exclaimed in desperation: "The same thing over and over again. It is simply torture!" All she wanted, she declared, was "that *he* should come once a month and sit awhile and play for me, as any good acquaintance might."

"Yes," he replied, "and by those words you are proving that you have a particular feeling for this man. There is, after all, no other person whose monthly visits could give you joy. If this one visit a month would be pleasant, how much pleasanter would be a weekly or a daily visit. You have confessed involuntarily to your particular feeling. And unless you settle the question of whether it is good or bad, nothing can be altered."

Recriminations followed recriminations, and Tolstoy scornfully described her "as one of those ladies who never miss a concert at the conservatory." This appeared to be the last straw for Sonya and she became hysterical.

A long silence ensued, and Tolstoy continued: "Then I remember God; I pray and think to myself: *she cannot renounce her feeling*, she cannot bring the influence of her mind to bear on her feeling. With her, as with all women, feeling dominates, and any change that takes place in her feeling will perhaps do so independently of her mind. Perhaps Tanya is right, and this will take place gradually in its own peculiar feminine way, incomprehensible to me. I ought to tell her this, I think to myself, and, full of pity and a desire to soothe her, I tell her that perhaps I am mistaken in put-

ting the question in my own way. Perhaps she will arrive at the same thing after her own fashion, and that this is what I am hoping for."

At that moment, however, her irritation reached an extraordinary pitch and she poured out a torrent of harsh words and wild threats, ending in a fit of hysterics. He concluded: "Sobbing, laughing, and whispering meaningless, and alas, feigned protests, such as 'My head is ready to split . . . just here at the parting . . . cut a vein in my neck. Oh, this is the one. . . .' She tried to frighten me with this and a great deal more rubbish. I held her. I know that always helps. I kissed her brows. She could not get her breath for a long time. Then she began to yawn and sigh, and at last she fell asleep and is still sleeping.

"I do not know how this madness can end. I cannot see any way out. It is evident that she values this feeling as much as her life and does not want to acknowledge it as wrong. And without acknowledging it as wrong, she cannot get rid of it and will continue to do the things the feeling demands, things that are tormenting and shameless for the children to witness, if not for me."

Sonya's feeling for Taneyev did change "gradually in its own peculiar feminine way," but not through any effort of her own will or because she finally recognized it as a "bad feeling." Taneyev put an end to the affair. For several more years she kept up the chase, attending concerts in order to sit with him, and making summer pilgrimages to Selishche to be near him. She observed that he began to avoid her, and she imagined that he had heard of her husband's jealousy or that he had received a letter from him, but Tolstoy never once uttered a word to Taneyev about his wife's attitude towards him.

Finally came an affront too obvious for her to ignore: he left her box at a concert and went to sit in the gallery. This took place in April, 1904. She wrote him to demand an explanation. He evaded the issue. She wept, grew melancholy, and could not sleep. Painful exchanges of letters took place, she hoping for a favorable explanation of his behavior, he cautiously avoiding one. Eventually he offered her a silly explanation, which she gratefully accepted, that he had left her at the concert because his thoughts kept turning on her but he valued the music of Tchaikovsky more. But something had snapped in her feeling for him; her happiness was gone and only memories remained. The man who at one time seemed to her to possess all the possible virtues, she could now describe as "thickskinned and gross, both in body and spirit."

MEMBERS of the family and their guests all copied the manuscript of *Resurrection*, which he had begun in 1889. Duplicate sets of corrected proof had to be

prepared for translators. Anguished telegrams arrived from the editor of *Niva* to beg for final copy for the next weekly issue of the magazine. Cablegrams and letters from abroad offered huge sums for the publication rights. Racing against time, Tolstoy kept to his study for days on end, mangling successive sets of proof, repeatedly rewriting whole sections, and hurrying off last-minute changes to the editor in an installment just about to go to press. He deserted the family, often took his meals alone at odd hours, and saw few visitors. The atmosphere of the household was tense and strained by the mighty effort. Finally, on December 18, 1899, he wrote in his diary: "Completed *Resurrection*. Not good, uncorrected, hurried, but it is done with and I am no longer interested."

Twelve years before, the eminent jurist A. F. Koni, while visiting Yasnaya Polyana, had planted in Tolstoy's mind the seed of this novel by relating an incident connected with his law practice. One day an agitated young man had come to his office to ask aid in conveying a letter to a girl who had been sent to prison, for the jail official had refused to do this unless he were permitted to censor the letter. Koni agreed to help him and subsequently learned the details of the case.

When her parents died, the girl had been taken in by a wealthy lady who owned the farm they had rented. Although given some education, she was eventually relegated to the position of a servant in the family. When she was sixteen a relative of her benefactor happened to visit the estate. This visitor, the same young man who had appealed to Koni, seduced the pretty, well-formed girl, and when her benefactor observed her pregnant condition, she drove her from the house.

Abandoned by her seducer, the girl placed her newborn child in an asylum, and after a hopeless attempt to earn an honest livelihood, she became a prostitute and sank lower and lower. Detected in stealing a sum of money from one of her drunken "guests" in a brothel, she was arrested. On the jury that tried the case fate placed the young man who had seduced her. Their meeting in such circumstances produced a powerful impression on him and awakened his conscience to the injustice of his behavior. He decided to marry the girl, who had been sentenced to four months in prison. Koni concluded the tale by relating that they were actually married, but shortly after her sentence expired the girl died from typhus.

The story deeply moved Tolstoy and he urged Koni, an extremely talented person, to write it for the *Intermediary*. Koni promised to do this. When a year had passed and he failed to fulfill his promise, Tolstoy asked to be allowed to make use of the story. For the next ten years he worked at it by fits and starts, but only when the need for money arose in 1898 to aid the Dukhobors to emigrate to Canada did he turn to the novel with renewed determination and zest.

Abroad, arrangements went forward, largely under Chertkov's direction, for the simultaneous publication of translations in England, France, Germany, and America. Foreign editors were eager to buy first rights, this money also going to the Dukhobor fund. As soon as Tolstoy finished a final batch of corrected proof in duplicate, a set was sent to Chertkov in England. It was not so easy to prevent foreign firms from pirating, a fact that caused Tolstoy much embarrassment. Twelve different translations appeared in Germany alone in 1900. In 1899 and 1900, fifteen editions were published in France. Obtaining faithful translations was difficult, a misfortune Tolstoy's works had nearly always suffered abroad.

The extreme liberties taken with *Resurrection* were of the order of those in a German translation of *Anna Karenina*, in which the motto of that book, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," was altered to "Revenge is sweet; I play the ace!" While the French version of *Resurrection* was appearing in the *Echo de Paris*, Parisian readers characteristically complained that the love scenes of the hero and heroine, which they relished, were too infrequent. The editor had no scruples about omitting the next regular installment and substituting for it one in which the hero and heroine are again occupied with each other.

In America, on the other hand, the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, who had bought the first serial rights, did not hesitate to tone down or delete love passages that he thought might offend that magazine's respectable middle-class readers. Chertkov promptly broke this contract and a lawsuit was threatened, which naturally added to Tolstoy's worries. In the end he was happy at the thought of reverting to his rule of taking no money for his writings, unwilling perhaps to realize that the rule itself had been the cause of all his troubles.

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TOLSTOY was seventy-one when he finished *Resurrection*, the last of his great novels. At this age he had a right to expect some diminution of his creative powers, and it is clear that the work falls short of the artistic eminence of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. Further, the concluding parts suffered from obvious haste in composition. Though written in his former manner, *Resurrection* is unlike his previous novels in several respects. Although there is the same fresh and realistic treatment of his own gentry class, this kind of life, which he knew so well, is brilliantly contrasted with a new element — the life of the protesting, revolutionary intelligentsia. And the struggle between the moralist and the artist that had been reflected in its initial stages in the last pages of *Anna Karenina* is everywhere in evidence in *Resurrection*. Rarely does the moralizing element appear un-

adorned with the rich, variegated garments of real life. The essence of all that Tolstoy had thought and suffered since his spiritual change is condensed in the pages of the book. It is unashamedly a purpose novel, but then so are nearly all great novels. The principal purpose of *Resurrection* is to reveal the evil consequences of the violence of government and the hypocrisy of the Church.

Any appraisal of the novel according to the new standards that Tolstoy had announced in *What Is Art?* does not discredit him as an artist or as a theorist on art. To be sure, such an appraisal inevitably contains a large element of subjective judgment, but the popular judgment of time and posterity lends its increment of support. According to Tolstoy's principal criterion of real art — infectiousness — *Resurrection* holds up extraordinarily well. The novel deals with feelings profoundly experienced by the author and re-created so that they infect readers and cause them to share these feelings with him and with each other. And the novel also abundantly possesses those other aspects of real art which Tolstoy had listed in his treatise — sincerity, individuality, and clarity. Yet he would have been the first to admit, and perhaps sadly, that the book is not popular art, not art for the masses. It belongs to the exclusive art of the leisured and cultured classes. With this limitation, *Resurrection* is real art. But does it belong to the category of the best art, according to Tolstoy's definition? That is, do the feelings it conveys make for the highest perception attainable by man — positive feelings of love of God and of one's neighbor? In this respect, too, Tolstoy can claim a large measure of success. More than any of his other novels, *Resurrection* evokes in us feelings of brotherly love and of the common purpose of the life of all humanity — a striving to achieve spiritual and moral perfection through service to others.

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TOLSTOY'S preoccupation with *Resurrection* during 1899 did not deter visitors, though he saw less of them. Both in Moscow and at Yasnaya Polyana the family had for some time been leading a kind of public existence and gradually they had become conditioned to it. Guests continued to arrive and leave. On one occasion two tall, refined, and distinguished-looking gentlemen entered. They were S. P. Dyagilev, editor of the well-known periodical, the *World of Art*, and future ballet producer, and D. V. Filosofov, his chief collaborator. Greetings were warm and gay. Conversation took on a new life — politics, art, the doings of important people in the government. Finally the two guests, who had come all the way from Petersburg, got around to the real purpose of their visit. They were organizing a celebration in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great poet Pushkin.

Would Tolstoy lend his aid by contributing an article to the issue of their magazine commemorating the event?

The name of the poet was enough to set Tolstoy off on a brilliant exposition of what he admired and condemned in Pushkin's works. Though he felt deeply about some of these productions and praised generously, it was clear that he did not share the reverential attitude of his two visitors towards Russia's illustrious poet. But the visitors brought him back to the point — would he aid in the celebration? Frowning and immediately dropping his agreeable manner, he flatly refused. With an intolerance that often took the form of paradox when his opposition was aroused, he brusquely declared that such celebrations were superfluous, that there were no immortals, and that each man lived for his own age alone. A writer, he said, is like a potato that is absorbed by the organism, digested, and then discarded. His contemporaries assimilate all that is of value in his creations, rework all that is precious in this spiritual food, and then when it is of no further use they cast it aside, consign it to oblivion. Dyagilev and Filosofov soon departed, plainly annoyed by Tolstoy's refusal to aid their project and offended by the manner in which he expressed his disagreement.

Among the many young writers who came to burn incense, Chekhov and Gorky were regarded by Tolstoy as the most talented. Their fiction was taking the country by storm at the time *Resurrection* began to appear. In an account of his first visit, Gorky remarks that he was put through a kind of examination, for Tolstoy wanted to know all the facts in his life. Then he got around to Gorky's writings. Some he praised, others he severely criticized. *Foma Gordeyev* he simply could not finish — "everything in it was invented." Varenka Olesova in Gorky's story of that name Tolstoy condemned as not true to life. "If a girl is over fifteen and healthy," he admonished, "she likes to be embraced and touched. Her mind is fearful of what is unknown and of what she does not yet understand — that is what is called modesty and bashfulness. But her body is already aware that the unknown is inevitable and legitimate, and despite the mind, demands the fulfillment of its law. In your work you have described this Varenka Olesova as healthy, but she feels anemically — which is not true to life."

Next he turned on the heroine in the short story "Twenty-six and One," and spoke of her in such improper language that Gorky, who had spent much of his life with "creatures who once were men," felt embarrassed and a bit offended, though later he decided that Tolstoy used coarse words in this instance only because he found them more precise and pointed. All through the examination, however, Tolstoy was kind and full of attention. Embracing Gorky as he was about to leave, he declared, "You are a real muzhik! You will

have a hard time among the writers, but fear nothing, and speak always as you feel no matter if it comes out coarsely. Wise people will understand." And in his diary on that day, he entered: "Gorky was here. We talked very well. I liked him. A real man of the people."

Chekhov, whose literary star had risen earlier than Gorky's, had already endeared himself to Tolstoy, who took delight in reading favorite stories by him to the family and guests. If Tolstoy regretted Chekhov's lack of any real focus in life and art, he could not fail to appreciate his warm, sympathetic nature and artistic humility. Although Gorky at this time was forcing comparison with Chekhov among literary critics, there can be no question that Tolstoy preferred Chekhov's writing. "Gorky lacks a sense of proportion," he told his disciple Goldenweizer. "He has a familiar style which is unpleasant." But of Chekhov, all of whose stories he had recently reread, he declared: "His mastery is of the highest order."

Yet Tolstoy left Chekhov under no illusions about his opinion on Chekhov's plays: he emphatically did not like them. He saw a performance of *Uncle Vanya* at the beginning of 1900 and it shocked him. Chekhov, in his own charming, guileless manner, related to a friend what Tolstoy had told him about his play: "You know, he does not like my dramas. He swears that I'm not a playwright. There is only one thing that comforts me. . . . He said to me: 'You know, I cannot abide Shakespeare, but your plays are even worse. Shakespeare, however, grabs the reader by the scruff of the neck and leads him to a definite objective, not permitting him to wander off the road. But where are you going with your heroines? From the divan where they lie to the closet and back.'"

At this point in his account Chekhov laughed so hard that his pince-nez fell off his nose. "But, really, Leo Nikolayevich is serious," Chekhov continued. "He was ill. I sat with him at his bedside. When I began to get ready to leave, he took my hand, looked me in the eye, and said: 'Anton Pavlovich, you are a fine man.' Then, smiling, he let my hand go and added: 'But your plays are altogether vile.'"

Chekhov's self-effacement and his unfailing sense of humor would never have allowed him to be offended by this perverse yet thoroughly understandable reaction of Tolstoy to his dramas. Besides, Chekhov worshiped Tolstoy and appreciated his true significance as few were able to in Russia.

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THE family life of the Tolstoys continued to revolve in the customary domestic pattern of marriages, births, and deaths. Twenty-two-year-old Andrei married Chertkov's sister-in-law, Olga Konstantinova Diterikhs, on January 8, 1899. The

family gathered in Tula for the event. Sonya forebodingly wrote in her diary that she was sad and agitated. "Andryusha, as in a dream, is deeply moved but does not understand why he is marrying and what this will mean. I understand Olga still less. Marriage is always terrible, mysterious, and touching. I wanted all the time to weep."

Tanya married ten months later (November 14, 1899). Her departure from the family circle affected Tolstoy and his wife incomparably more than that of Andrei. With her bright, artistic spirit, Tanya was the general favorite in the house. She was partial to her father's views, and after Masha's marriage he no doubt cherished the hope that Tanya would remain with him, a faithful and understanding helper in his work. After all, he had reason to hope, for she had reached the age of thirty-five without marriage, though she had had many suitors of whom he had been a bit jealous.

Then Tanya decided to marry Mikhail Sergeyevich Sukhotin, a man much older than she and with six grown children left him by his first wife. No one in the household favored the marriage. Sonya was deeply chagrined. She had entertained hopes of a brilliant match for Tanya. She wrote her sister after the wedding: "You cannot imagine how grief-stricken and sick at heart Lyovochka and I were while accompanying Tanya. . . . It was all so gloomy, just like a funeral and not a wedding. When Tanya came to say good-bye to Lyovochka, he wept so that it was painful to look at him." A few days later Tolstoy wrote in his diary with unaccustomed bitterness: "Tanya has departed with Sukhotin, and why? It is sad and offensive. For 70 years I have been lowering and lowering my opinion about women, and still it has to be lowered more. The woman question! How can there help being a woman question? But it bears no relation to the fact that women should begin to direct life, but to the fact that they should stop ruining it."

The large house that for so long had echoed loudly and merrily to the voices of children was now almost denuded of them. Only Alexandra and, as her exasperated mother called him, "wild Misha" remained. And less than two years later the troublesome Misha married a childhood sweetheart. With the fledglings, all but one, grown and departed from the nest, their father could now look back, perhaps not without a twinge of remorse, on time and effort not well spent. They had received the customary education of children in their circle of society, but their father, after his spiritual change, distrusted and even scorned this worldly education. He continually cast a shadow over the social life they enjoyed. Pleasures that their companions took for granted would suddenly be poisoned for them by an instinctive feeling of guilt induced by the silent disapproval of their father.

Tolstoy always hoped his children would perceive that there was another life, and he eagerly and constantly searched their behavior for indica-

tions of any change. In this respect, his two older daughters had gladdened his heart, but when they married, though his love for them did not lessen, there was a real obstacle in their relations with him. No one of his sons took up the challenge of a new life for very long, and their actions often caused him grief and suffering. If he nourished a hope that any one of his sons would become his spiritual heir, that hope had died with little Van-ichka.

Sonya's diary during 1899-1900 reflects a marked improvement in her relations with her husband compared to the anguished trials of the preceding three years. She was mortally afraid of going down to posterity as the despised scold in her husband's life. "They always distort the private life of famous men in their biographies," she said to Goldenweizer. "I'm sure they will make me out a Xantippe. You must defend me, Alexander Borisovich." There was little scolding in her diary over this period, no hysterical outbursts, and her morbid concern with the subject of sex almost vanished. At times, she remarked, women like to play at romance in a sentimental fashion with their husbands. On such occasions she felt a "spiritual tenderness" for him. "But he is affectionate," she sadly concluded, "only when in him tenderness awakens, and then, alas, it is not the same kind!" Husband and wife were growing old together, perhaps not always gracefully, but with an apparently new determination to respect each other's domain of activity.

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THE year 1901 was eventful for Leo Tolstoy. It began with two epistolary articles on faith and prayer in answer to the questions of an unknown worker who had renounced the Orthodox Church. Meanwhile, the Church's patience with Tolstoy had run out. Such articles were disseminated throughout the country in hectograph copies and also in published form, for Chertkov saw to their printing in England, whence they found their way back to Russia through various illegal channels. Then, too, *Resurrection* had shocked and embittered ecclesiastic officialdom. The mutilating government censor of that novel had not hacked vigorously enough, for he had left a damning residue of ridicule of church ritual and of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobedonostsev.

The Church was merely an arm of the government — Pobedonostsev, a lay figure and close to the throne, was the connecting link — and its hostility towards Tolstoy reflected in a real sense the attitude of secular authorities. The temper of dissatisfaction, which had been rising throughout the nation for a long time, had recently been accelerated by repressive measures. Tolstoy had become a national symbol of this popular dissatisfaction. As a contemporary figure put it, Russia had

two tsars, Nicholas II and Leo Tolstoy, and in the public mind a struggle was being waged between them to see which of the two would prove the more powerful. It made little difference that Tolstoy had no sympathy with either the hopes of the liberals for legislative reforms or the violence of the revolutionists. All knew that he was an open, courageous, and irreconcilable critic of the whole political and social order. Unrest existed everywhere, and the situation in Moscow and Petersburg grew ominous.

It was at this juncture that the Church decided to act against Tolstoy — unquestionably with government sanction. The blow they struck was no doubt intended to deflate his tremendous popularity, for the ecclesiastical hierarchy could reasonably suppose that in the sacred matter of religious faith the vast masses of the people would support their holy judgment. The Church could enter where the government feared to tread, and not only Russia, but the whole Christian world would condemn the sinner and iconoclast.

On the initiative of Anthony, Metropolitan of Kiev and Ladoga, the Holy Synod agreed to a formal announcement separating Tolstoy from the Church. Pobedonostsev drafted the edict, and it was published in the Synod's journal, the *Church Gazette*, on February 24, 1901, signed by seven of Russia's leading ecclesiastics.

The edict began with a reminder that the efforts of heretics, false teachers, and all the powers of hell have never prevailed against the Holy Church. "But in our days," the document continued, "God has permitted a new false teacher to appear — Count Leo Tolstoy. Well known to the world as a writer, Russian by birth, Orthodox by baptism, and education, Count Tolstoy, seduced by intellectual pride, has arrogantly risen against the Lord and His Christ and His Holy heritage, and has plainly in the sight of all repudiated his Orthodox Mother Church which reared and educated him, and has dedicated his literary activity and the talent given to him by God to disseminating among the people teachings opposed to Christ and the Church, and to destroying in the minds and hearts of people their national faith, that Orthodox faith which has been confirmed by the universe and in which our forefathers lived and were saved, and to which Holy Russia till now has clung, and in which it has been strong. In his works and letters, distributed in great numbers by him and his followers throughout the whole world, and particularly within the borders of our dear land, he preaches with zealous fanaticism the overthrow of all the dogmas of the Orthodox Church and the very essence of the Christian faith."

There then followed an itemized listing of his heresies: that he denied God worshiped in the Holy Trinity, Christ as a God-man who was raised from the dead, the conception of the Lord Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, the virginity of

Mary; that he did not acknowledge a life and retribution beyond the grave; that he rejected all the Sacraments; and that in particular he subjected to derision the greatest of Sacraments, the Holy Eucharist. "Therefore," the edict concluded, "the Church does not reckon him as its member and cannot so reckon him until he repents and resumes his communion with her."

Whatever it may be in intent, the edict is not, in canonical language, a formal excommunication; for at the end it appears to leave the door open for reconciliation. But Tolstoy regarded it as a statement of excommunication, and so did the public. The day following its publication in the *Church Gazette*, it appeared in nearly every Russian newspaper, and the telegraph wires carried the astounding news to the four corners of the globe. The government, however, had first taken the precaution to forbid the Russian press to print any comment on the edict of the Holy Synod.

The edict created a sensation, but not the kind the Synod had anticipated. To a people in a rebellious mood, the excommunication of one of their champions served only as another and greater indictment of oppressive authority. The day on which the edict first appeared was a Sunday. People swarmed the streets of Moscow, for the student unrest at that time was at its height. Tolstoy had gone with his friend Dunayev to Lubyanskaya Square. A crowd of several thousand had gathered there. Sonya said in her diary that someone recognized Tolstoy and ironically shouted: "There goes the devil in human form!" All eyes were turned on him and a cheer roared from hundreds of throats: "Hurrah for Leo Nikolayevich! Long live Leo Nikolayevich! Hail to the great! Hurrah!" Only with the aid of mounted police did Tolstoy extricate himself from the turbulent, acclaiming crowd.

Quantities of sympathetic letters and telegrams poured in from people in Russia and abroad; many statements came expressing indignation over the action of the Synod, often bearing hundreds of signatures, and in one case over a thousand. Deputations, sometimes bearing flowers and gifts, waited on him to convey their regrets. Messages of protest, sent to both Tolstoy and the ecclesiastics who signed the edict, represented all groups, from aristocrats and intellectuals to simple factory workers. Before one of Repin's canvases of Tolstoy, hung at a Petersburg exhibition, demonstrations took place. Crowds gathered before the portrait, adorned it with garlands of flowers, and shouted, "Down with Pobedonostsev!" and "Hurrah for Leo Nikolayevich!"

The portrait became so persistent a focus for public manifestations of feeling on behalf of Tolstoy that the authorities had it withdrawn from the exhibit. This was the famous canvas, entitled "Tolstoy at Prayer," portraying him standing barefoot in the woods. He jokingly remarked to Goldenweizer: "Repin painted me décolleté, barefoot in

a shirt! I have to thank him for not having taken off my trousers too. And he never even asked me if I liked it. But I have long since got used to being treated as if I were dead." Perhaps with no little personal satisfaction and a certain amount of cheerful irony, he finally sent a letter to the press "to thank all those people, from high officials, to simple workers," for the sympathetic messages they had sent him because of the action of the Holy Synod.

The daily mail brought not only letters of sympathy or congratulation. There were anonymous threats of murder and angry epistles, scolding him as a heretic and praising the Synod's edict. His books were banned in a number of public libraries, sermons were preached against him in churches, and perhaps the unkindest cut, with a comic touch about it, was his exclusion from the Moscow Temperance Society against the vigorous protests of some of its more enlightened members.

The excommunication shocked members of the Tolstoy family and aroused some of them to indignant protest. Sonya rushed to the defense of her husband with perhaps more indignation than judgment. She straightway dispatched identical letters to Pobedonostsev and the three Metropolitans who had signed the edict. Asserting her own unalterable faith in the Church, she declared that this public separation of her husband from it had inexpressibly shocked her. She then rubbed it in a bit by describing the numerous expressions of sympathy and love from all over the world that this act had evoked. And she ended with a barbed statement that there were many outside the Church who led a more truly Christian life than certain high ecclesiastics "wearing diamonded miters and stars."

Tolstoy was perhaps more surprised than pleased by his wife's courageous defense of him, for he knew how stubbornly she adhered to her Orthodox faith and what little tolerance she had for many of the people on whose side she now found herself in this cause.

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TOLSTOY's first reaction to the excommunication was rather scornful, like that of the lady who sent him a piece of holy bread and a letter, in which she wrote that she had just received the Sacrament and had taken the Host for his benefit, and she concluded: "Eat it in health and pay no attention to these stupid priests." The numerous callers who came to see him he laughingly greeted at the door with the words that he positively declined to accept congratulations.

On the other hand, Tolstoy saw clearly that the excommunication was an attempt on the part of the Church and government to combat his influence among the people. In reality the Synod's act increased his influence, made his home in Moscow a center of inspiration to the downtrodden and per-

secuted, and prompted him to intensify his agitation against the political, social, and religious abuses in a state run by police.

Some three weeks after his excommunication, Tolstoy returned good for evil. Disturbed by the news of various demonstrations aimed at the government, he wrote an article, "An Appeal to the Tsar and His Officials," which was delivered to them. With frankness and admirable clarity, he stated the case of the people against the government. Tranquillity would not be achieved, he said, by following the recent naïve order of the Minister of the Interior to the police to disperse the crowds promptly, and to fire at them if they did not disperse. The time might well come, he warned, when soldiers and police would refuse to commit the terrible crime of fratricide. Thousands of people had been unjustly persecuted by a despotic regime which had for years not only stood still but receded and separated itself more and more from the people and their demands. What was needed, he declared, was not for the rulers to defend themselves against those who really did not wish to injure them, but to search out the causes of social discontent and remove them.

He then formulated the four principal demands of the people: To grant the peasants equal rights with all other citizens; to abolish special enactments that would permit the Common Law to be disregarded; to remove all barriers to education; and to abolish all limitations of religious liberty. After itemizing in some detail the various abuses perpetrated by the government and Church, he concluded by stating that the removal of the causes of complaint would pacify the majority of the people and free them from those terrible sufferings and (what was worse than sufferings) crimes which would inevitably be committed on both sides if the government continued to concern itself solely with the suppression of disturbances, leaving the causes of these disturbances untouched.

If Nicholas II had given heed to this simple bill of rights, he might have anticipated the revolt that took place four years later or even the 1917 Revolution that swept him and all his family into oblivion. The article is interesting from another point of view, for it illustrates Tolstoy's practical wisdom and good judgment. Clearly foreseeing a bloody revolt, he put aside his own maximum program of Christian anarchism and offered to a government that he felt had no right to exist at all the minimum terms that might prevent its total destruction.

But the government of the Tsar could learn nothing, and it certainly could not forget that in Leo Tolstoy it had a subject more to be feared than to be accepted as a guide. He received no acknowledgment of his article, and no attempt was made to follow his advice.

Tolstoy finally decided to reply to the Synod's official statement separating him from the Church. His answer, dated April 4, 1901, was actually published by the *Church Gazette* and by two other unofficial Church periodicals, but with significant deletions which the censor found impossible to print "without offending the religious feelings of the faithful." Reprinting even this censored version was forbidden in Russia, and the answer was published in complete form at this time only in England.

Having made clear what he considered to be true and what untrue in the Synod's statement, he admitted that he did not believe in what the Church said it believed in, but insisted that he believed in much that the Church had attempted to persuade people that he did not believe in. "I believe in this," he wrote. "I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as love, as the Source of all. I believe that He is in me and I in Him. I believe that the will of God is most clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus, whom to consider as God and pray to, I esteem the greatest blasphemy.

"I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and His will is that men should love one another and should consequently do to others as they wish others to do to them — of which it is said in the Gospels that in this is the law and the prophets. I believe therefore that the meaning of the life of every man is to be found only in increasing the love that is in him; that this increase of love leads man, even in this life, to ever greater and greater blessedness, and after death gives him the more blessedness the more love he has, and helps more than anything else towards the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth: that is, to the establishment of an order of life in which the discord, deception, and violence that now rule will be replaced by free accord, by truth, and by the brotherly love of one for another."

After this confession of faith, Tolstoy rose to heights of noble sincerity in the conclusion of his answer to the Synod. "Whether or not these beliefs of mine offend, grieve, or prove a stumbling block to anyone, or hinder anything, or give displeasure to anybody, I can as little change them as I can change my body. I must myself live my own life, and I must myself alone meet death (and that very soon), and therefore I cannot believe otherwise than as I — preparing to go to that God from Whom I came — do believe. I do not believe my faith to be the one indubitable truth for all time, but I see no other that is plainer, clearer, or answers better all the demands of my reason and my heart; should I find such a one I shall at once accept it; for God requires nothing but the truth. But I can no more return to that from which with such suffering I have escaped, than a flying bird can re-enter the eggshell from which it has emerged."

(To be concluded)



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